ELEMENTS

OF

CRITICISM.

BY THE HONOURABLE

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ABRIDGED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE INSTRUCTION,

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TO

THE KING.

SIR,

THE Fine Arts have ever been encouraged by wise Princes, not singly for private amusement, but for their beneficial influence in society. By uniting different ranks in the same elegant pleasures, they promote benevolence: by cherishing love of order, they enforce submission to government; and by inspiring delicacy of feeling, they make regular government a double blessing.

These considerations embolden me to hope for your Majesty's patronage in behalf of the following work, which treats of the Fine Arts, and attempts to form a standard of taste, by unfolding those principles that ought to govern the taste of every individual.

It is rare to find one born with such delicacy of feeling, as not to need instruction: it is equally rare to find one so low in feeling, as not to be capable of instruction. And yet, to refine our taste with respect to beauties of art or of nature, is scarce endeavoured in any seminary of learning; a lamentable defect, considering how early in life taste is susceptible of culture, and how difficult to reform it if unhappily perverted. To furnish materials for supplying that defect, was an additional motive for the present undertaking.

To promote the Fine Arts in Britain, has become of greater importance than is generally imagined. A flourishing commerce begets opulence; and opulence, inflaming our appetite for pleasure, is commonly vented on luxury, and on every sensual gratification: selfishness rears its head, becomes fashionable, and, infecting all ranks, extinguishes the *amor patriæ*, and every spark of public spirit. To prevent or to retard

such fatal corruption, the genius of an Alfred cannot devise any means more efficacious, than the venting opulence upon the Fine Arts: riches so employed, instead of encouraging vice, will excite both public and private virtue. Of this happy effect, ancient Greece furnishes one shining instance; and why should we despair of another in Britain?

In the commencement of an auspicious reign, and even in that early period of life when pleasure commonly is the sole pursuit, your Majesty has uniformly displayed to a delighted people, the noblest principles ripened by early culture; and, for that reason, you will be the more disposed to favour every rational plan for advancing the art of training up youth. Among the many branches of education, that which tends to make deep impressions of virtue, ought to be a fundamental object in a well-regulated government: for depravity of manners will render ineffectual the most salutary laws; and, in the midst of opulence,

what other means to prevent such depravity but early and virtuous discipline? The British discipline is susceptible of great improvements; and if we can hope for them, it must be from a young and accomplished Prince, eminently sensible of their importance. To establish a complete system of education, seems reserved by Providence for a Sovereign who commands the hearts of his subjects. Success will crown the undertaking, and endear GEORGE THE THIRD to our latest posterity.

The most elevated and most refined pleasure of human nature, is enjoyed by a virtuous Prince governing a virtuous people; and that, by perfecting the great system of education, your Majesty may very long enjoy this pleasure, is the ardent wish of

Your Majesty's
Devoted Subject,
HENRY HOME.

December, 1761.

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ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM.

CHAPTER I.

Perceptions and Ideas in a Train.

WHILE awake we are conscious of a continued train of perceptions passing in our minds. It requires no activity to carry on, nor can we at will add an idea to this train, which is not regulated by chance.

The notions by which things are linked have great influence in directing the train of thought. The inherent properties of external objects are not more remarkable than the various relations that connect them together. Cause and effect, contiguity in time and place, high and low, prior and posterior, resemblance, contrast, and a thousand other relations, connect things without

No single object appears solitary and destitute of connection; some are intimately, some slightly connected; some near, others remote. The train of thought is chiefly regulated by these relations. An external object suggests to the mind others with which it is related: thus the train of thoughts is composed. Such is the law of succession, which must be natural because it governs all human things. Sometimes, however, as after a profound sleep, an idea arises in the mind without any perceived connexion.

We can attend to some ideas and dismiss others. Among objects connected one suggests many of its relations; choice is afforded; we can elect one and reject others. We can insist on what is commonly the slighter connexion. Ideas left to their natural course are continued through the strictest connexions: the mind extends its view to a son more readily than to a servant; and more readily to a neighbour than to one living at a distance. We cannot, however, dissolve the train, though we may vary the order. So far our power extends; and it is sufficient for all useful purposes.

A subject that accords with the tone of the mind is always welcome; thus, in good spirits a cheerful subject will be introduced by the

slightest connexion; and one that is melancholy, in low spirits, an interesting subject is recalled from time to time, by any connexion indifferently strong or weak, as in this finely touched relation to a rich cargo at sea:—

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew deck'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but now worth this,
And now worth nothing.

MERCH. OF VENICE, ACT I. SC. 1.

In the minds of some persons, thoughts and circumstances crowd upon each other by the slightest connexions. I ascribe this to a bluntness in the discerning faculty; and such a person has usually a great flow of ideas, because they are introduced by any relations indifferently. This doctrine is in a lively manner illustrated by Shakespeare.

Falstaff. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and thy money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of Windsor, thou did'st swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath; deny it if thou canst?

SECOND PART, HEN IV. ACT. II. SC. 2.

On the other hand, a man of an accurate judgment cannot have a flow of ideas; because the slighter relations, making no figure in his mind, have no power to introduce ideas; thence an accurate judgment is not friendly to eloquence. A comprehensive memory is seldom connected with a good judgment.

Wit and judgment are seldom united. Wit joins things by distant and fanciful relations that occur only to those who make every relation

equally welcome. Hence wit is incompatible with a solid judgment. Memory and wit are often conjoined; solid judgment seldom with either.

There is order as well as connexion in the succession of our ideas. The principle of order governs the arrangement of perceptions, ideas and actions. Sheep in a fold, trees in a field, may be indifferently surveyed, because they are equal in rank. In things of unequal rank, we descend from the principal subject to its accessories; we enter not into a minute consideration of constituent parts till the thing be surveyed as a whole. Our ideas are governed by the same principle.

The principle of order is conspicuous with regard to natural objects, as bodies in motion; the mind falls with a heavy body, descends with a river, rises with smoke. In tracing a family we begin with the founder; musing on an oak, we begin at the trunk and mount to the branches. In historical facts we proceed in the order of time, and through the chain of causes and effects.

In science we proceed from effects to causes; from particular propositions to general ones. In an historical chain every event is particular; there

is nothing to bias the mind from the order of nature. In science, many experiments come under one cause; many causes come under one more general. From particular effects to general causes, we feel an expansion of mind, more pleasing than what arises from following the order of nature. These observations furnish materials for instituting a comparison between the synthetic and analytic methods of reasoning. The synthetic, descending from principles to consequences, is more agreeable to the strictness of order; in the analytic we feel the pleasure of mounting upwards, which is very agreeable to the imagination.

We are framed by nature to relish order and connexion; and the influence of order greatly sways the mind of man. Grandeur makes a deep impression, and inclines us to proceed from small to great. But order prevails over that tendency, and affords pleasure as well as facility in passing from a whole to its parts, from a subject to its ornaments. Elevation touches the mind, which, in rising to elevated objects, derives pleasure. The course of nature has a greater influence than elevation; hence the pleasure of falling with rain and descending with a river prevails over that of mounting upward. The

beauty of smoke ascending in a calm morning is delightful, because the course of nature is joined with elevation.

Every work of art conformable to the natural course of our ideas is so far agreeable; every work of art that reverses that order is so far disagreeable. In every such work orderly arrangement and mutual connexion are requisite. As these prevail, the composition pleases us. Homer is defective in order and connexion, and Pindar more remarkably. In Horace there is no fault more conspicuous than want of connexion. Of Virgil's Georgics the parts are ill connected; the transitions are neither sweet nor easy; as, for example, the description of the five zones in Book I. In the Lutrin, the goddess of Discord is introduced without any connexion. The two prefaces of Sallust will suit any subject as well as history.

Episodes in narrative poems demand some degree of union, as between principal and accessory. The descent of Æneas into Tartarus is neither necessary nor natural, for the principal action is too long suspended. The same objection lies against the elaborate description of Fame in the Æneid.

New objects introduced in description are made

more or less welcome in proportion to the degree of their connexion with the principal subject. Relations make no capital figure in the mind, some being transitory, others trivial; they are links that unite perceptions and produce connexion of action. An original propensity provides for the regular order of our actions; and order and connexion introduce method in the management of our affairs. For without them our conduct would be fluctuating and desultory, and we should be constantly at the mercy of chance.

CHAPTER II.

Emotions and Passions.

We give the names of passion and emotion to those feelings raised in us by external objects, which have addressed the eye or the ear. Hence the connexion of emotions and passions with the fine arts, which give pleasure to the eye and ear, and never once condescend to gratify any of the inferior senses. We shall now delineate that connexion, to ascertain what power the fine arts have to raise emotions and passions. To those

who desire to excel in the fine arts that branch of knowledge is indispensable: without it criticism is abandoned to chance. The principles of the fine arts open a direct avenue to the heart; they disclose its desires, motives and actions. We shall divide the subject into several sections for the sake of perspicuity.

PART I.

Causes unfolded of the Emotions and Passions.

SECTION I.—*Difference between Emotion and Passion.—Causes most general and common.—Passion considered as productive of Action.*

No emotion or passion springs upon the mind without a cause. If I love a person it is for good qualities or good offices; if I have resentment against any one, it must be for an injury he has done me; and I cannot pity one who is under no distress of body or of mind. These circumstances are not indifferent; the good qualities or good offices that attract my love, are antecedently agreeable; if an injury did not give uneasiness, it would not occasion resentment against the author; nor would the passion of pity be raised by an object in distress if that object did not give pain.

We love what is agreeable; we hate what is disagreeable. Certain external objects instantaneously give us pleasure or pain; a gently flowing river, a smooth extended plain, a spreading oak, a towering hill, are objects of sight that raise pleasant emotions; a barren heath, a dirty *marsh, a rotten carcase, raise painful emotions.* Of these emotions, thus produced, we inquire for no other cause, but merely the presence of the object. And these things raise emotions by means of their properties and qualities, as the size, force, fluency of a river.

The internal qualities, power, discernment, wit, mildness, sympathy, courage, benevolence, are agreeable in a high degree, and instantaneously excite pleasant emotions. The opposite qualities, dulness, peevishness, inhumanity, cowardice, occasion painful emotions. Graceful motion, genteel behaviour, excite pleasant emotions instantaneously. This true character, *intention*, is discovered by reflection. A purse given in discharge of a debt excites less pleasure, than if given out of charity to relieve a virtuous family in want. Actions are qualified by intention, not by the event. Human actions are perceived to be *right* or *wrong*, and that perception qualifies the pleasure or pain resulting

from them. Emotions also are raised in us by the feelings of our fellow-creatures. We share the pain of a man in distress; in joy we partake of our neighbour's pleasure.

The recollection of actions, whether pleasant or painful, excite in us correspondent emotions. We remember with pleasure a field laid out with taste, a generous action, an ungracious speech; but in this case our emotion is fainter than in the former.

Desire follows some emotions, not others. We desire to reward or to imitate a virtuous action; a beautiful garden, a magnificent building, may be viewed without being desired; and we long to punish the author of a wicked deed. Inanimate objects often raise emotions accompanied by desire, as the goods of fortune; and the desire when immoderate, obtains the name of *avarice*. We desire to possess a picture exposed to sale, not that in the possession of a Prince.

A *passion* differs from an *emotion* in this respect. A passion follows desire, and emotion passes away without exciting any desire. By *desire*, we mean that internal act influencing the will, and in this respect it differs from a *wish*.

We proceed now to consider passion with respect to its power of producing action.

No man proceeds to action but by means of an antecedent desire or impulse; therefore, where there is no desire there is no action. This opens another distinction between emotions and passions. The former being without desire, are in their nature quiescent; the desire included in the latter, prompts one to act in order to fulfil that desire, in other words, to gratify passion.

Passion is that thing or being, which, by raising desire, converts an emotion into a passion. The *object* of passion is that which excites it; a man who injures me becomes the object of my resentment. Thus the cause of passion and its object, are the same in different respects. An emotion may have a cause, but not an object.

The objects of our passions are either general or particular; fame, honour, &c. are general; a house, a garden, &c. are particular objects. The passions directed to general objects are termed *appetites;* directed to particular objects they retain their proper name: hence we say an *appetite* for glory, the *passion* of friendship. A passion comes after its object has been presented, an appetite exists before it; thus the

appetite of hunger is directed to food. We act calmly when moved without violent impulse; we hurry to action when inflamed by a strong impulse.

The actions of brutes are dictated by instinct, without any view to consequences: man is governed by reason; he acts with deliberation, his actions have an end in view; yet are there human actions not governed by reason, nor done with any view to consequences, as in the case of infants, who are mostly governed by instinct; and even of grown persons famishing with hunger, without regard to its salutary effects. The miser converts means into an end in accumulating wealth without the least view of use.

An *instinctive* passion impels us to act blindly without any view to consequences; it is *deliberative* when subject to reason, and prompting with a view to an end. Desire to bring about an end is termed a *motive* with respect to its power of determining one to act. Passion is the cause of instinctive actions, which have no motive, because they are done without any view to consequences.

The gratification of desire is pleasant; the foresight of that pleasure becomes often an additional motive for acting. The child eats from

the impulse of hunger; a young man has the additional pleasure of gratification; an old man, because eating contributes to health, has an additional motive.

These premises determine what passions and actions are selfish, and what social. The end ascertains the class to which they belong. Where the end in view is my own good, they are selfish; where the end in view is the good of another, they are social. Instinctive actions are neither social nor selfish; thus eating when prompted by nature, is neither social nor selfish; but add the motive that it will contribute to my health, and it becomes in a measure selfish. When affection moves me to act for my friend's happiness, without regard to my own gratification, the action is *social;* if my own happiness be consulted, it is partly selfish. A just action prompted by the principle of duty, is neither social nor selfish; performed with a view to the pleasure of gratification, it is selfish. Love and gratitude to a benefactor, are purely social. An action done to gratify my ambitious views, is selfish. Resentment from the gratification of passion is *selfish;* it is *dissocial* when revenge aims at the destruction of the object. All motives to action do not then spring from

self-love. Every one, however, has a direct perception of self.

Some circumstances make beings or things fit objects for desire, others not. A thing beyond our reach is not desired. No man desires to walk on the clouds, because the desire would be absurd. Where the prospect of attainment is faint, the object seldom raises strong desire. The beauty of a princess, rarely excites love in a peasant. Objects equally within our reach, raise emotions in different degrees; the desire accompanying these emotions is proportioned to its cause. The emotion caused by a rational being is stronger than that caused by an animal without reason; and an emotion raised by such an animal is stronger than what would be raised by an inanimate object. Hence, though every emotion accompanied with desire, is strictly speaking a passion; yet none of those are denominated passions, but where a sensible being, capable of pleasure or pain, is the object.

SECTION II.—*The Power of Sounds to raise Emotions and Passions.*

Of all external objects, rational beings have the most powerful influence in raising emotions and passions; and as speech is the most powerful

of all the means by which one human being can display itself to another, the objects of the eye must yield preference to those of the ear. Sounds may raise terror or mirth. Music in conjunction with words has a commanding influence over the mind. It commands a variety of emotions, and may be made to promote luxury and effeminacy. But with respect to its refined pleasures, music goes hand in hand with gardening and architecture, her sister arts, in humanizing and polishing the mind. If authority be required, hear Polybius. "As the Arcadians have always been celebrated for their piety, humanity and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire, how it has happened that the Cynætheans are distinguished from the other Arcadians by savage manners, wickedness and cruelty? I can attribute this difference to no other cause, but a total neglect among the people of Cynætha, of an institution established among the ancient Arcadians with a nice regard to their manners and climate: I mean the discipline and exercise of that genuine and perfect music, which is useful in every state, but necessary to the Arcadians; whose manners, originally rigid and austere, made it of the greatest importance to incorporate this art into the very essence of their

government. All men know that, in Arcadia, the children are early taught to perform hymns and songs, composed in honour of their gods and heroes; and that when they have learned the music of Timotheus and Philoxenus, they assemble yearly in the public theatres, dancing with emulation to the sound of flutes, and acting in games adapted to their tender years. The Arcadians, even in their private feasts, never employ hirelings, but each man sings in his turn. They are also taught all the military steps and motions, to the sound of instruments, which they perform yearly in the theatres, at the public charge. To me it is evident, that their solemnities were introduced, not for idle pleasure, but to soften the rough and stubborn temper of the Arcadians, occasioned by the coldness of a high country. But the Cynætheans, neglecting these arts, have become so fierce and savage, that there is not another city in Greece so remarkable for frequent and great enormities. This consideration ought to encourage the Arcadians never to relax in any degree, their musical discipline; and it ought to open the eyes of the Cynætheans, and make them sensible of what importance it would be to restore music to their city, and every discipline

that may soften their manners; for otherwise they can never hope to subdue their brutal ferocity."—*Polybius, Lib. IV. Cap.* 3.

Music, however, as in the licentious court of Charles II. of England, corrupted the manners of the people; and comedy, which copied the practices of the great then, engendered a pest, the virulence of which remains to our own times. Characters replete with vice, are decked out in wit, sprightliness, and good humour. The infection of a licentious playhouse spreads through all ranks. Sir Harry Wildair, has completed many a rake. His humble imitator, Ranger, in the *Suspicious Husband*, spreads the influence of that character. What woman, tinctured with playhouse morals, would not rather be Lady Townley than Lady Grace. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, two ladies not more remarkable for mirth and spirit, than for purity of manners, entertain and delight us. Wit and sprightliness are not therefore better fitted to a vicious than a virtuous character.

SECTION III.—*Causes of the emotion of Joy and Sorrow.*

An emotion accompanied with desire is called a *passion;* when the desire is fulfilled, the pas-

sion is gratified; the gratification is pleasant, and affects us with joy. The exception is, a man stung with remorse who desires to chastise and punish himself. The joy of gratification is called an emotion, because it makes us happy in our present situation; on the contrary, sorrow is the result of an event opposite to what we desired.

An event fortunate or unfortunate, that falls out by accident, and concerns us or our connexions, gives us joy or sorrow, according to its result. Joy arises to a great height upon the removal of any violent distress of mind or body; in no situation does sorrow rise to a greater height than upon the removal of what makes us happy. The sensibility of our nature accounts for these effects. The principle of contrast is another cause; joy arising upon the removal of pain is increased by contrast when we reflect upon our former distress; an emotion of sorrow, upon being deprived of any good, is increased by contrast, when we reflect upon our former happiness.

Jaffier. There's not a wretch who lives on common charity,
But 's happier than me. For I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night

Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning.
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.
Venice Preserved.—Act I. Sc. 1.

The extreme pleasure arising from a cessation of bodily pain, is not of itself a pleasure, but a *mixed emotion, partly pleasant, partly painful.* When the brisk circulation of animal spirits has subsided, the joy that arises upon the diminution of acute bodily pain, soon vanishes, leaving in the undisturbed possession that degree of pain which remains.

SECTION IV.—*Sympathetic emotion of Virtue and its Cause.*

A signal act of gratitude produces in the spectator or reader, love or esteem for the author, and a desire to perform acts of gratitude without reference to any one object. In this state the mind wonderfully bent upon an object, neglects no opportunity to vent itself. In such a state favours are returned double.

A courageous action produces in the spectator the passion of admiration directed to the author, and also a separate feeling, which may be called an emotion of courage, because when under its

influence, he is conscious of boldness and intrepidity, and longs for proper objects upon which to exert this emotion.

> So full of valour that they smote the air
> For breathing in their faces.
>
> *Tempest.—Act. IV. Sc.* 1.

The emotions raised by martial music are all of this nature: they have no object; so also the grief or pity raised by melancholy music is without an object. In this consists also the extreme delight every one has in the histories of conquerors and heroes.

This singular feeling we term the sympathetic emotion of virtue: it resembles the appetites of nature, hunger, thirst, animal love, and in no case is the mind more solicitous for a proper object, then when under the influence of any of these appetites. This feeling is raised in the mind only by virtuous actions. No man has a propensity to vice as such; a wicked deed disgusts us; and this abhorrence is a strong antidote against vice, as long as any impression remains of the wicked action. This emotion bestows upon good example the utmost influence by prompting us to imitate what we admire, and every exercise of virtue, mental or external, leads to habit. A disposition of the mind, like

a limb of the body, becomes stronger by exercise. Every person may therefore acquire a settled habit of virtue. Intercourse with men of worth, histories of generous and disinterested actions, and frequent meditation upon them, keep the sympathetic emotion in constant exercise, which, by degrees, introduces a habit and confirms the authority of virtue. With respect to *education* in particular, what a spacious and commodious avenue is here opened to the heart of a young person.

SECTION V.—*In many instances one Emotion is productive of another. The same of Passions.*

The relations by which things are connected have a remarkable influence in the production of emotions and passions. An agreeable object makes every thing connected with it appear agreeable. The mind gliding sweetly and easily through related objects, carries along the agreeable properties it meets in its passage and bestows them on the present object, which thereby appears more agreeable than when considered a part. This propensity is sometimes so vigorous as to convert defects into properties. The wry neck of Alexander was imitated by his

courtiers as a real beauty, without intention to flatter. So did the satellites of Hotspur; for which see what the Lady Piercy saith of her lord.

The same communication of passion obtains in the relation of principal and accessory. Pride, of which self is the object, expands itself upon a house, a garden, servants, equipage, and every accessory. A lover addresses the glove belonging to his mistress as a

> Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine.

Veneration for relics has the same natural foundation. A temple is in a proper sense an accessory to the deity to which it is dedicated. Diana is chaste—so is her temple, and the very icicle which hangs on it.

> The noble sister of Publicola,
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.
>
> CORIOLANUS, ACT V. SC. 3.

The respect and esteem which the great, powerful, and opulent command, gives currency to what is called the *fashion*, in dress, manners, connections and taste. By the same easiness of communication, every bad quality of an enemy is spread to all its connexions. Thus the house in which Ravaillac was born was

rased to the ground; the Swiss suffer no peacocks to live, because the Duke of Austria, their ancient enemy, wears a peacock's tail in his crest. Even the bearer of bad tidings, because an object of aversion, cannot escape:—

> Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight,
> This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
>
> KING JOHN, ACT III. Sc. I.

> Yet the first messenger of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
> Sounds ever after, as a sullen bell
> Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.
>
> SECOND PART, HENRY IV. ACT. I. Sc. 1.

The object, however, from which such properties are borrowed, must be such as to warm the mind and inflame the imagination. But these emotions are *secondary*, being occasioned by antecedent, and *primary* emotions and passions. A secondary emotion may readily swell into a passion from the accessory object, provided the accessory be a proper object for desire. Thus it often happens that one passion is often productive of another. Self love generates love to children. Remorse for betraying a friend or murdering an enemy in cold blood, makes a man hate himself; in that state, he is not conscious of affection to his children, but rather of disgust

or ill will. The hatred he has for himself, is expanded upon his children.

Self-love is expanded to blood relations, and the passion communicates itself in proportion to the degree of connexion. Self-love extends even to things inanimate, the property a man calls his own.

Friendship, less vigorous than self-love, is less apt to communicate itself to the friend's children or other relations. There are, however, instances of this. And in the matrimonial state friendship may go higher than in any other condition, as where Belvidera suing to her father for pardon, pleads her mother's merits and the resemblance she bore to her mother.

Priuli. My daughter!

Belvidera. Yes. Your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms. By all the joys she gave you
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of her's y' have kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast off child.

And again,—

Belvidera. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother:
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

VENICE PRESERVED, ACT V. Sc. 1.

This explains why any meritorious action, or any illustrious qualification, in my son or my friend, is apt to make me over-value myself; if I value my friend's wife or son upon account of their connexion with him, it is still more natural that I should value myself upon account of my connexion with him.

The affection we have for any man begets in us good will to his friends, and ill will to his enemies. Thus Antony, when anxious to rouse the feelings of the multitude, is made to excite grief in his hearers, by dwelling upon the deplorable loss of so great a man: this passion, interesting them strongly in Cæsar's fate, could not fail to produce a lively sense of the treachery and cruelty of the conspirators; an infallible method to inflame the resentment of the people beyond all bounds:

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT III. Sc. 2.

Had Antony endeavoured to excite his audience to vengeance, without paving the way by raising their grief, his speech would not have made the same impression.

Hatred, and other dissocial passions, produce effects directly opposite to those above mentioned. If I hate a man, his children, his relations, nay, his property, become to me objects of aversion: his enemies, on the other hand, I am disposed to esteem.

The more slight and transitory relations are not favourable to the communication of passions as when sudden and violent.

The sense of order influences this passion in nature to descend from parents to children by an easy transition; the ascent to a parent, contrary to that order, makes the transition more difficult. Gratitude to a benefactor is readily extended to his children; but not so readily to his parents.

Pliny* gives an account of a woman of rank condemned to die for a crime; and, to avoid public shame, detained in prison to die of hunger: her life being prolonged beyond expectation, it was discovered that she was nourished by sucking milk from the breasts of her daughter. This instance of filial piety, which aided the transition, and made ascent no less easy than descent is commonly, procured a pardon to the mother, and a pension to both. The story of Androcles and the lion† may be accounted for in the same manner: the admiration, of which the lion was the object for his kindness and gratitude to Androcles, produced good-will to Androcles, and a pardon of his crime.

* Lib. VII. cap. 36. † Aulus Gellius, Lib. V. cap. 14.

I love my daughter less after she is married, and my mother less after a second marriage; the marriage of my son or of my father diminishes not my affection so remarkably. The love I bear my friend is but faintly extended to his married daughter; the resentment I have against a man is readily extended to children who make part of his family. This vibration of the mind can only be accounted for by considering the relation between things unequal in rank, as between cause and effect, or between a principal and accessory.

One passion may be generated by another, without change of objects; one passion paves the way to others similar in their tone, whether directed to the same or to a different object. Pity produces friendship for a person in distress, because it interests us in its object, and recommends all its various qualities. Female beauty shews best in distress, being more apt to inspire love than upon ordinary occasions.

Othello. Her father lov'd me: oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.
——————All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage relate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it:—yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

OTHELLO, ACT I. Sc. 3.

In this instance it will be observed, that admiration concurred with pity to produce love.*

SECTION VI.—*Causes of the Passions of Fear and Anger.*

Fear and anger, to answer the purposes of nature, operate sometimes instinctively, sometimes deliberatively, according to circumstances. Deliberatively, where reason suggests means to avoid a threatened danger. If a man be injured, the first thing he thinks of is what revenge he shall take, and what means he shall employ. These particulars are no less obvious than natural; but, as the passions of fear and anger, in their instinctive state, are less familiar to us, it may be acceptable to the reader to have them accurately delineated. I begin with fear.

Self-preservation is not wholly left to the conduct of reason. Nature acts here with her usual

* I have heard of two instances in which young ladies, not very tenderly treated by their relations, have told their tales of woe to old men, who listened and pitied them. The result was matrimonial alliances to the great disappointment of numerous relations, who had been speculating on the fortunes they would inherit on the death of their old uncles.—ED.

foresight. Fear and anger moving us to act instinctively, afford security when the slower operations of deliberate reason would be too late; we avoid danger by the impulse of fear, before reflection places us in safety. If my horse stumble, my hands and knees are instantly at work to prevent him from falling.

Fear provides for self-preservation by flying from harm; anger by repelling it. Where anger impels one suddenly to return a blow, the passion is instinctive; and it is chiefly in such a case that it acts blindly and ungovernably. Instinctive anger is frequently raised by pain, and a man thus beforehand disposed to anger, is not nice in giving a blow if he be touched on a tender part. The child is violently excited to crush to atoms the stone it has hit its toe against. Perturbation of mind, occasioned by the apprehension of having lost a dear friend will, in a fiery temper, produce momentary sparks of anger against that very friend however innocent: thus in the Tempest,—

Alonzo. Sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer; he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ACT III. Sc. 3.

The final words, *Well, let him go*, are an expression of impatience and anger at Ferdinand, whose absence greatly distressed his father, dreading that he was in the storm. This nice operation of the human mind is finely painted in the tragedy of *Othello*: Iago, by dark hints and suspicious circumstances, had roused Othello's jealousy; which, however, appeared too slightly founded to be vented upon Desdemona, its proper object. The perturbation and distress of mind thereby occasioned, produced a momentary resentment against Iago, considered as occasioning the jealousy, though innocent:

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Othello. Make me see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge or loop
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord,—

Othello. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

OTHELLO, ACT III. Sc. 3.

An instance of blind and absurd anger is finely illustrated in No. 439 of the Spectator, in a story, the *dramatis personæ* of which are, a cardinal and a spy retained in pay for intelligence. The cardinal is represented as minuting down the particulars. The spy begins with a low voice, "Such an one the advocate whispered to one of his friends within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon;" and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, "That another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation." The cardinal replies, "Very well," and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in a fury, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

People who loose at play, wreak their vengeance on the cards; but anger is satisfied with a connexion still slighter than that of cause and effect.

Gonsalez. Have comfort.

Almeria. Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of comfort;

Curs'd my own tongue that could not move his pity;
Curs'd these weak hands that could not hold him here,
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT IV. Sc. 1.

In these examples anger appears irrational and absurd; but it was given us to prevent or repel injuries, and it is not wonderful to find it exerted irregularly and capriciously, but all the harm that can be done by the passion in that state is instantaneous; for the shortest delay sets all to rights; and circumstances are seldom so unlucky as to put it in the power of a passionate man to do much harm in an instant.

Social passions, like the selfish, sometimes drop their character, and become instinctive. It is not unusual to find anger and fear respecting others so excessive, as to operate blindly and impetuously, precisely as where they are selfish.

Section VII.—*Emotions caused by Fiction.*

Hitherto fiction has not been assigned as the cause of any emotion or passion; but passions are moved by fiction as well as by truth.

The objects of our external senses really exist in the way and manner we perceive, and nature determines us to rely on the veracity of our senses; and the power of memory recals objects to the mind with different degrees of accuracy. Interesting objects make a strong impression. For example, I saw yesterday a beautiful woman in

tears for the loss of an only child, and was greatly moved with her distress: not satisfied with a slight recollection or bare remembrance, I ponder upon the melancholy scene: conceiving myself to be in the place where I was an eye-witness, every circumstance appears to me as at first: I think I see the woman in tears, and hear her moans. Hence it may be justly said, that in a complete idea of memory there is no past nor future: a thing recalled to the mind with the accuracy I have been describing, is perceived as in our view, and consequently as existing at present. Past time makes part of an incomplete idea only: I remember or reflect, that some years ago I was at Oxford, and saw the first stone laid of the Ratcliff library. The imperfection of language does not furnish us with words to describe this act of the mind. The thing exists and I am a spectator of its existence, and I have a perception of the object similar to what a real spectator has.

Many rules of criticism depend on ideal presence, which, in contradistinction to real presence, may be termed *a waking dream*. Like a dream it vanishes the moment we reflect upon our present situation: real presence commands belief, during the direct perception and when

we afterwards reflect upon it. To distinguish ideal presence from reflective remembrance, I give the following illustration: when I think of an event as past, without forming any image, it is barely reflecting or remembering that I was an eye-witness; but when I recal the event so distinctly as to form a complete image of it, I perceive it as passing in my presence; and this perception is an act of intuition, into which reflection enters not, more than into an act of sight.

Let us now consider the idea of a thing we never saw, raised in us by speech, writing, or painting. That idea, with respect to the present subject, is of the same nature with an idea of memory, being either complete or incomplete. Lively and accurate description raises in us ideas no less distinct than if we had been originally spectators. Slight and superficial narrative produces faint and incomplete ideas, of which ideal presence makes no part. Past time enters into this idea, as into an incomplete idea of memory; as when we have spread out before our minds a lively and beautiful description of the battle of Zama, in which Scipio overcame Hannibal.

Ideas, both of memory and speech, produce emotions similar to those produced by an imme-

diate view of the object; only fainter, in proportion as an idea is fainter than an original perception. Ideal presence supplies the want of real presence; and in idea we perceive persons acting and suffering precisely as in an original survey: hence the pleasure of a reverie, the objects of which we conceive to be actually existing in our presence, precisely as if we were eye-witnesses of them. If then, in reading, ideal presence be the means by which our passions are moved, it makes no difference whether the subject be fable or true history. When ideal presence is complete, the mind finds no leisure for reflection. The meeting of Hector and Andromache, the passionate scenes in Lear, give an impression of reality no less distinct than that given by Tacitus of the death of Otho.

Even genuine history has no command over our passions but by ideal presence only: in this respect it stands upon the same footing with fable. History reaches not the heart when we indulge in reflection upon the facts; for if reflection be laid aside, it stands upon the same footing with fable. What effect either may have to raise sympathy depends on the vivacity of the ideas they raise, and fable is thence generally more successful than history. Of all the means

for making an impression of ideal presence, theatrical representation is the most powerfull Words, independent of action, have the same. power in a less degree; for a tragedy will extort tears in private. This power belongs also to painting: a good historical painting makes a deeper impression than words can, but still inferior to theatrical action. Painting possesses a middle place between reading and acting. Painting, however, cannot raise our passions like words: a painting is confined to a single instant, its impression is instantaneous; passions require a succession of impressions; hence the effect of reading and acting, which reiterate impressions without end. The machinery of imaginary beings in an epic poem amuse by their novelty and singularity; but they never move the sympathetic passions, because they cannot impose on the mind by any perception of reality. A burlesque poem may employ machinery with success, because it is not the aim of that poem to raise our sympathy. The more extravagant the fiction, the better.

Having assigned the means by which fiction commands our passions, our task is accomplished by assigning the final cause. Fiction, by means of language, has the command of our sympathy

for the good of others. By the same means our sympathy may also be raised for our own good. Examples both of virtue and vice raise virtuous emotions; which becoming stronger by exercise, tend to make us virtuous by habit, as well as by principle. Examples confined to real events are not so frequent as without other means to produce a habit of virtue. We are formed in such a manner as to be susceptible of the same improvement from fable that we receive from genuine history. By that contrivance examples to improve us in virtue may be multiplied without end. No other sort of discipline contributes more to make virtue habitual, and no other sort is so agreeable in the application. I add another final cause with thorough satisfaction; because it shows, that the author of our nature is not less kindly provident for the happiness of his creatures than for the regularity of their conduct: the power that fiction has over the mind, affords an endless variety of refined amusement always at hand to employ a vacant hour: such amusements are a fine resource in solitude; and, by cheering and sweetening the mind, contribute mightily to social happiness.

PART II.

Emotions and Passions, as pleasant and painful. Agreeable and disagreeable modifications of these Qualities.

It will naturally occur at first, that a discourse upon the passions ought to commence with explaining the qualities now mentioned: but upon trial, I found that this explanation could not be made distinctly, till the difference should first be ascertained between an emotion and a passion, and their causes unfolded.

Great obscurity may be observed among writers with regard to the present point; particularly no care is taken to distinguish agreeable from pleasant, disagreeable from painful; or rather these terms are deemed synonymous. This is an error not at all venial in the science of ethics. Some painful passions, we affirm, are agreeable; some pleasant passions are disagreeable.

Viewing a fine garden, I perceive it to be beautiful or agreeable as belonging to the object, or one of its qualities. When I turn my attention from the garden to what passes in my mind, I am conscious of a pleasant emotion, of which the garden is the cause. This pleasure is a

quality of the emotion produced, not of the garden. A rotten carcase is disagreeable and raises a painful emotion; the disagreeableness is a quality of the object, the pain a quality of the emotion. Agreeable and disagreeable are qualities of the objects we *perceive;* pleasant and painful are qualities of the emotions we feel: the former belong to the objects, the latter exist within us.

But a passion or emotion, beside being felt, is frequently made an object of thought or reflection: we examine it; we inquire into its nature, its cause, and its effects. In that view, like other objects, it is either agreeable or disagreeable. Hence clearly appear the different significations of the terms under consideration, as applied to passion; when a passion is termed *pleasant* or *painful,* we refer to the actual feeling; when termed *agreeable* or *disagreeable,* we refer to it as an object of thought or reflection: a passion is pleasant or painful to the person in whom it exists; it is agreeable or disagreeable to the person who makes it a subject of contemplation.

In the description of emotions and passions, these terms do not always coincide: to make which evident, we must endeavour to ascertain, first, what passions and emotions are pleasant,

what painful; and next, what are agreeable, what disagreeable. With respect to both, there are general rules, which, if I can trust to induction, admit not a single exception. The nature of an emotion or passion, as pleasant or painful, depends entirely on its cause: the emotion produced by an agreeable object is invariably pleasant; and the emotion produced by a disagreeable object is invariably painful. Thus a lofty oak, a generous action, a valuable discovery in art or science, are agreeable objects that invariably produce pleasant emotions. A stinking puddle, a treacherous action, an irregular, ill-contrived edifice, being disagreeable objects, produce painful emotions. Selfish passions are pleasant; for self is always an agreeable object, or cause. A social passion directed upon an agreeable object is always pleasant; directed upon an object in distress is painful. Lastly, all dissocial passions, such as envy, resentment and malice, caused by disagreeable objects, are painful.

A general rule for the agreeableness or disagreeableness of emotions and passions is, a sense of a common nature in every species of animals, particularly our own, and a conviction that this common nature is *right* or *perfect*, and

that individuals ought to be made conformable to it.* A passion that deviates from the common nature, by being too strong or too weak, is wrong and disagreeable; but as far as conformable to common nature, every emotion and passion is perceived to be right, and thence agreeable. But the painful are no less natural, as of grief and pity, and therefore they are agreeable and applauded by all the world. Another rule more simple and direct for ascertaining the agreeableness or disagreeableness of a passion as opposed to an emotion, is derived from the desire that accompanies it. If the desire be to perform a right action in order to produce a good effect, the passion is agreeable: if the desire be, to do a wrong action in order to produce an ill effect, the passion is disagreeable. Thus, passions as well as actions are governed by the moral sense. These rules by the wisdom of providence coincide: a passion that is conformable to our common nature must tend to good; and a passion that deviates from our common nature must tend to ill.

A passion that becomes an object of thought, may have the effect to produce a passion or

* This is explained, Chap. XXV. Standard of Taste.

emotion in the spectator; for it is natural, that a social being should be affected with the passions of others. Passions or emotions thus generated, submit, in common with others, to the general law above-mentioned, namely, that an agreeable object produces a pleasant emotion, and a disagreeable object a painful emotion. Thus gratitude produces love to the grateful person; malice, the painful passion of hatred, to the malicious person.

We are now prepared for examples of pleasant passions that are disagreeable, and of painful passions that are agreeable. Self-love, as long as confined within just bounds, is a passion both pleasant and agreeable: in excess it is disagreeable, though it continues to be still pleasant. Our appetites are precisely in the same condition. Resentment, on the other hand, is, in every stage of the passion, painful; but is not disagreeable unless in excess. Pity is always painful, yet always agreeable. Vanity, on the contrary, is always pleasant, yet always disagreeable. But however distinct these qualities are, they coincide, I acknowledge, in one class of passions: all vicious passions tending to the hurt of others, are equally painful and disagreeable.

We come now to the modifications of these passions as respects the science of criticism. The pleasure or pain of one passion differs from that of another, as of revenge gratified from that of love. In discerning different sweets, sours, bitters; honey is never mistaken for sugar; and we distinguish smells in flowers different and endless. The differences too as to pleasant and painful emotions and passions have no limits; though we want acuteness of feeling for the more delicate modifications. There is an analogy here between our internal and external senses, and with relation to the fine arts, the qualification most essential is termed *delicacy of taste.*

Some passions are *gross*, some refined; the pleasures of external sense are corporeal or gross; those of the eye and ear are felt to be internal, and for that reason pure and refined. The social affections are more refined than the selfish. Sympathy and humanity are universally esteemed the finest temper of mind. A savage knows little of social affection: he cannot compare selfish and social pleasure. The social passions rise highest in our esteem.

There are differences not less remarkable among the painful passions. Some are voluntary, some involuntary: the pain of the gout is an

example of the latter; grief, of the former, which in some cases is so voluntary as to reject all consolation. One pain softens the temper, pity is an instance: one tends to render us savage and cruel, which is the case of revenge. I value myself upon sympathy: I hate and despise myself for envy.

Social affections have an advantage over the selfish, not only with respect to pleasure, as above explained, but also with respect to pain. The pain of an affront, the pain of want, the pain of disappointment, and a thousand other selfish pains, are excruciating and tormenting, and tend to a habit of peevishness and discontent. Social pains have a very different tendency: the pain of sympathy, for example, is not only voluntary, but softens my temper, and raises me in my own esteem.

Refined manners, and polite behaviour, must not be deemed altogether artificial: men, who, inured to the sweets of society, cultivate humanity, find an elegant pleasure in preferring others, and making them happy, of which the proud, the selfish, scarce have a conception.

Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is at best but a gross pleasure: a people, it is true, must have emerged out of

barbarity before they can have a taste for ridicule; but it is too rough an entertainment for the polished and refined. Cicero discovers in Plautus a happy talent for ridicule, and a peculiar delicacy of wit; but Horace declares against the lowness and roughness of that author's raillery. The modifications of *high* and *low* will be handled in the chapter of grandeur and sublimity; and the modifications of *dignified* and mean in that of dignity and grace.

Part III.

Interrupted existence of Emotions and Passions; their growth and decay.

Did an emotion continue like colour or figure, the condition of man would be deplorable; it is wisely ordered that emotions and passions should only subsist while their cause is present and have no independent existence. They are thus felt at intervals, and no emotion raised by an idea is the same as that raised by the sight of the object. A passion is always reckoned the same as long as it is fixed upon the same object; thus love and hatred are said to continue for life. Many passions are reckoned the same even after a change of object, as envy directed to the same

person, or many persons at once; pride and malice are examples of the same. So much for the identity of passions; we now proceed to examine their growth and decay.

Some emotions are produced in their utmost perfection, and have a very short duration, as surprise, wonder, terror. Emotions raised by inanimate objects, trees, rivers, buildings, arrive at perfection almost instantaneously; and they have a long endurance, a second view producing nearly the same pleasure as the first. Love, hatred, &c. swell and then decay. Envy, malice, pride, scarce ever decay.

Some passions, such as gratitude and revenge, are often exhausted by a single act of gratification: other passions, such as pride, malice, envy, love, hatred, are not so exhausted; but having a long continuance, demand frequent gratification.

With respect to emotions which are quiescent, because not productive of desire, their growth and decay are easily explained: an emotion caused by an inanimate object, cannot naturally take longer time to arrive at maturity than is necessary for a leisurely survey: such emotion also must continue long stationary, without any sensible decay, a second or third view of the

object being nearly as agreeable as the first: this is the case of an emotion produced by a fine prospect, an impetuous river, or a towering hill while a man remains the same, such objects ought to have the same effect upon him. Familiarity, however, hath an influence here, as it hath every where: frequency of view, after short intervals especially, weans the mind gradually from the object, which at last loses all relish: the noblest object in the material world, a clear and serene sky, is quite disregarded, unless perhaps after a course of bad weather. An emotion raised by human virtues, qualities, or actions, may, by reiterated views of the object, swell imperceptibly till it become so vigorous as to generate desire: in that condition it must be handled as a passion.

When nature requires a passion to be sudden, it is commonly produced in perfection; as fear, anger, wonder and surprise. Reiterated impressions made by their cause exhausts these passions, instead of inflaming them. This will be explained in Chapter VI.

When a passion has for its foundation an original propensity peculiar to some men, it generally comes soon to maturity, as pride, envy, malice;—the propensity, upon presenting

a proper object, is immediately inflamed into a passion.

The growth of love and hatred is slow or quick, according to circumstances. Good qualities in a person raise in us a pleasant emotion; reiterated views swell it into a desire of that person's happiness: this desire, freely indulged, works a gradual change internally, and at last settles into an affection for that person, now my friend. Affection thus produced, operates like an original propensity. The habit of aversion or hatred is brought on in the same manner.

The bulk of our passions, as affection or aversion, are inflamed into a passion by different circumstances: the affection I bear to my son, is inflamed into the passion of fear when he is in danger; becomes hope when he hath a prospect of good fortune; becomes admiration when he performs a laudable action; and shame when he commits any wrong: Aversion becomes fear when there is a prospect of good fortune to my enemy; becomes hope when he is in danger; becomes joy when he is in distress; and sorrow when a laudable action is performed by him.

Fourthly, passions generally have a tendency to excess, occasioned by the following means. The mind affected by any passion, is not in a

proper state for distinct perception, nor for cool reflection: it hath always a strong bias to the object of an agreeable passion, and a bias no less strong against the object of a disagreeable passion. The object of love, for example, however indifferent to others, is to the lover's conviction a paragon; and of hatred, is vice itself without alloy. Hatred, as well as other passions, must run the same course. Thus, between a passion and its object there is a natural operation, resembling action and re-action in physics: a passion acting upon its object, magnifies it greatly in appearance; and this magnified object re-acting upon the passion, swells and inflames it mightily.

The growth of some passions depend often on occasional circumstances: obstacles to gratification never fail to inflame a passion; and the mind distressed by obstacles becomes impatient for gratification and consequently more desirous of it.

> All impediments in fancy's course
> Are motives of mere fancy.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

So much upon the growth of passions; their continuance and decay come next under consideration. And, first, it is a general law of

nature, that things sudden in their growth are equally sudden in their decay. This is commonly the case of anger. And, with respect to wonder and surprise, which also suddenly decay, another reason concurs, that their causes are of short duration: novelty soon degenerates into familiarity; and the unexpectedness of an object is soon sunk in the pleasure that the object affords. Fear, which is a passion of greater importance as tending to self-preservation, is often instantaneous, and yet is of equal duration with its cause; nay, it frequently subsists after the cause is removed.

In the next place, a passion founded on a peculiar propensity subsists generally for ever; which is the case of pride, envy, and malice: objects are never wanting to inflame the propensity into a passion.

Thirdly, it may be laid down as a general law of nature, that every passion ceases upon attaining its ultimate end. To explain that law, we must distinguish between a particular and a general end. I call a particular end what may be accomplished by a single act: a general end, on the contrary, admits acts without number; because it cannot be said, that a general end is

ever fully accomplished while the object of the passion subsists. Gratitude and revenge are examples of the first kind: the ends they aim at may be accomplished by a single act; and, when that act is performed, the passions are necessarily at an end. Love and hatred are examples of the other kind: desire of doing good, or of doing mischief to an individual, is a general end, admitting acts without number, and which is seldom accomplished.

Lastly, to consider the difference between an original propensity, and affection or aversion produced by custom. The former adheres too closely to the constitution ever to be eradicated; hence the passions it gives birth to continue during life with no diminution. The latter, which owe their birth and increase to time, owe their decay to the same cause: affection and aversion decay gradually as they grow; and hatred as well as love are extinguished by long absence. In short, man with respect to this life is a temporary being: he grows, becomes stationary, decays; and so must all his powers and passions.

Part IV.

Co-existent Emotions and Passions.

For a thorough knowledge of the human passions and emotions, it is not sufficient that they be examined singly and separately: as a plurality of them are sometimes felt at the same instant, the manner of their co-existence, and the effects thereby produced, ought also to be examined. This subject is extensive; and it will be difficult to trace all the laws that govern its endless variety of cases: if such an undertaking can be brought to perfection, it must be by degrees. The following hints may suffice for a first attempt.

We begin with emotions raised by different sounds, as the simplest case. Two sounds that mix, and, as it were, incorporate before they reach the ear, are said to be concordant. That each of the two sounds, even after their union, produceth an emotion of its own, must be admitted; but these emotions, like the sounds that produce them, mix so intimately, as to be rather one complex emotion, than two emotions in conjunction. Two sounds that refuse incorporation or mixture, are said to be discordant; and

when heard at the same instant, the emotions produced by them are unpleasant in conjunction, however pleasant separately.

Similar to the emotion raised by mixed sounds, is the emotion raised by an object of sight with its several qualities; as a tree with its qualities of colour, figure, size, &c. The emotion it produces is one complex emotion.

In co-existent emotions produced by different objects of sight, there cannot be a concordance among them like what is perceived in some sounds.

Emotions are similar when they produce the same tone of mind,—cheerful emotions are similar, so are melancholy emotions. Dissimilar emotions are pride and humility, gaiety and gloominess.

Emotions perfectly similar, readily combine and unite, so as in a manner to become one complex emotion; witness the emotions produced by a number of flowers in a parterre, or of trees in a wood. Emotions that are opposite, or extremely dissimilar, never combine or unite; the mind cannot simultaneously take an opposite tone; it cannot at the same instant be both joyful and sad, angry and satisfied, proud and humble; dissimilar emotions may succeed each

other with rapidity, but they cannot exist simultaneously.

Between these two extremes, emotions unite more or less, in proportion to the degree of their resemblance, and the degree in which their causes are connected. Thus the emotions produced by a fine landscape and the singing of birds, being similar in a considerable degree, readily unite, though their causes are little connected. And the same happens where the causes are intimately connected, though the emotions themselves have little resemblance to each other; an example of which is a mistress in distress, whose beauty gives pleasuse, and her distress pain: These two emotions, proceeding from different views of the object, have very little resemblance to each other; and yet so intimately connected are their causes, as to force them into a sort of complex emotion, partly pleasant, partly painful. This clearly explains some expressions common in poetry, as a *sweet distress, a pleasant pain.*

Of internal effects produced by pleasant emotions, two are similar, one represented by addition in numbers, the other by harmony in sounds. Two similar pleasant emotions readily unite when they are co-existent; the pleasure

felt in the union is the sense of two pleasures. The emotions produced by the various objects in a landscape falling in easily and sweetly with the same tone of mind, are in conjunction extremely pleasant; and so many different similar emotions produce what is called the *harmony of emotions*, in which emotions of the eye and the ear are combined.

Next, as to the effects of dissimilar emotions, which we may guess will be opposite to what are above described. Dissimilar co-existent emotions, as said above, never fail to distress the mind by the difference of their tones; from which situation a feeling of harmony never can proceed; and this holds whether the causes be connected or not. But it holds more remarkably where the causes are connected; for in that case the dissimilar emotions being forced into an unnatural union, produce an actual feeling of discord. In the next place, if we would estimate the force of dissimilar emotions co-existent, we must distinguish between their causes as connected or unconnected: and in order to compute their force in the former case, subtraction must be used instead of addition; which will be evident from what follows. Dissimilar emotions forced into union by the connexion of their

causes, are felt obscurely and imperfectly; for each tends to vary the tone of mind that is suited to the other; and the mind thus distracted between two objects, is at no instant in a condition to receive a deep impression from either. Dissimilar emotions proceeding from unconnected causes, are in a very different condition; for as there is nothing to force them into union, they are never felt but in succession: by which means, each hath an opportunity to make a complete impression.

This curious theory requires to be illustrated by examples. In reading the description of the dismal waste, Book I. of *Paradise Lost*, we are sensible of a confused feeling, arising from dissimilar emotions forced into union, to wit, the beauty of the description, and the horror of the object described.

> Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
> Casts pale and dreadful?

And with respect to this and many similar passages in *Paradise Lost*, we are sensible, that the emotions being obscured by each other, make neither of them that figure they would make separately. For the same reason, ascend-

ing smoke in a calm morning, which inspires stillness and tranquillity, is improper in a picture full of violent action. A parterre, partly ornamented, partly in disorder, produces a mixt feeling of the same sort. Two great armies about to engage, mix the dissimilar emotions of grandeur and of terror.

With respect to dissimilar emotions arising from unconnected causes, we observe that good and bad news of equal importance arriving at the same instant from different quarters, produce opposite emotions, the discordance of which is not felt, because they are not forced into union. They govern alternately in quick succession, till their force be spent.

Shylock. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter.

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; why, so! and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so

much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa———

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoise cast away coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news, ha ha! where, in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it; I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my Turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the

heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.—MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT III. Sc. 1.

In the same manner, good news arriving to a man labouring under distress, occasions a vibration in his mind from the one to the other:

Osmyn. By heav'n thou'st rous'd me from my lethargy.
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refused to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoyed; what not Almeria could
Revive, or raise, my people's voice has waken'd.
O my Antonio, I am all on fire,
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns: Where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? ha! where! where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty!
Off slavery! O curse, that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath!
MOURNING BRIDE, ACT III. Sc. 2.

If the emotions be unequal in force, the

stronger after a conflict will extinguish the weaker. Thus the loss of a house by fire, or of a sum of money by bankruptcy, will make no figure in opposition to the birth of an only son, who is to inherit an opulent fortune.

Many practical rules, in the fine arts, are derived from these observations, especially as applicable to music and harmony, which imply agreeableness in their very *conception*. Vocal music must be agreeable to sentiment; instrumental consults only harmony, and has no relation to sentiment. Music is an improper companion for sentiments of cruelty, envy, peevishness; or for the description of disagreeable objects or passions, as the horror of the object described, and the pleasure of the music, would be highly discordant.

With regard to vocal music, there is an additional reason against associating it with disagreeable passions. The external signs of such passions are painful; the looks and gestures to the eye, and the tone of pronunciation to the ear: such tones therefore can never be expressed musically, for music must be pleasant, or it is not music.

On the other hand, music associates finely with poems that tend to inspire pleasant

emotions: music, for example, in a cheerful tone, is perfectly concordant with every emotion in the same tone; and hence our taste for airs expressive of mirth and jollity. Sympathetic joy associates finely with cheerful music; and sympathetic pain no less finely with music that is tender and melancholy. All the different emotions of love, namely, tenderness, concern, anxiety, pain of absence, hope, fear, accord delightfully with music: and, accordingly, a person in love, even when unkindly treated, is soothed by music; for the tenderness of love still prevailing, accords with a melancholy strain. This is finely exemplified by Shakespeare in the fourth act of *Othello*, where Desdemona calls for a song expressive of her distress. Wonderful is the delicacy of that writer's taste, which fails him not even in the most refined emotions of human nature. Melancholy music is suited to slight grief, which requires or admits consolation: but deep grief, which refuses all consolation, rejects for that very reason melancholy music.

When the *same* person is both the actor and the singer, music cannot be associated with unnatural acts and feelings. The pain, for example, that a man feels who is agitated with

malice or unjust revenge, disqualifies him for relishing music, or any thing that is pleasing; and therefore to represent such a man, contrary to nature, expressing his sentiments in a song, cannot be agreeable to any audience of taste.

For a different reason music is improper to accompany pleasant emotions which are important; as in dethroning a tyrant.

Next in order, according to the method proposed, come external effects; which lead us to passions as the causes of these effects. Two co-existent passions that have the same tendency, must be similar: they accordingly readily unite, and in conjunction have double force. This is verified by experience; from which we learn, that the mind receives not impulses alternately from such passions, but one strong impulse from the whole in conjunction; and indeed it is not easy to conceive what should bar the union of passions that have all of them the same tendency.

Two passions having opposite tendencies, may proceed from the same cause considered in different views. Thus a mistress may at once be the cause both of love and resentment: her beauty inflames the passion of love; her cruelty or inconstancy causes resentment. When two

such passions co-exist in the same breast, the opposition of their aim prevents any sort of union; and accordingly, they are not felt otherwise than in succession: the consequence of which must be, either that the passions will balance each other, and prevent external action, or that one of them will prevail and accomplish its end. Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, describes beautifully the struggle between love and resentment directed to the same object.

Ovid paints in lively colours the vibration of mind between two opposite passions directed to the same object. Althea had two brothers much beloved, who were unjustly put to death by her son Meleager in a fit of passion: she was strongly impelled to revenge; but the criminal was her own son. This ought to have withheld her hand; but the story is more interesting, by the violence of the struggle between resentment and maternal love.

Love and jealousy, occupy the mind alternately, if connected by a common object; and one circumstance always augments the fluctuation. When the object is beautiful, love prevails; when considered as possibly unfaithful, jealousy prevails. A situation of that kind affords great scope for fluctuation of passion;

which is painted to the life by several masterly hands in words as well as in colours. Shakespeare handles the same subject, but in a manner uncommon, and peculiar to himself: in Othello's soliloquy before putting his wife to death, love and jealousy are represented, each exerting its whole force, but without any struggle: Othello was naturally inflexible; and the tenderest love could not divert him from a purpose he approved as right, not even for a moment: but every thing consistent with such a character, is done to reconcile the two opposite passions; he is resolved to put her to death, but he will not shed her blood, nor so much as ruffle her skin:

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.——————Yet I'll not shed her blood
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Lays down the sword.*
Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!—
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relumine.—[*Sets down the taper.*

When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more; one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——One more, that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep;
But they are cruel tears! this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.——— ACT V. Sc. 2.

In Otway's *Orphan*, we have an illustrious example of the address employed to gratify opposite passions directed to the same object. Castalio and Polydore, brothers and rivals, had sworn mutual confidence: Castalio broke his faith by a private marriage; which unwarily betrayed Polydore into a dismal deed, that of polluting his brother's bed. Thus he had injured his brother, and was injured by him: justice prompted him to make full atonement by his own death; resentment against his brother required a full atonement to be made to himself. In co-existent passions so contradictory, one of them commonly prevails after a struggle: but here happily an expedient occurred to Polydore for gratifying both; which was, that he should provoke his brother to put him to death.

Polydore's crime, in his own opinion, merited that punishment; and justice was satisfied when he fell by the hand of the man he had injured: he wanted at the same time to punish his brother for breach of faith; and he could not punish more effectually than by betraying his brother to be his executioner.

Part V.

Influence of Passion with respect to our Perceptions, Opinions and Belief.

Our actions are influenced by our passions; our passions influence our perceptions, opinions, and belief; and our opinions of men and things are generally directed by affection.

An advice given by a man of figure, hath great weight; the same advice from one in a low condition is despised or neglected: a man of courage underrates danger; and to the indolent the slightest obstacle appears insurmountable.

This doctrine is of great use in logic; and of still greater use in criticism, by serving to explain several principles in the fine arts that will be unfolded in the course of this work. A few general observations shall at present suffice,

leaving the subject to be prosecuted more particularly afterward when occasion offers.

There is no truth more universally known, than that tranquility and sedateness are the proper state of mind for accurate perception and cool deliberation; and for that reason, we never regard the opinion even of the wisest man, when we discover prejudice or passion behind the curtain. Passion, as observed above, hath such influence over us, as to give a false light to all its objects. Agreeable passions prepossess the mind in favour of their objects, and disagreeable passions, no less against their objects: a woman is all perfection in her lover's opinion, while, in the eye of rival beauty she is awkward and disagreeable; when the passion of love is gone, beauty vanishes with it. To a zealot, every member of his own sect is a saint; the most upright of a different sect are children of perdition. Hence the foundation of self-deceit.

Arguments of a favourite opinion pervert the judgment; and those that are disagreeable to the mind, are passed over as erroneous intruders.

To illustrate the foregoing observations by examples, we begin with envy, than which no passion gives its object a more disagreeable ap-

pearance: it magnifies every bad quality and fixes on the most humble in circumstances.

Cassius. I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd——Give me some drink, Titinius,——
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT I. Sc. 2.

Glo'ster, inflamed with resentment against his son Edgar, could even force himself into a momentary conviction that they were not related:

O strange fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

KING LEAR, ACT II. Sc. 1.

When by great sensibility of heart, or other means, grief becomes immoderate, the mind, in order to justify itself, is prone to magnify the cause; and if the real cause admit not of being magnified, the mind seeks a cause for its grief in imagined future events:

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is much too sad
You promised, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief;
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

RICHARD II. ACT II. Sc. 2.

Resentment at first is vented on the relations of the offender, to punish him: but as resentment, when so outrageous, is contrary to conscience, the mind, to justify its passion, paints these relations in the blackest colours; and is at last convinced, that they ought to be punished for their own demerits.

Anger, raised by an accidental stroke upon a tender part of the body, is sometimes vented upon the undesigning cause. The passion in that case is absurd; there is no solid gratification in punishing the innocent; the mind, prone to justify as to gratify its passion, deludes itself into a conviction of the action's being voluntary. The conviction is momentary: the first reflection shows it to be erroneous; and the passion vanishes with the conviction. But anger, the most violent of all passions, has still greater

influence: it forces the mind to personify a stock or a stone, if it happen to occasion bodily pain, and even to believe it a voluntary agent, in order to be a proper object of resentment.

Of such personification, involving a conviction of reality, there is one illustrious instance. When the first bridge of boats over the Hellespont was destroyed by a storm, Xerxes fell into a transport of rage, so excessive, that he commanded the sea to be punished with 300 stripes, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, enjoining the following words to be pronounced: "O thou salt and bitter water! thy master hath condemned thee to this punishment for offending him without cause; and is resolved to pass over thee in spite of thy insolence: with reason all men neglect to sacrifice to thee, because thou art both disagreeable and treacherous." Herodotus, B. 7.

Shakespeare exhibits beautiful examples of the irregular influence of passion in making us believe things to be otherwise than they are. King Lear, in his distress, personifies the rain, wind, and thunder; and, in order to justify his resentment, believes them to be taking part with his daughters:

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! spit fire, spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure—Here I stand, your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul!

ACT III. Sc. 2.

King Richard, full of indignation against his favourite horse for carrying Bolingbroke, is led into the conviction of his being rational:

Groom. O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend, how went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

RICHARD II. ACT V. Sc. 5.

Hamlet, swelled with indignation at his mother's second marriage, was strongly inclined

to lessen the time of her widowhood, the shortness of the time being a violent circumstance against her; and he deludes himself by degrees into the opinion of an interval shorter than the real one:

Hamlet.——————That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two:
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,——
Let me not think—Frailty thy name is *Woman!*
A little month! or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——————Why she, e'en she——
(O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.—Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married!——————Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Act I. Sc. 2.

The power of passion to falsify the computa-

tion of time is remarkable in this instance; because time, which hath an accurate measure, is less obsequious to our desires and wishes, than objects which have no precise standard of less or more.

Good news are greedily swallowed upon very slender evidence: our wishes magnify the probability of the event, as well as the veracity of the relator; and we believe as certain, what at best is doubtful:

> Quel, che l'huom vede, amor li fa invisible;
> E l'invisibil fa veder amore:
> Questo creduto fu, che 'l miser suole
> Dar facile credenza a' quel che vuole.
>
> ORLAND. FURIOS. CANT. I. st. 56.

For the same reason, bad news gains credit upon the slightest evidence: fear, if once alarmed, has the same effect with hope, to magnify every circumstance that tends to conviction. Shakespeare, who shows more knowledge of human nature than any of our philosophers, hath in his *Cymbeline** represented this bias of the mind; for he makes the person who alone was affected with the bad news, yield to evidence that did not convince any of his companions. And Othello† is convinced of his wife's infidelity from

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* ACT II. Sc. 4. † ACT III. Sc. 3.

circumstances too slight to move any person less interested.

If the news interest us in so low a degree as to give place to reason, the effect will not be altogether the same: judging of the probability or improbability of the story, the mind settles in a rational conviction either that it is true or not. But, even in that case, the mind is not allowed to rest in that degree of conviction which is produced by rational evidence: if the news be in any degree favourable, our belief is raised by hope to an improper height; and if unfavourable, by fear.

This observation holds equally with respect to future events: if a future event be much wished or dreaded, the mind augments the probability beyond truth.

That easiness of belief with respect to wonders and prodigies, is a strange phenomenon; because nothing can be more evident than that the more singular any event is, the more evidence is required to produce belief: a familiar event daily occurring, in itself probable, finds ready credit, and therefore is vouched by the slightest evidence; but to overcome the improbability of a strange event, contrary to the course of nature, the strongest evidence is required. Wonders and prodigies are swallowed by the

vulgar, upon evidence that would not be sufficient to ascertain the most familiar occurrence. It has been reckoned difficult to explain that irregular bias of mind; but we are now made acquainted with the influence of passion upon opinion and belief: a story of ghosts or fairies, told with an air of gravity and truth, raises an emotion of wonder and dread; and these emotions imposing upon a weak mind, impress upon it a thorough conviction contrary to reason.

Opinion and belief are influenced by propensity as well as by passion. An innate propensity is all we have to convince us, that the operations of nature are uniform: influenced by that propensity, we often rashly think, that good or bad weather will never have an end; and in natural philosophy, writers, influenced by the same propensity, stretch commonly their analogical reasonings beyond just bounds.

Opinion and belief are influenced by affection as well as by propensity. The noted story of a fine lady and a curate viewing the moon through a telescope, is a pleasant illustration: "I perceive," says the lady, "two shadows inclining to each other; they are certainly two happy lovers." "Not at all," replies the curate, "they are two steeples of a cathedral."

Appendix to Part V.

Methods that Nature has afforded for computing Time and Space.

We mean here the time that passes between any two occurrences when there is not access to the sun. The only natural measure is the succession of our thoughts. This measure is inaccurate, and its computations of the same time are different. The whole subject is beautifully illustrated by an author who is acquainted with every maze of the human heart, and who bestows ineffable grace and ornament upon every subject he handles:

Rosalinda. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

Orla. Why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in diverse paces with diverse persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between

the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'ennight, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT III. Sc. 2.

Looking back upon past time when joy or distress is no longer remembered, we make use of the ordinary computation. In retrospection the time that was employed on real objects appears longer than that employed upon ideas. Time runs on without observation when employed about agreeable objects; the same is the case of young people at a ball, or joyous company over a bottle.

The natural measure of space, appears more obscure than that of time.

The space marked out for a house appears

considerably larger after it is divided into its proper parts. A piece of ground appears larger after it is surrounded with a fence; and still larger when made a garden, and divided into different compartments.

On the contrary, a large plain looks less after it is divided into parts. The sea must be excepted, which looks less from not being divided into parts.

A room of a moderate size appears larger when properly furnished. When a large room is furnished, it is lessened in appearance.

A room of a moderate size looks less by having a ceiling lower than in proportion. The same low ceiling makes a large room look larger than it is in reality.

These experiments are too small a stock for a general theory: they are all that occur at present; and, instead of a regular system, I have nothing for the reader's instruction but a few conjectures.

The largest angle of vision seems to be the natural measure of space: the eye is the only judge; and in examining with it the size of any plain, or the length of any line, the most accurate method that can be taken is, to run over the object in parts; the largest portion seen is

determined by the largest angle, and so of the less by the smallest angle.

But the measure of space, like the measure of time, is liable to several errors, as when the eye is remote or near an object. If the space be large we divide it into parts, which we examine separately, and form a judgment of the whole by a combination of the parts. The first time we behold the sea it appears large beyond bounds. When it becomes familiar our wonder ceases; yet in a storm it appears vast. Islands also add to its appearance if remotely seen, but approached they diminish its magnitude in appearance.

Furniture increases, in appearance, the size of a small room, for the same reason that divisions increase in appearance the size of a garden. The emotion of wonder, which is raised by a very large room without furniture, makes it look larger than it is in reality: if completely furnished, we view it in parts, and our wonder is not raised.

A low ceiling has a diminutive appearance, which by an easy transition of ideas, is communicated to the length and breadth, provided they bear any proportion to the heighth. If they be out of all proportion, the opposition seizes the mind, and raises some degree of wonder, which

makes the difference appear greater than it really is.

Part VI.

The resemblancce of Emotions to their Causes.

That many emotions have some resemblance to their causes, is a truth that can be made clear by induction; though, as far as I know, the observation has not been made by any writer. Motion, in its different circumstances, is productive of feelings that resemble it: sluggish motion produces a languid feeling; slow motion, a calm feeling; brisk motion, a lively feeling. A large object swells the heart: an elevated object makes the spectator stand erect.

Sounds also produce emotions or feelings that resemble them; a low sound brings down the mind; a full tone communicates solemnity; a sharp sound elevates or swells the mind. A wall or pillar declining from the perpendicular produces a painful feeling; a column with a base looks firm, and though the cylinder is a more beautiful figure, yet the cube for a base is preferred; its angles being extended to a greater distance from the centre than the circumference of a cylinder. This excludes not a different

reason, that the base, the shaft, and the capital of a pillar, ought, for the sake of variety, to differ from each other; if the shaft be round, the base and capital ought to be square.

A constrained posture, uneasy to the man himself, is disagreeable to the spectator; whence a rule in painting, that the drapery ought not to adhere to the body, but hang loose, that the figures may appear easy and free in their movements. The constrained posture of a French dancing-master in one of Hogarth's pieces, is for that reason disagreeable; and it is also ridiculous, because the constraint is assumed as a grace.

The foregoing observation is not confined to emotions or feelings raised by still life: it holds also in what are raised by the qualities, actions, and passions, of a sensible being. Love inspired by a fine woman assumes her qualities: it is sublime, soft, tender, severe, or gay, according to its cause. This is still more remarkable in emotions raised by human actions: a signal instance of gratitude, beside procuring esteem for the author, raises in the spectator a vague emotion of gratitude, which disposes him to be grateful; and this vague emotion has a strong resemblance to its cause, the passion that pro-

duced the grateful action. Hence the choice of books and of company.

Grief, as well as joy, is infectious; so is fear, as in an army when struck with a sudden panic. Pity is similar to its cause; the anguish of remorse produces a harsh pity: if extreme, the pity is mixed with horror. Covetousness, cruelty and treachery, raise no similar emotions in a spectator; they excite abhorrence, and fortify the beholder in his aversion to such actions.

PART VII.

Final Causes of the more frequent Emotions and Passions.

It is a law in our nature, that we never act but by the impulse of desire; which, in other words, is saying, that passion, by the desire included in it, is what determines the will. Hence in the conduct of life, it is of importance, that our passions be directed to proper objects, tend to just and rational ends, and with relation to each other, be duly balanced. The beauty of contrivance, so conspicuous in the human frame, is not confined to the rational part of our nature, but is visible over the whole. Concerning the passions in particular, however irregular, head-

strong, and perverse, on a slight view, they may appear, they are by nature modelled and tempered with perfect wisdom, for the good of society as well as for private good. The subject, treated at large, would be too extensive for the present work; all there is room for, are a few general observations upon the sensitive part of our nature, without regarding that strange irregularity of passion discovered in some individuals. Such topical irregularities cannot fairly be held an objection to the present theory: we are frequently misled by inordinate passion; but less frequently by wrong judgment.

An agreeable cause produces a pleasant emotion; a disagreeable cause a painful emotion; and this law admits not a single exception. Many inanimate objects considered as the causes of emotion, are made agreeable to promote our happiness. This proves the benignity of the Deity, that we are placed among objects for the most part agreeable, and the bulk of such objects are of real use in common life; hence they are agreeable to excite our industry. On the other hand, it is not easy to name a disagreeable object that is not hurtful; some are disagreeable because they are noxious; others, a dirty marsh for example, or a barren heath, are made disagreeable, in order, as above, to

excite our industry. And with respect to the few things that are neither agreeable nor disagreeable, their being left indifferent is not a work of chance, but of wisdom; of such I shall have occasion to give several instances.

Because inanimate objects that are agreeable fix our attention, and draw us to them, they in that respect are termed *attractive*; such objects inspire pleasant emotions, which are gratified by adhering to the objects, and enjoying them. Because disagreeable objects of the same kind repel us from them, they in that respect are termed *repulsive*; and the painful emotions raised by such objects are gratified by flying from them. Thus, in general, with respect to things inanimate, the tendency of every pleasant emotion is to prolong the pleasure; and the tendency of every painful emotion is to end the pain.

Sensible beings, considered as objects of passion, lead into a more complex theory. A sensible being that is agreeable by its attributes, inspires us with a pleasant emotion accompanied with desire; and such objects being of real use in life, are made agreeable in order to excite our industry; witness a large tree, a well-dressed fallow, a rich field of grain, and others that may be named without end. On the other hand, it is not easy to specify a disagreeable object that

is not at the same time hurtful: some things are made disagreeable, such as a rotten carcase, because they are noxious; others, because, though beautiful in their outward appearance, they imply danger, as the rattle-snake. To the man of feeling every amiable being gives pleasure; every sensible being gives pleasure; and their happiness becomes the gratification of his desire. The final cause of desire so directed is illustrious; and this lays open a beautiful theory in man's nature. A selfish action can only benefit myself; a benevolent action benefits others.

Sensible beings in distress raise a painful emotion, and, were man purely a selfish being, he would desire to be relieved from that pain, by turning from the object. But the principle of benevolence gives an opposite direction to his desire: it makes him desire to afford relief; and by relieving the person from distress, his passion is gratified. The painful passion thus directed, is termed *sympathy*; which, though painful, is yet in its nature attractive. And, with respect to its final cause, we can be at no loss: it not only tends to relieve a fellow-creature from distress, but in its gratification is considerably more pleasant, than if it were repulsive.

We, in the last place, bring under considera-

tion persons hateful by vice or wickedness. Imagine a wretch who has lately perpetrated some horrid crime: he is disagreeable to every spectator; and consequently raises in every spectator a painful passion. But a principle common to all, prompts us to punish those who do wrong; an envious, a malicious, or a cruel action, being disagreeable, raises in the spectator the painful emotion of resentment, which frequently swells into a passion; and the natural gratification of the desire included in that passion, is to punish the guilty person: I must chastise the wretch by indignation at least, and hatred, if not more severely. Here the final cause is self-evident.

An injury done to myself, touching me more than when done to others, raises my resentment to a higher degree. The desire, accordingly, included in this passion, is not satisfied with so slight a punishment as indignation or hatred; it is not fully gratified with retaliation; and the author must by my hand suffer mischief, as great at least as he has done to me. Neither can we be at any loss about the final cause of that higher degree of resentment; the whole vigour of the passion is required to secure individuals from the injustice and oppression of others.

A wicked or disgraceful action is disagreeable

not only to others, but even to the delinquent himself; and raises in both a painful emotion, including a desire of punishment. The painful emotion felt by the delinquent, is distinguished by the name of *remorse*; which naturally excites him to punish himself. There cannot be imagined a better contrivance to deter us from vice; for remorse itself is a severe punishment. That passion, and the desire of self-punishment derived from it, are touched delicately by Otway.

Monimia. Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
Quench the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terror, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!

ORPHAN, ACT IV.

Nothing can be more entertaining to a rational mind than the economy of the human passions, of which we have attempted to give some faint notion.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that our passions, when they happen to swell beyond proper limits, take on a less regular appearance: reason may proclaim our duty, but the will, influenced by passion, makes gratification always

welcome. Hence the power of passion, which when in excess, cannot be resisted but by the utmost fortitude of mind: it is bent upon gratification; and where proper objects are wanting, it clings to any object at hand without distinction.

CHAPTER III.

Beauty.

BEAUTY, the most noted of all the qualities that belong to single objects, is a term which in its native signification, is appropriated to objects of sight.

A tree, the simplest object of external sense, presents to us colour, figure, size, and sometimes motion. The beauty of the human figure is extraordinary, being a composition of numberless beauties, arising from the parts and qualities of the objects, various colours, various motions, figures, size, &c. all unite in one complex object, and strike the eye with combined force. Hence it is, that beauty, a quality so remarkable in visible objects, lends its name to express every thing that is eminently agreeable: thus, by a figure of speech, we say a beautiful sound, a beautiful thought or expression, a

beautiful theorem, a beautiful event, a beautiful discovery in art or science. But, as figurative expression is the subject of a following chapter, this chapter is confined to beauty in its proper signification.

It is natural to suppose, that a perception so various as that of beauty, comprehending sometimes many particulars, sometimes few, should occasion emotions equally various; and yet all the various emotions of beauty maintain one common character, that of sweetness and gaiety.

Considering attentively the beauty of visible objects, we discover two kinds: first, *intrinsic* beauty, because it is discovered in a single object viewed apart without relation to any other: the examples above given are of that kind. The other, *relative* beauty, being founded on the relation of objects. The purposed distribution would lead me to handle these beauties separately; but they are frequently so intimately connected, that, for the sake of connexion, I am forced, to vary the plan, and to bring them both into the same chapter. Intrinsic beauty is an object of sense merely: to perceive the beauty of a spreading oak, or of a flowing river, no more is required but singly an act of vision.

The perception of relative beauty, is accompanied with an act of understanding and reflection, and of means relating to some good end or purpose. Intrinsic beauty is ultimate; and the beauty of effect is transferred to the cause. A subject void of beauty, appears beautiful from its utility, as an old gothic tower; a dwelling-house, from its conveniencies. When these beauties coincide in any object, it appears delightful. The beauty of utility requires no illustration. The beauty of colour is too familiar to need explanation. Do not the bright and cheerful colours of gold and silver contribute to preserve these metals in high estimation? The beauty of figure, arising from various circumstances and different views, is more complex: for example, viewing any body as a whole, the beauty of its figure arises from regularity and simplicity; viewing the parts with relation to each other, uniformity, proportion, and order, contribute to its beauty. The beauty of motion deserves a chapter by itself; and another chapter is destined for grandeur, being distinguishable from beauty in its proper sense. For a description of regularity, uniformity, proportion, and order, if thought necessary, I remit my reader to the Appendix at the end of the book. Upon sim-

plicity I must make a few cursory observations, such as may be of use in examining the beauty of single objects.

A multitude of objects crowding into the mind at once, disturb the attention, and pass without making any distinct impression: a single object, occupies one's whole attention. Parts complex must be considered in portions successively, and this dictates simplicity in works of art, as opposed to complicated circumstances and crowded ornaments.

Let us inquire into the beauty of figure, as arising from regularity, uniformity, proportion, order and simplicity.

To inquire why an object, by means of these particulars, appears beautiful, would be a vain attempt: it seems that the nature of man was originally framed with a relish for them, to answer wise and good purposes. To explain these purposes or final causes, though a subject of great importance, has scarce been attempted by any writer. One thing is evident, that our relish for the particulars mentioned adds beauty to the objects that surround us, and tends to our happiness: and the Author of our nature has given many signal proofs that this final cause is not below his care. We may be con-

firmed in this thought upon reflecting, that our taste for these particulars is not accidental, but uniform, and universal, making a branch of our nature. At the same time, it ought not to be overlooked, that regularity, uniformity, order and simplicity, contribute each of them to readiness of apprehension; enabling us to form more distinct images of objects, than can be done with the utmost attention where these particulars are not found. With respect to proportion, it is in some instances connected with a useful end, as in animals, where the best proportioned are the strongest and most active; but instances are still more numerous, where the proportions we relish have no connexion with utility. Writers on architecture insist much on the proportions of a column, and assign different proportions to the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian; but no architect will maintain, that accurate proportions contribute more to use than several that are less accurate and less agreeable.

With respect to the beauty of figures, we confine ourselves to the simplest. A circle and a square are cast perfectly regular; yet a square is less beautiful than a circle, because a circle is a single object, and makes one entire impression, whereas a square is composed of four sides or

objects. A square is more beautiful than an hexagon; though each is perfectly regular.

A square is more regular than a parallelogram, and its parts more uniform; and for these reasons it is more beautiful. But that holds with respect to intrinsic beauty only; for in many instances utility turns the scale on the side of the parallelogram: this figure for the doors and windows of a dwelling-house is preferred, because of utility; and here the beauty of utility prevails over that of regularity and uniformity.

A parallelogram again depends, for its beauty, on the proportion of its sides: a great inequality of sides annihilates its beauty: Approximation towards equality hath the same effect; for proportion there degenerates into imperfect uniformity, and the figure appears an unsuccessful attempt towards a square. And thus proportion contributes to beauty.

An equilateral triangle yields not to a square in regularity, nor in uniformity of parts, and it is more simple. But an equilateral triangle is less beautiful than a square, which must be owing to inferiority of order in the position of its parts; the sides of an equilateral triangle incline to each other in the same angle, being

the most perfect order they are susceptible of; but this order is obscure, and far from being so perfect as the parallelism of the sides of a square. Thus order contributes to the beauty of visible objects, no less than simplicity, regularity, or proportion.

A parallelogram exceeds an equilateral triangle in the ordinary disposition of its parts; but being inferior in uniformity and simplicity, it is less beautiful.

Uniformity is singular in one capital circumstance, that it is apt to disgust by excess: a number of things destined for the same use, such as windows, chairs, spoons, buttons, cannot be too uniform; for supposing their figure to be good, utility requires uniformity: but a scrupulous uniformity of parts in a large garden or field, is far from being agreeable. Uniformity among connected objects belongs not to the present subject: it is handled in the chapter of uniformity and variety.

In all the works of nature, simplicity makes an illustrious figure. It also makes a figure in works of art: profuse ornament in painting, gardening, or architecture, as well as in dress or in language, shows a mean or corrupted taste:—

Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Simplicity in behaviour makes an enchanting effect, and never fails to gain our affection. And we take great delight in the laws of motion which, with the greatest simplicity, are boundless in their operations.

In the fine arts, simplicity has degenerated into artificial refinement. In literary productions and music the degeneracy is much greater.

The distinction between primary and secondary qualities in matter, seems now fully established. Heat and cold, smell and taste, though seeming to exist in bodies, are discovered to be effects caused by these bodies in a sensitive being; colour, which appears to the eye as spread upon a substance, has no existence but in the mind of the spectator. Qualities of that kind, which owe their existence to the percipient as much as to the object, are termed *secondary* qualities, and are distinguished from figure, extension, and solidity, which, in contradistinction to the former, are termed *primary* qualities, because they inhere in subjects whether perceived or not. This

distinction suggests a curious inquiry, whether beauty be a primary or only a secondary quality of objects? The question is easily determined with respect to the beauty of colour; for, if colour be a secondary quality, existing no where but in the mind of the spectator, its beauty must exist there also. This conclusion equally holds with respect to the beauty of utility, which is plainly a conception of the mind, arising not from sight, but from reflecting that the thing is fitted for some good end or purpose. The question is more intricate with respect to the beauty of regularity; for if regularity be a primary quality, why not also is beauty? That this is not a good inference, will appear from considering, that beauty, in its very conception, refers to a percipient; for an object is said to be beautiful, for no other reason but that it appears so to a spectator; the same piece of matter that to a man appears beautiful, may possibly appear ugly to a being of a different species. Beauty, therefore, which for its existence depends on the percipient as much as on the object perceived, cannot be an inherent property in either. And hence it is wittily observed by the poet, that beauty is not in the person beloved, but in the lover's eye. This reasoning is solid; and the only cause of doubt or hesitation is, that we

are taught a different lesson by sense; a singular determination of nature makes us perceive both beauty and colour as belonging to the object, and, like figure or extension, as inherent properties.

CHAPTER IV.

Grandeur and Sublimity.

NATURE hath not more remarkably distinguished us from other animals by an erect posture, than by a capacious and aspiring mind, attaching us to things great and elevated. The ocean, the sky, seize the attention, and make a deep impression: robes of state are made large and full to draw respect: we admire an elephant for its magnitude, notwithstanding its unwieldiness.

The elevation of an object affects us no less than its magnitude: a high place is chosen for the statue of a deity or hero; a tree growing on the brink of a precipice looks charming when viewed from the plain below: a throne is erected for the chief magistrate, and a chair with a high seat for the president of a court. Among all

nations, heaven is placed far above us, hell far below us.

In some objects, greatness and elevation concur to make a complicated impression: the Alps and the Peak of Teneriffe are proper examples; with the following difference, that in the former greatness seems to prevail, elevation in the latter.

Great and elevated objects, considered with relation to the emotions produced by them, are termed *grand* and *sublime*. *Grandeur* and *sublimity* have a double signification: they commonly signify the quality or circumstance in objects by which the emotions of grandeur and sublimity are produced; sometimes the emotions themselves.

St. Peter's at Rome, the great pyramid of Egypt, the Alps, an arm of the sea, a clear sky, are all *grand* and beautiful. A regiment in battle array is grand, a crowd of people not so. Greatness or magnitude distinguishes grandeur from beauty; agreeableness is the genus of which beauty and grandeur are species. The emotion of grandeur is pleasant, and is serious rather than gay.

A large object is not so agreeable by its regularity, as a small one; nor so disagreeable by its

irregularities. A towering hill is delightful, a chain of mountains no less so; and the bulk of objects in a natural landscape are beautiful: some of them are even grand, as a flowing river, a spreading oak, an extended plain, which all raise emotions of grandeur. We range at large amidst the magnificence of nature and overlook slight beauties or deformities. In a small building irregularity is disagreeable; but in a magnificent palace, or a large Gothic church, irregularities are less regarded; in an epic poem we pardon many negligences that would not be permitted in a sonnet or epigram. Notwithstanding such exceptions, it may be justly laid down for a rule, that in works of art, order and regularity ought to be governing principles: and hence the observation of Longinus: "In works of art we have regard to exact proportion; in those of nature, to grandeur and magnificence."

The same reflections are in a great measure applicable to sublimity; particularly, that, like grandeur, it is a species of agreeableness; that a beautiful object placed high, appearing more agreeable than formerly, produces in the spectator a new emotion, termed *the emotion of sublimity*; and that the perfection of order, regularity, and proportion, is less required in

objects placed high, or at a distance, than at and.

The pleasant emotion raised by large objects, has not escaped the poets:

——————He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT I. Sc. 2.

Cleopatra. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony;
Oh, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
His face was as the heavens: and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth,
His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT V. Sc. 2.

——Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount;
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin.

HAMLET, ACT III. Sc. 3.

The poets have also made good use of the

emotion produced by the elevated situation of an object:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up,
To reach at victory above my head.

RICHARD II. ACT I. Sc. 3.

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.

RICHARD II. ACT V. Sc. 1.

Antony. Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

DRYDEN, ALL FOR LOVE, ACT I.

The description of Paradise, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, is a fine illustration of the impression made by elevated objects:

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching pal

A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamell'd colours mix'd.

B. IV. l. 131.

A mental progress from the capital of a kingdom to that of Europe—to the whole Earth—to the solar system—to the universe, is extremely pleasant, the heart swells, the mind is dilated at every step. Returning in an opposite direction, the descent is pleasant from a different cause. Looking down upon objects makes a part of the pleasure of elevation. It becomes painful when the object is so far below as to create dizziness; and even when that is the case, we feel a sort of pleasure mixed with the pain, witness Shakespeare's description of Dover cliffs:

—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway-air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR, ACT IV. Sc. 6.

A remark is made above, that the emotions of *grandeur* and *sublimity* are nearly allied. And hence it is, that the one term is frequently put for the other: an increasing series of numbers, for example, producing an emotion similar to that of mounting upward, is commonly termed *an ascending series;* a series of numbers gradually decreasing, producing an emotion similar to that of going downward, is commonly termed *a descending series:* we talk familiarly of going *up* to the capital, and of going *down* to the country: from a lesser kingdom we talk of going *up* to a greater; grandeur and sublimity, have hitherto been considered as applicable to objects of sight; we now proceed to consider them in relation to the fine arts, and in their figurative signification. The term beauty is

also extended to intellectual and moral objects, as well as to objects of sight. *Generosity* is an elevated emotion; firmness of soul when superior to misfortune, is called *magnanimity*. Every emotion that contracts the mind, and fixeth it upon things trivial or of no importance, is termed *low*, by its resemblance to an emotion produced by a little or low object of sight: thus an appetite for trifling amusements is called *a low taste*. The same terms are applied to characters and actions: we talk familiarly of an *elevated* genius, of a *great* man, and equally so of *littleness* of mind: some actions are *great* and *elevated*, and others are *little* and *grovelling*. Sentiments, and even expressions, are characterized in the same manner: an expression or sentiment that raises the mind is denominated *great* or *elevated;* and hence the SUBLIME in poetry. In such figurative terms, we lose the distinction between *great* and *elevated* in their proper sense; for the resemblance is not so entire as to preserve these terms distinct in their figurative application. We carry this figure still farther. Elevation, in its proper sense, imports superiority of place; and lowness, inferiority of place: and hence a man of *superior* talents, of *superior* rank, of *inferior* parts,

of *inferior* taste, and such like. The veneration we have for our ancestors, and for the ancients in general, being similar to the emotion produced by an elevated object of sight, justifies the figurative expression of the ancients being *raised* above us, or possessing a *superior* place.

The resemblance in feeling between real and figurative grandeur, is humorously illustrated by Addison in criticising upon English tragedy: "The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional encumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy, who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage." The Scythians, impressed with the fame of Alexander, were astonished when they found him a little man.

A gradual progress from small to great is no

less remarkable in figurative, than in real grandeur or elevation; and when the thoughts rise in an ascending series, the period is termed a climax.

Within certain limits, grandeur and sublimity produce their strongest effects, which lessen by excess as well as by defect. This is remarkable in grandeur and sublimity taken in their proper sense: the grandest emotion that can be raised by a visible object, is where the object can be taken in at one view; if so immense as not to be comprehended but in parts, it tends rather to distract than satisfy the mind: In like manner, the strongest emotion produced by elevation, is where the object is seen distinctly; a greater elevation lessens in appearance the object, till it vanishes out of sight with its pleasant emotion. The same is equally remarkable in figurative grandeur and elevation, because, as observed above, they are scarcely distinguishable.

Objects of sight that are not remarkably great nor high, scarce raise any emotion of grandeur or of sublimity: the same holds in other objects; for we find the mind roused and animated, without being carried to that height. This difference may be discerned in many sorts of music, as well as in some musical instruments:

a kettle-drum rouses, an hautboy animates; but neither of them inspire an emotion of sublimity: revenge animates: but never produces an emotion *grand* or *sublime.* I am willing to put this to the test, by placing before my reader a most spirited picture of revenge: it is a speech of Antony, wailing over the body of Cæsar:—

Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the kind of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Ate* by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock!* and let slip the dogs of war.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT III. Sc. 2.

A capital rule for reaching the sublime in such works of art as are capable of it, is, to present those parts or circumstances only which make the greatest figure, keeping out of view

every thing low or trivial; for the mind, elevated by an important object, cannot, without reluctance, be forced down to bestow any share of its attention upon trifles. Such judicious selection of capital circumstances, is styled *grandeur of manner*. In none of the fine arts is there so great scope for that rule as in poetry; which, by that means, enjoys a remarkable power of bestowing upon objects and events an air of grandeur: when we are spectators, every minute object presents itself in its order; but, in describing at second hand, these are laid aside, and the capital objects are brought close together. A judicious taste in thus selecting the most interesting incidents, to give them an united force, accounts for a fact that may appear surprising; which is, that we are more moved by a spirited narrative at second hand, than by being spectators of the event itself, in all its circumstances.

The following description of a battle is remarkably sublime, by collecting together, in the fewest words, those circumstances which make the greatest figure.

Like autumn's dark storms pouring from two echoing hills, toward each other approached the heroes: as two dark streams from high rocks meet and roar on the plain,

loud, rough, and dark in battle, meet Lochlin and Inisfail. Chief mixes his strokes with chief, and man with man: steel sounds on steel, and helmets are cleft on high: blood bursts and smokes around: strings murmur on the polish'd yew: darts rush along the sky: spears fall like sparks of flame that gild the stormy face of night.

As the noise of the troubled ocean when roll the waves on high, as the last peal of thundering heaven, such is the noise of battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards were there, feeble were the voice of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times; for many were the deaths of the heroes, and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

FINGAL.

This rule is applicable to other fine arts, especially painting. Smaller parts are suppressed, folds of drapery are few and large; fore-shortenings are bad; and all muscles ought to be entire.

Every one at present subscribes to that rule as applied to gardening, in opposition to parterres split into a thousand small parts in the stiffest regularity of figure. The most eminent architects have governed themselves by the same rule in all their works.

Another rule chiefly regards the sublime, though it is applicable to every sort of literary performance intended for amusement; and that is, to avoid as much as possible abstract and

general terms. Such terms, similar to mathematical signs, are contrived to express our thoughts in a concise manner; but images, which are the life of poetry, cannot be raised in any perfection but by introducing particular objects. General terms that comprehend a number of individuals, must be excepted from that rule; our kindred, our clan, our country, and words of the like import, though they scarce raise any image, have, however, a wonderful power over our passions: the greatness of the complex object overbalances the obscurity of the image.

As, on the one hand, no means directly applied have more influence to raise the mind than grandeur and sublimity; so, on the other, no means indirectly applied, have more influence to sink and depress it; for in a state of elevation, the artful introduction of an humbling object, makes the fall great in proportion to the elevation. Of this observation Shakespeare gives a beautiful example:

> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind.——
>
> TEMPEST, ACT IV. Sc. 1.

The elevation of the mind in the former part of this beautiful passage, makes the fall great in proportion, when the most humbling of all images is introduced, that of an utter dissolution of the earth and its inhabitants. The mind, when warmed, is more susceptible of impressions than in a cool state: and a depressing or melancholy object listened to, makes the strongest impression when it reaches the mind in its highest state of elevation or cheerfulness.

The straining an elevated subject beyond due bounds, is a vice not so frequent as to require the correction of criticism. But false sublime is a rock that writers of more fire than judgment commonly split on; and therefore a collection of examples may be of use as a beacon to future adventurers. One species of false sublime, known by the name of *bombast*, is common among writers of a mean genius; it is a serious endeavour, by strained description, to raise a low or familiar subject above its rank; which, instead of being sublime, becomes ridiculous. I am extremely sensible how prone the mind is, in some animating passions, to magnify its objects beyond natural bounds; but such hyperbolical description has its limits; and, when carried beyond the impulse of the propensity, it

degenerates into burlesque. Take the following examples.

Sejanus ——————Great and high
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread,
And at each step I feel my advanc'd head
Knock out a star in heaven.

SEJANUS, BEN JONSON, ACT V.

A writer, who has no natural elevation of mind, deviates readily into bombast: he strains above his natural powers; and the violent effort carries him beyond the bounds of propriety.

Another species of false sublime, still more faulty than bombast, is to force elevation by introducing imaginary beings without preserving any propriety in their actions; as if it were lawful to ascribe every extravagance and inconsistence to beings of the poet's creation. No writers are more licentious in that article than Jonson and Dryden.

An actor on the stage may be guilty of bombast as well as an author in his closet; a certain manner of acting, which is grand when supported by dignity in the sentiment and force in the expression, is ridiculous where the sentiment is mean, and the expression flat.

When the sublime is carried to its due height,

and circumscribed within proper bounds, it enchants the mind, and raises the most delightful emotions: the reader, engrossed by a sublime object, feels himself raised to a higher rank. Considering that effect, it is not wonderful that the history of conquerors and heroes should be universally the favourite entertainment. And this accounts for what I once erroneously suspected to be a wrong bias originally in human nature; which is, that the grossest acts of oppression and injustice scarce blemish the character of a great conqueror: we, nevertheless, warmly espouse his interest, accompany him in his exploits, and are anxious for his success; the splendour and enthusiasm of the hero transfused into the readers, elevate their minds far above the rules of justice, and render them in a great measure insensible of the wrongs that are committed.

> For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
> And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
> To overcome in battle, and subdue
> Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
> Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
> Of human glory, and for glory done
> Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors.
> Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
> Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

> Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
> And what most merits fame in silence hid.
>
> MILTON, B. II.

The irregular influence of grandeur reaches also to other matters: however good, honest or useful, a man may be, he is not so much respected as is one of a more elevated character, though of less integrity; nor do the misfortunes of the former affect us so much as those of the latter. And I add, because it cannot be disguised, that the remorse which attends breach of engagement, is in a great measure proportioned to the figure that the injured person makes: the vows and protestations of lovers are an illustrious example; for these commonly are little regarded when made to women of inferior rank.

CHAPTER V.

Motion and Force.

MOTION is agreeable to the eye, yet is a body at rest not disagreeable, because the bulk of things we see are at rest. Motion is agreeable in all its varieties; the quickest for an instant is

delightful, but soon appears too rapid and becomes painful by accelerating the course of our perceptions. Regular motion is preferred to irregular motion; and uniformly accelerated motion is more agreeable than when uniformly retarded. Motion upward is agreeable by tending to elevation; in a straight line it is agreeable, but more so when undulating, and the motion of fluids is preferred to that of solid bodies.

Force is of two kinds; one quiescent, and one in motion. The former, dead weight for example, must be laid aside; for a body at rest is not, by that circumstance, either agreeable or disagreeable. Moving force only is my province; and, though it is not separable from motion, yet by the power of abstraction, either of them may be considered independent of the other. Both of them are agreeable, because both of them include activity. It is agreeable to see a thing move: to see it moved, as when dragged or pushed along, is neither agreeable nor disagreeable. It is agreeable to see a thing exert force; but it makes not the thing either agreeable or disagreeable, to see force exerted upon it.

Though motion and force are each of them agreeable, the impressions they make are different. This difference, clearly felt, is not easily

described. All we can say is, that the emotion raised by a moving body, resembling its cause, is felt as if the mind were carried along: the emotion raised by force exerted, resembling also its cause, is felt as if force were exerted within the mind.

When great force is exerted, the effort felt is animating; and when the effort overpowers the mind, as the explosion of gunpowder, the violence of a torrent, the weight of a mountain, and the crush of an earthquake, create astonishment rather than pleasure.

No quality or circumstance contributes more to grandeur than force, especially where exerted by sensible beings. I cannot make the observation more evident than by the following quotations:

> -Him the almighty power
> Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
> In adamantine chains and penal fire,
> Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
>
> PARADISE LOST, BOOK I.

> -Now storming fury rose,
> And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
> Was never: arms on armour clashing bray'd
> Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. IBID. BOOK 6.

The planetary system presents us with the finest view of motion and force in conjunction; but motion and force are also agreeable by their utility when employed as means to accomplish some beneficial end. Hence the superior beauty of some machines, where force and motion concur to perform the work of numberless hands. Hence the beautiful motions, firm and regular, of a horse trained for war: every single step is the fittest that can be for obtaining the purposed end. But the grace of motion is visible chiefly in man, because every gesture is significant. The power however of agreeable motion is not a common talent: every limb of the human body has an agreeable and disagreeable motion; some motions being extremely graceful, others plain and vulgar; some expressing dignity, others meanness. But the pleasure here, arising not singly from the beauty of motion, but from in-

licating character and sentiment, belongs to different chapters.

I should conclude with the final cause of the relish we have for motion and force, were it not so evident as to require no explanation. We are placed here in such circumstances as to make industry essential to our well-being; for without industry the plainest necessaries of life are not obtained. When our situation, therefore, in this world requires activity and a constant exertion of motion and force, Providence indulgently provides for our welfare by making these agreeable to us; it would be a gross imperfection in our nature, to make any thing disagreeable that we depend on for existence; and even indifference would slacken greatly that degree of activity which is indispensable.

CHAPTER VI.

Novelty and the unexpected Appearance of Objects.

Except beauty and greatness, novelty has the most powerful influence to raise emotions. A new object produces an emotion of *wonder*,

which is different from *admiration*, because this last is directed to the person who performs any thing wonderful. We cease to wonder at objects with which we are familiarized by time. When any thing breaks unexpectedly upon the mind it raises an emotion of *surprise*.

That emotion may be produced by the most familiar object, as when one unexpectedly meets a friend who was reported to be dead; or a man in high life lately a beggar. On the other hand, a new object, however strange, will not produce the emotion, if the spectator be prepared for the sight; an elephant in India will not surprise a traveller who goes to see one; and yet its novelty will raise his wonder: an Indian in Britain would be much surprised to stumble upon an elephant feeding at large in the open fields; but the creature itself, to which he was accustomed, would not raise his wonder.

Surprise thus in several respects differs from wonder: unexpectedness is the cause of the former emotion; novelty is the cause of the latter. They perfectly agree in the shortness of their duration; for things soon decay that come soon to perfection.

New objects are sometimes terrible, sometimes delightful; and a threatening object adds to our

terror by its novelty; but from that experiment it does not follow, that novelty is in itself disagreeable; for it is perfectly consistent, that we be delighted with an object in one view, and terrified with it in another: a river in flood swelling over its banks, is a grand and delightful object; and yet it may produce no small degree of fear when we attempt to cross it: courage and magnanimity are agreeable; and yet, when we view these qualities in an enemy, they serve to increase our terror. In the same manner, novelty may produce two effects clearly distinguishable from each other: it may, directly and in itself, be agreeable; and it may have an opposite effect indirectly, which is, to inspire terror; for when a new object appears in any degree dangerous, our ignorance of its powers and qualities affords ample scope for the imagination to dress it in the most frightful colours. The first sight of a lion, for example, may at the same instant produce two opposite feelings, the pleasant emotion of wonder, and the painful passion of terror: the novelty of the object produces the former directly, and contributes to the latter indirectly. Thus, when the subject is analyzed, we find, that the power which novelty hath indirectly to inflame terror, is perfectly consistent with its being in

every circumstance agreeable. Surprise may be pleasant or painful, for its sole effect is to swell the emotion raised by the object. A tide of connected objects gliding gently into the mind, produce no perturbation: but an object breaking in unexpectedly sounds an alarm, rouses the mind, and directs its whole attention to the object, which, if agreeable, becomes doubly so.

The pleasure of novelty is distinguishable from that of variety; to produce the latter a plurality of objects is necessary: the former arises from a circumstance found in a single object. Again, where objects, whether co-existent or in succession, are sufficiently diversified, the pleasure of variety is complete, though every single object of the train be familiar; but the pleasure of novelty, directly opposite to familiarity, requires no diversification.

There are different degrees of novelty, and its effects are in proportion. The lowest degree is found in objects surveyed a second time after a long interval: and that in this case an object takes on some appearance of novelty, is certain from experience: a large building of many parts variously adorned, or an extensive field embellished with trees, lakes, temples, statues, and other ornaments, will appear new oftener than

once: the memory of an object so complex is soon lost, of its parts at least, or of their arrangement. Absence will give an air of novelty to an object once familiar. The mind balances between two things equally new and singular; but when told one of them is from a distant quarter of the world, it soon makes its election. Hence the preference for foreign luxuries and curiosities.

The next degree of novelty mounting upwards, is found in objects of which we have some information at second-hand; for description never comes up to actual sight.

A new object that bears some distant resemblance to a known species, is an instance of a third degree of novelty: a strong resemblance among individuals of the same species, prevents almost entirely the effect of novelty, unless distance of place or some other circumstance concur; but where the resemblance is faint, some degree of wonder is felt, and the emotion rises in proportion to the faintness of the resemblance.

The highest degree of wonder arises from unknown objects that have no analogy to any species we are acquainted with. Shakespeare, in a simile, introduces that species of novelty:

As glorious to the sight
As is a winged messenger from heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eye
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

When an object altogether new is seen by one person only, and but once, it furnishes an example of that species of novelty which deserves peculiar attention. These circumstances heighten remarkably the emotion: the singularity of the spectator concurs with the singularity of the object, to inflame wonder to its highest pitch.

In explaining the effects of novelty, the place a being occupies in the scale of existence, is a circumstance that must not be omitted. Novelty in the individuals of a low class is perceived with indifference: the emotion rises with the rank of the object, and other circumstances being equal, is strongest in the lightest order of existence.

Love of novelty prevails in children, in idlers, and in men of shallow understanding. It reigns chiefly among persons of mean taste who are ignorant of refined and elegant pleasures.

One final cause of wonder is, that this emotion is intended to stimulate our curiosity: another

is, to prepare our mind for receiving deep impressions of new objects.

Now, in order to make a deep impression, it is wisely contrived, that things should be introduced to our acquaintance with a certain pomp and solemnity productive of a vivid emotion. When the impression is once fairly made, the emotion of novelty, being no longer necessary, vanisheth almost instantaneously, never to return, unless where the impression happens to be obliterated by length of time or other means; in which case the second introduction hath nearly the same solemnity with the first.

Designing wisdom is nowhere more legible than in this part of the human frame. If new objects did not affect us in a very peculiar manner, their impressions would be so slight as scarcely to be of any use in life: on the other hand, did objects continue to affect us as deeply as at first, the mind would be totally engrossed with them, and have no room left either for action or reflection.

The final cause of surprise is still more evident than of novelty. Self-love makes us vigilantly attentive to self-preservation; but self-love, which operates by means of reason and reflection, and impels not the mind to any par-

ticular object or from it, is a principle too cool for a sudden emergency: an object breaking in unexpectedly, affords no time for deliberation; and, in that case, the agitation of surprise comes in seasonably to rouse self-love into action; surprise gives the alarm, and if there be any appearance of danger, our whole force is instantly summoned up to shun or prevent it.

CHAPTER VII.

Risible Objects.

To amuse us in our waking hours, nature has kindly provided many objects distinguished by the epithet *risible*, because they raise in us a peculiar emotion, expressed externally by *laughter*, or pleasant and mirthful exertion that unbends the mind, and recruits the spirits. *Ludicrous* signifies what is playsome, sportive, or jocular; and it is the genus of which risible is the species. No object is risible but what appears slight, little, or trivial; for we laugh at nothing that is of importance to our own interest, or to that of others. A real distress raises pity, and therefore cannot be risible;

but a slight or imaginary distress, which moves not pity, is risible. The adventure of the fulling-mills in Don Quixote is extremely risible; so is the scene where Sancho, in a dark night, tumbling into a pit, and attaching himself to the side by hand and foot, hangs there in terrible dismay till the morning, when he discovers himself to be within a foot of the bottom. A nose remarkably long or short, is risible; to want it is horrible. Hence nothing just, proper, decent, beautiful, proportioned or grand, is risible.

The laugh of derision or of scorn, is occasioned by improper acts replete with blunders and absurdities. Hence objects that cause laughter are either risible or ridiculous; the former is mirthful, the latter both mirthful and contemptible. The first raises an emotion altogether pleasant: the pleasant emotion of laughter raised by the other, is blended with the painful emotion of contempt, and the mixed emotion is termed *the emotion of ridicule.* The pain a ridiculous object gives me is resented and punished by a laugh of derision. A risible object, on the other hand, gives me no pain: it is altogether pleasant by a certain sort of titillation, which is expressed externally by mirthful

laughter. Ridicule will be more fully explained afterward: the present chapter is appropriated to the other emotion.

Risible objects are so common, and so well understood, that it is unnecessary to consume paper or time upon them. Take the few following examples.

Falstaff. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

SECOND PART, HEN IV. ACT. III. SC. 2.

The foregoing is of disproportion. The following examples are of slight or imaginary misfortune.

Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames! Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th'litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing

should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT III. Sc. 5.

Falstaff. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook. I suffered the pangs of three egregious deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: Think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to scape suffocation! And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot: think of that Master Brook. *ib. ib.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Resemblance and Dissimilitude.

NATURE has given us a vigorous propensity to compare new objects and discover their resemblance and difference. We are gratified most by discovering difference among things where resemblance prevails, and resemblance where difference prevails. A comparison may be too far stretched; when difference or resemblance are carried beyond certain bounds, they appear slight and trivial, and cannot be relished by a man of taste. Instinction is the chief end of comparison, which may therefore be made subservient both to poetry and prose, history and philosophy. But here resemblance among objects of the same kind, and dissimilitude among objects of a different kind, have no effect.

That resemblance and dissimilitude have an enlivening effect upon objects of sight, is sufficiently evident; and that they have the same effect upon objects of the other senses, is also certain. Nor is that law confined to the external senses; for characters contrasted make a

greater figure by the opposition: Iago, in the tragedy of *Othello*, says,

> He hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly.

The character of a fop, and of a rough warrior, are nowhere more successfully contrasted than in Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV. Act I. Sc. 3.

Passions and emotions are also inflamed by comparison. A man of high rank humbles the by-standers, even to annihilate them in their own opinion: Cæsar, beholding the statue of Alexander, was greatly mortified that now at the age of thrity-two, when Alexander died, he had not performed one memorable action.

Our opinions also are much influenced by comparison. A man whose opulence exceeds the ordinary standard, is reputed richer than he is in reality; and wisdom or weakness, if at all remarkable in an individual, is generally carried beyond the truth.

The opinion a man forms of his present distress is heightened by contrasting it with his former happiness.

> ——————Could I forget
> What I have been, I might the better bear

What I am destin'd to. I'm not the first
That have been wretched; but to think how much
I have been happier!

SOUTHERN'S INNOCENT ADULTERY, ACT II.

The distress of a long journey makes even an indifferent inn agreeable; and in travelling when the road is good, and the horseman well covered, a bad day may be agreeable by making him sensible how snug he is.

The same effect is equally remarkable, when a man opposes his condition to that of others. A ship tossed about in a storm, makes the spectator reflect upon his own ease and security, and puts these in the strongest light. A man in grief cannot bear mirth; it makes him unhappy by giving him a lively notion of his unhappiness.

The appearance of danger gives sometimes pleasure, sometimes pain. A timorous person upon the battlements of a high tower, is seized with fear, which even the consciousness of security cannot dissipate. But upon one of a firm head the appearance of danger heightens, by opposition, the consciousness of security, and consequently, the satisfaction that arises therefrom: here the feeling resembles that

above mentioned, occasioned by a ship labouring in a storm.

The effect of magnifying or lessening objects by means of comparison, is so familiar, that no philosopher has thought of searching for a cause; which is simply the influence of passion over our opinions.

The greatest disparity between objects of different kinds, is so common as to be observed with perfect indifference; but such disparity between objects of the same kind, being uncommon, never fails to produce surprise: and may we not fairly conclude, that surprise, in the latter case, is what occasions the deception, when we find no deception in the former? In the next place, if surprise be the sole cause of the deception, it follows necessarily, that the deception will vanish as soon as the objects compared become familiar. This holds so unerringly, as to leave no reasonable doubt that surprise is the prime mover: Our surprise is great the first time a small lap-dog is seen with a large mastiff; but when two such animals are constantly together, there is no surprise, and it makes no difference whether they be viewed separately or in company: we set no bounds to the riches of a man who has recently made his

fortune, the surprising disproportion between his present and his past situation being carried to an extreme; but with regard to a family that for many generations hath enjoyed great wealth, the same false reckoning is not made. It is equally remarkable, that a trite simile has no effect; a lover compared to a moth scorching itself at the flame of a candle, originally a sprightly simile, has, by frequent use, lost all force; love cannot now be compared to fire, without some degree of disgust: it has been justly objected against Homer, that the lion is too often introduced into his similies; all the variety he is able to throw into them not being sufficient to keep alive the reader's surprise.

The common artifice of poets and orators is to depreciate beforehand, what they wish to make a figure in the opinion of others. But surprise is not the only cause of the effect produced by unusual resemblance or dissimilitude. The propensity of the mind to complete whatever it once begins is another cause, yielding no less pleasure than the former; we feel a sensible pleasure when the work is brought to perfection; and our pain is no less sensible when we are disappointed. Hence our uneasiness, when an

interesting story is broke off in the middle, when a piece of music ends without a close, or when a building or garden is left unfinished. The same propensity operates in making collections, such as the whole works, good and bad, of any author.

The final cause of the propensity is an additional proof of its existence: human works are of no significancy till they be completed; and reason is not always a sufficient counterbalance to indolence: some principle over and above is necessary to excite our industry, and to prevent our stopping short in the middle of the course.

Surprise carries our opinion of resemblance or dissimilitude beyond truth; and the propensity to advance every thing to perfection, not only co-operates with surprise to deceive the mind, but is of itself able to produce that effect, by making us sometimes proceed to action, in order to complete a resemblance or dissimilitude. Hence the principle of the *lex talionis*. Reason dictates that there ought to be a conformity or resemblance between a crime and its punishment; and the foregoing propensity impels us to make the resemblance as complete as possible. And by the same influence the sentence is often

executed upon the very spot where the crime was committed. So also persons in their last moments desire to be buried with their relations. In the *Amynta* of Tasso, the lover, hearing that his mistress was torn to pieces by a wolf, expressed a desire to die the same death.

Emotions make the greatest figure when contrasted in succession; but the succession ought neither to be rapid, nor immoderately slow: if too slow, the effect of contrast becomes faint by the distance of the emotions; and if rapid, no single emotion has room to expand itself to its full size, but is stifled, as it were, in the birth, by a succeeding emotion.

What is above laid down, will enable us to determine a very important question concerning emotions raised by the fine arts, namely, Whether ought similar emotions to succeed each other, or dissimilar? The emotions raised by the fine arts, are for the most part too nearly related to make a figure by resemblance; and for that reason their succession ought to be regulated as much as possible by contrast. This holds confessedly in epic and dramatic compositions; and the best writers, led perhaps more by taste than by reasoning, have generally aimed at that beauty. It holds equally in music: in

the same cantata; all the variety of emotions that are within the power of music may not only be indulged, but, to make the greatest figure, ought to be contrasted. In gardening, there is an additional reason for the rule: the emotions raised by that art are at best so faint, that every artifice should be employed to give them their utmost vigour: a field may be laid out in grand, sweet, gay, neat, wild, melancholy scenes; and when these are viewed in succession, grandeur ought to be contrasted with neatness, regularity with wildness, and gaiety with melancholy, so as that each emotion may succeed its opposite: nay, it is an improvement to intermix in the succession rude uncultivated spots as well as unbounded views, which in themselves are disagreeable, but in succession heighten the feeling of the agreeable objects; and we have nature for our guide, which in her most beautiful landscapes often intermixes rugged rocks, dirty marshes, and barren stony heaths. The greatest masters of music have the same view in their compositions: the second part of an Italian song seldom conveys any sentiment; and, by its harshness, seems purposely contrived to give a greater relish for the interesting parts of the composition.

CHAPTER IX.

Uniformity and Variety.

THE necessary succession of our perceptions regards order and connexion, uniformity and variety. The world is replete with objects as remarkable for their variety as for their number; and these, unfolded by the wonderful mechanism of external sense, furnish the mind with innumerable perceptions, which joined with ideas of memory, imagination and reflection, form a complete train that has no gap or interval. This train depends little on the will; by artificial means it may be retarded or accelerated, rendered more various, or more uniform, but in one shape or other it is unavoidable.

The natural causes which accelerate or retard this succession are these: one man is distinguished from another, by no circumstance more remarkably, than his train of perceptions: to a cold languid temper belongs a slow course of perceptions, which occasions dulness of apprehension, and sluggishness in action: to a warm temper,

on the contrary, belongs a quick course of perceptions, which occasions quickness of apprehension and activity in business. In youth is observable a quicker succession of perceptions than in old age; and hence, in youth, a remarkable avidity for variety of amusements, which in riper years give place to more uniform and more sedate occupations. This qualifies men of middle age for business, where activity is required, but with a greater proportion of uniformity than variety. In old age, a slow and languid succession makes variety unnecessary; and for that reason, the aged, in all their motions, are generally governed by an habitual uniformity. Whatever be the cause, we may venture to pronounce, that heat in the imagination and temper is always connected with a brisk flow of perceptions.

The natural rate of succession depends also, in some degree, upon the particular perceptions that compose the train. Agreeable objects take a strong hold of the mind; grandeur and novelty exclude all other ideas; the mind bears a quick succession of related ideas; the present occupation has most influence: a roving disposition embraces new objects with avidity: and the passions of love and hatred cause the mind to brood over its object.

The power that nature hath given us over our train of perceptions, may be greatly strengthened by proper discipline, and by an early application to business; witness some mathematicians, who go far beyond common nature in slowness and uniformity: and still more persons devoted to religious exercises, who pass whole days in contemplation, and impose upon themselves long and severe penances. With respect to celerity and variety, it is not easily conceived what length a habit of activity in affairs will carry some men. Let a stranger, or let any person to whom the sight is not familiar, attend the Chancellor of Great Britain through the labours but of one day, during a session of Parliament: how great will be his astonishment! what multiplicity of law business, what deep thinking, and what elaborate application to matters of government! The train of perceptions must in that great man be accelerated far beyond the ordinary course of nature; yet no confusion or hurry, but in every article the greatest order and accuracy. Such is the force of habit. How happy is man to have the command of a principle of action that can elevate him so far above the ordinary condition of humanity!

In considering uniformity and variety in rela-

tion to the fine arts, when either ought to prevail, we may observe, that in a picture of an interesting event which strongly attaches us to a single object, the mind relishes not a multiplicity of figures, nor of ornaments; a picture representing a gay subject, admits great variety of figures and ornaments: because these are agreeable to the mind in a cheerful tone. The same observation is applicable to poetry and music.

It must at the same time be remarked, that one can bear a greater variety of natural objects, than of objects in a picture; and a greater variety in a picture than in a description. A real object presented to view, makes an impression more readily than when represented in colours, and much more readily than when represented in words. Hence it is, that the profuse variety of objects in some natural landscapes, neither breed confusion nor fatigue; and for the same reason, there is place for greater variety of ornament in a picture than in a poem. A picture, however, like a building, ought to be so simple as to be comprehended in one view. Whether every one of Le Brun's pictures of Alexander's history will stand this test, is submitted to judges.

From these general observations, I proceed to particulars. In works exposed continually to

public view, variety ought to be studied. It is a rule accordingly in sculpture, to contrast the different limbs of a statue, in order to give it all the variety possible. Though the cone, in a single view, be more beautiful than the pyramid; yet a pyramidal steeple, because of its variety, is justly preferred. For the same reason, the oval is preferred before the circle; and painters, in copying buildings or any regular work, give an air of variety, by representing the subject in an angular view: we are pleased with the variety without losing sight of the regularity. In a landscape representing animals, those especially of the same kind, contrast ought to prevail: to draw one sleeping, another awake; one sitting, another in motion; one moving toward the spectator, another from him, is the life of such a performance.

In every sort of writing intended for amusement, variety is necessary in proportion to the length of the work. Want of variety is sensibly felt in Davila's history of the civil wars of France; the events are indeed important and various; but the reader languishes by a tiresome monotony of character, every person engaged being figured a consummate politician, governed by interest only. It is hard to say, whether

Ovid disgusts more by too great variety, or too great uniformity: his stories are all of the same kind, concluding invariably with the transformation of one being into another: and so far he is tiresome by excess in uniformity; he is not less fatiguing by excess in variety, hurrying his reader incessantly from story to story. Ariosto is still more fatiguing than Ovid, by exceeding the just bounds of variety: not satisfied, like Ovid, with a succession in his stories, he distracts the reader, by jumbling together a multitude of them without any connexion. Nor is the Orlando Furioso less tiresome by its uniformity than the Metamorphoses, though in a different manner: after a story is brought to a crisis, the reader, intent on the catastrophe, is suddenly snatched away to a new story, which makes no impression so long as the mind is occupied with the former. This tantalizing method besides its uniformity prevents that sympathy which is raised by an interesting event when the reader meets with no interruption.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IX.

Concerning Works of Nature, chiefly with respect to Uniformity and Variety.

In nature's workmanship beauty and design are conspicuous in the internal and external structure.

The figures of organic bodies are regular, as of a tree and an animal. In both the beauty of the whole figure is the result of many equal and proportional parts orderly disposed. Nor is nature more profuse of ornament than of colouring; and of all natural appearances the colouring of the human face is the most exquisite. Thus colour lives in nature but to languish under the finest touches of art.

In their internal structure, plants and animals display a wonderful subtilty of mechanism, preserving the strictest regularity, order and symmetry; art has no parallel to these, the action of the lungs, the heart, the organs of taste, touch, smell, vision and hearing.

The mechanical power of nature, not confined to small bodies, reacheth equally those of the greatest size; witness the bodies that compose the solar system, which, however large, are weighed,

measured, and subjected to certain laws, with the utmost accuracy. Their places round the sun, with their distances, are determined by a precise rule, corresponding to their quantity of matter. The superior dignity of the central body, in respect of its bulk and lucid appearance, is suited to the place it occupies. The globular figure of these bodies is not only in itself beautiful, but is above all others fitted for regular motion. Each planet revolves about its own axis in a given time; and each moves round the sun, in an orbit nearly circular, and in a time proportioned to its distance. Their velocities, directed by an established law, are perpetually changing by regular accelerations and retardations. In fine, the great variety of regular appearances, joined with the beauty of the system itself, cannot fail to produce the highest delight in every one who is sensible of design, power, or beauty.

Nature hath a wonderful power of connecting systems with each other, and of propagating that connexion through her works, as in plants, animals, the solar system, and other systems diffused over spaces still more remote, where new bodies and systems rise without end. All space is filled with the works of God, which are

conducted by one plan, to answer unerringly one great end.

But the most wonderful connexion of all, though not the most conspicuous, is that of our internal frame with the works of nature: man is obviously fitted for contemplating these works, because in this contemplation he has great delight. The works of nature are remarkable in their uniformity no less than in their variety; and the mind of man is fitted to receive pleasure equally from both. Uniformity and variety are interwoven in the works of nature with surprising art: variety, however great, is never without some degree of uniformity; nor the greatest uniformity without some degree of variety; there is great variety in the same plant, by the different appearances of its stem, branches, leaves, blossoms, fruit, size and colour; and yet, when we trace that variety through different plants, especially of the same kind, there is discovered a surprising uniformity. Again, where nature seems to have intended the most exact uniformity, as among individuals of the same kind, there still appears a diversity, which serves readily to distinguish one individual from another. It is indeed admirable, that the human visage, in which uniformity is so prevalent, should yet be

so marked as to leave no room, among millions, for mistaking one person for another: these marks, though clearly perceived, are generally so delicate, that words cannot be found to describe them. In short, nothing can be more happily accommodated to the inward constitution of man than that mixture of uniformity with variety, which the eye discovers in natural objects; and accordingly the mind is never more highly gratified than in contemplating a natural landscape.

CHAPTER X.

Congruity and Propriety.

MAN is superior to the brute, not more by his rational faculties, than by his senses. With respect to external senses, brutes probably yield not to men; and they may also have some obscure perception of beauty: but the more delicate senses of regularity, order, uniformity and congruity, being connected with morality and religion, are reserved to dignify the chief of the terrestrial creation. Upon that account, no discipline is more suitable to man, nor more *con-*

gruous to the dignity of his nature, than that which refines his taste, and leads him to distinguish, in every subject, what is regular, what is orderly, what is suitable, and what is fit and proper.

It is clear from the very conception of the terms *congruity* and *propriety*, that they are not applicable to any single object; they imply a plurality and signify a particular relation between different objects; and the perception we have of this relation proceeds from a sense of congruity or propriety; that congruity or propriety, wherever perceived, is agreeable; and incongruity or impropriety, disagreeable. The only difficulty is, to ascertain what are the particular objects that suggest these relations; for there are many objects that do not: the sea, viewed in conjunction with a picture, or a man in conjunction with a mountain, suggest not either congruity or incongruity. We never perceive congruity nor incongruity but among things connected by some relation; as a man and his actions, a principal and its accessories, a subject and its ornaments. We are indeed so framed by nature, among things so connected, to require a certain suitableness or correspondence termed *congruity* or *propriety*; and to be displeased when we find

the opposite relation of *incongruity* or *impropriety*.

The degree of congruity is proportioned to the connexion in things connected, as in behaviour and manner of living; the relation between an edifice and the ground it stands on: the congruity among members of a club ought to be as obvious as among things placed for show in the same niche.

Congruity is so nearly allied to beauty, as commonly to be held a species of it; and yet they differ so essentially, as never to coincide: beauty, like colour, is placed upon a single subject; congruity upon a plurality: further, a thing beautiful in itself, may, with relation to other things, produce the strongest sense of incongruity.

Congruity and propriety are commonly reckoned synonymous terms; and hitherto in opening the subject they have been used indifferently: but they are distinguishable; and the precise meaning of each must be ascertained. Congruity is the genus, of which propriety is a species; for we call nothing *propriety*, but that congruity or suitableness which ought to subsist between sensible beings and their thoughts, words and actions.

The relation of a part to the whole, being extremely intimate, demands the utmost degree of congruity: even the slightest deviation is disgustful.

Examples of congruity and incongruity are furnished in plenty by the relation between a subject and its ornaments. A literary performance intended merely for amusement is susceptible of much ornament, as well as a music room or a playhouse; for in gaiety the mind has a peculiar relish for show and decoration. Gorgeous apparel is not unsuitable among opera actors; grave subjects need little ornament, and a person of mean appearance in such dress is a complete incongruity. Sweetness of look and manner require simplicity of dress:

> For loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

Congruity regulates both the quantity and the kind of ornament; the decoration for a dancing room must be gay; for a church grave; for a shield, warlike; though the shield of Achilles has in general the arts of peace, joy, and festivity.

Nothing is more intimately related to a man

than his sentiments, words, and actions; and therefore we require here the strictest conformity. When we find what we thus require, we have a lively sense of propriety; when we find the contrary our sense of impropriety is no less lively. Hence the universal distaste of affectation, which consists in making a shew of greater delicacy and refinement, than is suited either to the character or circumstances of the person.

A gross impropriety is punished with contempt and indignation, which are vented against the offender by external expressions; nor is even the slightest impropriety suffered to pass without some degree of contempt. But there are improprieties of the slighter kind, that provoke laughter; of which we have examples without end in the blunders and absurdities of our own species: such improprieties receive a different punishment, as will appear by what follows. The emotions of contempt and of laughter occasioned by an impropriety of that kind, uniting intimately in the mind of the spectator, are expressed externally by a peculiar sort of laugh, termed *a laugh of derision* or *scorn*. An impropriety that thus moves not only contempt but laughter, is distinguished by the epithet of *ridiculous*; and a laugh of derision or scorn is the punishment provided for it by nature. Nor ought

it to escape observation, that we are so fond of inflicting that punishment, as sometimes to exert it even against creatures of an inferior species: witness a turkey-cock swelling with pride, and strutting with displayed feathers, which in a gay mood is apt to provoke a laugh of derision. The sense of impropriety with respect to mistakes, blunders, and absurdities, is calculated for the good of mankind. In the spectators it is productive of mirth and laughter, excellent recreation in an interval from business. But this is a trifle compared with what follows. It is painful to be the subject of ridicule; and to punish with ridicule the man who is guilty of an absurdity, tends to put him more on his guard in time to come. It is well ordered, that even the most innocent blunder is not committed with impunity; because, were errors licensed where they do no hurt, inattention would grow into habit, and be the occasion of much hurt.

CHAPTER XI.

Dignity and Grace.

DIGNITY and meanness are terms applied to man in point of character, sentiment and be-

haviour, and are never applicable to inanimate objects: a palace may be lofty or grand, but it is not said to have dignity; a shrub is little but not mean. Human actions are grand or little as they appear in different lights: with respect to their author they are proper or improper; with respect to those affected by them, just or unjust; and they are further distinguished by dignity or meanness; the former coincides with grandeur, the latter with littleness. The difference will be evident upon reflecting, that an action may be grand without being virtuous, and little without being faulty; but that we never attribute dignity to any action but what is virtuous, nor meanness to any but what is faulty. Every action of dignity creates respect and esteem for the author; and a mean action draws upon him contempt. A man is admired for a grand action, but frequently is neither loved nor esteemed for it; neither is a man always contemned for a low or little action. The action of Cæsar passing the Rubicon was grand; but there was no dignity in it, considering that his purpose was to enslave his country: Cæsar, in a march, taking opportunity of a rivulet to quench his thirst, did a low action, but the action was not mean.

As it appears to me, dignity and meanness

are founded on a natural principle not hitherto mentioned. Man is endowed with a SENSE of the worth and excellence of his nature: he deems it more perfect than that of the other beings around him; and he perceives, that the perfection of his nature consists in virtue, particularly in virtues of the highest rank. To express that sense, the term *dignity* is appropriated. Further, to behave with dignity, and to refrain from all mean actions, is felt to be, not a virtue only, but a duty: it is a duty every man owes to himself. By acting in that manner, he attracts love and esteem: by acting meanly, or below himself, he is disapproved and contemned.

Dignity and meanness, are a species of impropriety, for actions may be proper or improper, to which dignity or meanness cannot be applied. There is no dignity in eating: revenge fairly taken is improper, but not mean. Every action of dignity is proper; and every mean action is improper. The sense of dignity reaching to our pleasures and amusements, makes some manly, others childish. Corporeal pleasures are low; those of the eye and ear, rise to dignity where their objects are grand and elevated. Sympathy gives its owner dignity;

gratitude animates the soul, but scarce rises to dignity. Joy bestows dignity where it proceeds from an elevated cause. Vanity is mean; shame and remorse are not mean; and pride bestows no dignity in the eye of a spectator.

The final cause may be resolved into this:—In point of dignity the social emotions rise above the selfish, and much above those of the eye and ear: man is by his nature a social being; and to qualify him for society, it is wisely contrived, that he should value himself more for being social than selfish. The excellency of man is chiefly discernible in the great improvements he is susceptible of in society; these, by perseverance, may be carried on progressively above any assignable limits; and, even abstracting from revelation, there is great probability, that the progress begun here will be completed in some future state. Now, as all valuable improvements proceed from the exercise of our rational faculties, the author of our nature, in order to excite us to a due use of these faculties, hath assigned a high rank to the pleasures of the understanding: their utility, with respect to this life as well as a future, entitles them to that rank.

We proceed to analyse *grace*. *Graceful* is an

attribute; *grace* and *gracefulness* express that attribute in the form of a noun. This attribute is agreeable: and as grace is displayed externally, it must be an object of one or other of our five senses. It is an object of sight and of hearing; for some music is graceful; sweet and easy; and grace like beauty makes its constant appearance in company with our own species. Grace is inseparable from motion, as opposed to rest, and comprehends speech, looks, gestures. Dignity alone without motion may produce a graceful appearance; but still more graceful with the aid of exalted qualities.

But this is not all. The most exalted virtues may be the lot of a person whose countenance has little expression: such a person cannot be graceful. Therefore to produce this appearance, we must add another circumstance, namely, an expressive countenance, displaying to every spectator of taste, with life and energy, every thing that passes in the mind. Collecting these circumstances together, grace may be defined, that agreeable appearance which arises from elegance of motion, and from a countenance expressive of dignity. Expressions of other mental qualities are not essential to that appearance, but they heighten it greatly.

Of all external objects, a graceful person is the most agreeable. Dancing affords great opportunity for displaying grace, and haranguing still more. In vain will a person attempt to be graceful, who is deficient in amiable qualities. A man, it is true, may form an idea of qualities he is destitute of; and, by means of that idea, may endeavour to express these qualities by looks and gestures; but such studied expression will be too faint and obscure to be graceful.

CHAPTER XII.

Ridicule.

A risible object produceth an emotion of laughter merely;* a ridiculous object is improper as well as risible, and produceth a mixed emotion, which is vented by a laugh of derision or scorn.†

Burlesque, a great engine of ridicule, is distinguishable into burlesque that excites laughter merely, and burlesque that provokes derision or ridicule. A grave subject in which there is no impropriety, may be brought down by a certain

* See Chap. 7. † See Chap. 10.

colouring so as to be risible; which is the case of *Virgil Travestie*;* and also the case of the *Secchia Rapita*:† the authors laugh first in order to make their readers laugh. The *Lutrin* is a burlesque poem, laying hold of a low and trifling incident, to expose the luxury, indolence and contentious spirit of a set of monks. Boileau, the author, gives a ridiculous air to the subject, by dressing it in the heroic style, and affecting to consider it as of the utmost dignity and importance. In a composition of this kind, no image professedly ludicrous ought to find quarter, because such images destroy the contrast; and, accordingly, the author shows always the grave face, and never once betrays a smile.

In burlesque that aims at ridicule, the poet ought to confine himself to such images as are lively, and readily apprehended: a strained elevation, soaring above an ordinary reach of fancy, makes not a pleasant impression: the reader, fatigued with being always upon the stretch, is soon disgusted; and if he persevere, becomes thoughtless and indifferent. Further, a fiction gives no pleasure unless it be painted

* Scarron. † Tassoni.

in colours so lively as to produce some perception of reality; which never can be done effectually where the images are formed with labour or difficulty. For these reasons, I cannot avoid condemning the *Batrachomuomachia*, said to be the composition of Homer: it is beyond the power of imagination to form a clear and lively image of frogs and mice acting with the dignity of the highest of our species.

The *Rape of the Lock*, clearly distinguishable from those now mentioned, is not properly a burlesque performance, but *an heroi-comical poem*: it treats a gay and familiar subject with pleasantry, and with a moderate degree of dignity; the author puts not on a mask like Boileau, nor professes to make us laugh like Tassoni. The *Rape of the Lock* is a genteel species of writing, pleasant or ludicrous without having ridicule for its chief aim; giving way however to ridicule where it arises naturally from a particular character, such as that of Sir Plume. Addison's *Spectator* upon the exercise of the fan* is extremely gay and ludicrous, resembling in its subject the *Rape of the Lock*.

Humour belongs to the present chapter, be-

cause it is connected with ridicule. Humour in writing is very different from humour in character. When an author insists upon ludicrous subjects with a professed purpose to make his readers laugh, he may be styled *a ludicrous writer;* but is scarce entitled to be styled *a writer of humour*. This quality belongs to an author, who affecting to be grave and serious, paints his objects in such colours as to provoke mirth and laughter. A writer that is really an humourist in character, does this without design: if not, he must affect the character in order to succeed. Swift and Fontaine, were humourists in character, and their writings are full of humour. Addison was not a humourist in character; and yet in his prose writings a most delicate and refined humour prevails. Arbuthnot exceeds them all in drollery and humourous painting; which shews a great genius, because he had nothing of that peculiarity in his character.

There remains to show by examples the manner of treating subjects, so as to give them a ridiculous appearance.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans, What's he?

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

HENRY V. SHAKESPEARE.

He never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. IBID.

Millament. Sententious Mirabel! pr'ythee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon a the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

WAY OF THE WORLD

A true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

TALE OF A TUB.

In the following instances, the ridicule arises from absurd conceptions in the persons introduced.

Mascarille. Te souvient-il, vicomte de cette demi-lune, que nous emportâmes sur les ennemis au siege d'Arras?

Jodolet. Que veux tu dire avec ta demi-lune? c'étoit bien une lune tout entiere.

MOLIERE LES PRECIEUSES RIDICULES, Sc. II.

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mrs. Anne Page; and she's a great lubberly boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so

when I took a boy for a girl; if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Valentine. Your blessing, sir.

Sir Sampson. You've had it already, sir; I think I sent it you to-day in a bill for four thousand pound; a great deal of money, Brother Foresight.

Foresight. Ay indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it.

LOVE FOR LOVE, ACT II. Sc. 7.

Millament. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wilful. Indeed! ha! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may——here are choice of pastime here in town, as plays and the like; that must be confess'd indeed.

Millament. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the town too.

Sir Wilful. Dear heart, that's much——hah! that you should hate'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are some that can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country——'tis like you may be one of these, cousine.

WAY OF THE WORLD, ACT IV. Sc. 4.

Lord Froth. I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jests but my own, or a lady's: I assure you, Sir Paul.

Brisk. How? how, my Lord? what, affront my wit? Let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be laugh'd at!

Lord Froth. O fy, don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous. To be pleased with what pleases the crowd! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

DOUBLE DEALER, ACT I. Sc. 4.

So sharp-sighted is pride in blemishes, and so willing to be gratified, that it takes up with the very slightest improprieties; such as a blunder by a foreigner in speaking our language, especially if the blunder can bear a sense that reflects on the speaker:

Quickly. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Love speeches are finely ridiculed in the following passage.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,

And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love, or you, shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own but your bright influence:
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love-knots, and flourishes;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours:
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive;
And, like to heralds' moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.

HUDIBRAS, PART II, CANTO 1.

Irony turns things into ridicule in a peculiar manner: it consists in laughing at a man under disguise of appearing to praise or speak well of him. Swift affords us many illustrious examples of that species of ridicule. Take the following.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full! And if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.*

A parody must be distinguished from every species of ridicule: it enlivens a gay subject by imitating some important incident that is serious: It is ludicrous, and may be risible; but ridicule is not a necessary ingredient. Take the following examples, the first of which refers to an expression of Moses.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
RAPE OF THE LOCK, CANTO III. 45.

* Tale of a Tub, sect. 7.

The next is in imitation of Achilles' oath in Homer.

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

IBID. CANTO IV. 133.

The following imitates the history of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side,
(The same, his ancient personage to deck
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

IBID. CANTO V. 87.

Though ridicule is not a necessary ingredient in a parody, yet there is no opposition between them: ridicule may be successfully employed in a parody; and a parody may be employed to

promote ridicule; witness the following example with respect to the latter, in which the goddess of Dulness is addressed upon the subject of modern education:

Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past;*
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.

DUNCIAD, B. IV. 287.

The interposition of the gods, in the manner of Homer and Virgil, ought to be confined to ludicrous subjects, which are much enlivened by such interposition handled in the form of a parody; witness the cave of Spleen, *Rape of the Lock*, *canto* 4.; the goddess of Discord, *Lutrin*, *canto* 1.; and the goddess of Indolence, *canto* 2. Those who have a talent for ridicule, which is seldom united with a taste for delicate and refined beauties, are quick-sighted in improprieties; and these they eagerly grasp, in order to gratify their favourite propensity.

* Æn. lib. 1. *At Venus obscuro*, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wit.

WIT is a quality of certain thoughts and expressions: the term is never applied to an action nor a passion, and as little to an external object. The term *wit* is appropriated to such thoughts and expressions as are ludicrous, and occasion some degree of surprise by their singularity. Wit, in a figurative sense, expresses a talent for inventing ludicrous thoughts or expressions: hence we say, *a witty man*, or *a man of wit.*

Wit is distinguishable into two kinds: wit in the thought, and wit in the words or expression. Again, wit in the thought is of two kinds: ludicrous images, and ludicrous combinations of things that have little or no natural relation.

Ludicrous images that occasion surprise by their singularity, as having little or no foundation in nature, are fabricated by the imagination, which is well qualified for the office; being, of all our faculties, the most active, and the least under restraint. Take the following example:

Shylock. You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain; I for my part knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT III. Sc. 1.

The image here is witty and ludicrous; it must occasion surprise; for having no natural foundation, it is altogether unexpected.

Wit in the thought may be defined "A junction of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected." The following is a proper example.

We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out;
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

HUDIBRAS, CANTO 1.

Wit is of all the most elegant recreation: the image enters the mind with gaiety, and gives a sudden flash, which is extremely pleasant. Wit thereby gently elevates without straining, raises mirth without dissoluteness, and relaxes while it entertains.

Wit in the expression, commonly called a *play of words*, being a bastard sort of wit, is reserved for the last place. I proceed to examples of wit in the thought; and first, of ludicrous images.

Falstaff, speaking of his taking Sir John leville of the Dale:—

Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt twopences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the Noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT. IV. Sc. 3.

I knew, when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if;* as, if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers: Your *if* is the only peacemaker; much virtue is in *if*.

SHAKESPEARE.

For there is not through all nature, another so callous, and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch.

PREFACE TO A TALE OF A TUB.

The war hath introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns. Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in

our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear. TATLER, No. 238

Speaking of Discord:

She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal, but such as knew her; of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the Protestant Religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping, &c.

HISTORY OF JOHN BULL, PART I. Ch. 16.

Wit in the thought, or ludicrous combinations and oppositions, may be traced through various ramifications. And, first, fanciful causes assigned that have no natural relation to the effects produced:

Lancast. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition, shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, dull, and

crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and thus valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT IV. Sc. 3.

The trenchant blade, toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.

HUDIBRAS, CANTO I.

Belinda. Lard, he has so pester'd me with flames and stuff—I think I sha'n't endure the sight of a fire this twelvemonth. OLD BACHELOR, ACT II. SC. 8.

To account for effects by such fantastical causes, being highly ludicrous, is quite improper in any serious composition. Therefore the following passage from Cowley, in his poem on the death of Sir Henry Wooton, is in a bad taste.

He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan yuth, did moan,
Because that Art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

Fanciful reasoning:

Falstaff. Embowell'd!——if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a

man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.

FIRST PART HENRY IV. ACT V. Sc. 4.

Clown. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.

HAMLET, ACT V. Sc. 1.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beatrice. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II. Sc. 1.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before: e'en as many as could well live by one another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not have a rasher on the coals for money.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT III. Sc. 5.

In western climes there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader:
For brevity is very good
When w' are, or are not understood.

HUDIBRAS, CANTO I.

But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as light'ning in the breech,

Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd;
Because a kick in that part, more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

IBID. CANTO III.

Ludicrous junction of small things with great, as of equal importance:

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night:
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law;
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

RAPE OF THE LOCK, CANTO II. 101.

One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen.

IBID. CANTO III. 13.

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last,
Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

IBID. CANTO III. 155.

Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

IBID. CANTO IV. 3.

Joining things that in appearance are opposite. As for example, where Sir Roger de Coverley, in the Spectator, speaking of his widow

That he would have given her a coal-pit to have kept her in clean linen; and that her finger should have sparkled with one hundred of his richest acres.

Premises that promise much and perform nothing.

Beatrice. ——With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her goodwill. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II. SC. 1.

Beatrice. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light. IBID.

We proceed now to what is verbal only, *a play of words*. This sort of wit depends, for the most part, upon chusing a word that hath different significations: by that artifice tricks are

played in language, and plain thoughts take a different appearance. Play is necessary for man, in order to refresh him after labour; and man loves play, even to a play of words: and it is happy for us, that words can be employed for our amusement. This amusement unbends the mind, and is relished by some at all times, and by all at some times.

This low species of wit has among all nations been a favourite entertainment, in a certain stage of their progress toward refinement of taste and manners, and has gradually gone into disrepute. As soon as a language is formed into a system, and the meaning of words is ascertained with tolerable accuracy, opportunity is afforded for expressions that, by the double meaning of some words, give a familiar thought the appearance of being new; and the penetration of the reader or hearer is gratified in detecting the true sense disguised under the double meaning. That this sort of wit was in England deemed a reputable amusement, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., is vouched by the works of Shakespeare, and even by the writings of grave divines. But it cannot have any long endurance; for as language ripens, and the meaning of words is more and more ascertained, words held to be

synonymous diminish daily; and when those that remain have been more than once employed, the pleasure vanisheth with the novelty.

The following examples are distributed into different classes.

A seeming resemblance from the double meaning of a word:

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I.

A seeming contrast from the same cause, termed *a verbal antithesis*, which hath no despicable effect in ludicrous subjects:

Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die,
Some ask for charms, and others philters chuse,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.

DISPENSARY, CANTO 2.

And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.

IBID. CANTO I.

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give.

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Other seeming connexions from the same cause:

Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,
To break a fiddle, and your word?

HUDIBRAS, CANTO 2.

To whom the knight with comely grace
Put off his hat to put his case.

IBID. PART III. CANTO 3.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

RAPE OF THE LOCK, CANTO 3. *l. 6.*

O'er their quietus where fat judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose.

DISPENSARY, CANTO 1.

Speaking of Prince Eugene:

This general is a great taker of snuff as well as of towns.

POPE, KEY TO THE LOCK.

A seeming opposition from the same cause:

So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

WALLER.

What new found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art; like him that should devise
To make a burning-glass of ice.

COWLEY.

Wit of this kind is unsuitable in a serious poem; as in the following line in Pope's Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady:

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before.

This sort of writing is finely burlesqued by Swift:

Her hands the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

Taking a word in a different sense from what is meant, comes under wit, because it occasions some slight degree of surprise:

Beatrice. I may sit in a corner, and cry *Heigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II. Sc. 1.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards and more.

Falstaff. No quips, now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT I. Sc. 3.

Sands. —By your leave, sweet ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne Bullen. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none———

KING HENRY VIII. ACT I. Sc. 4.

An assertion that bears a double meaning, one right, one wrong, but so introduced as to direct us to the wrong meaning, is a species of bastard wit, which is distinguished from all others by the name *pun*. For example,

Paris.———Sweet Helen, I must woo you,
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, ACT III. Sc. 1.

The pun is in the close. The word *disarm* has a double meaning: it signifies to take off a man's armour, and also to subdue him in fight. We are directed to the latter sense by the context; but, with regard to Helen, the word holds only true in the former sense.

Chief Justice. Well! the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Chief Justice. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falstaff. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. Sc. 2.

Celia. I pray you bear with me: I can go no further.

Clown. For my part; I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT II. Sc. 4.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?

HUDIBRAS, PART II. CANTO 2.

Though playing with words is a mark of a mind at ease, and disposed to any sort of amusement, we must not thence conclude that playing with words is always ludicrous. Words are so intimately connected with thought, that if the subject be really grave, it will not appear ludicrous even in that fantastic dress. I am, however, far from recommending it in any serious performance: on the contrary, the discordance between the thought and expression must be disagreeable; witness the following specimen.

He hath abandoned his physicians, madame, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, ACT I. Sc. 1.

K. Henry. O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT IV. Sc. 4.

There is a third species of wit, different from those mentioned, consisting in sounds merely. Many of Hudibras's double rhymes come under the definition of wit given in the beginning of this chapter: they are ludicrous, and their singularity occasions some degree of surprise. Swift is no less successful than Butler in this sort of wit: witness the following instances: *Goddess—Boddice. Pliny—Nicolini. Iscariots—Chariots. Mitre—Nitre. Dragon—Suffragan.*

A repartee may happen to be witty; but it cannot be considered as a species of wit, because there are many repartees extremely smart, and yet extremely serious.

CHAPTER XIV.

Custom and Habit.

CUSTOM respects the action, *habit* the agent. By *custom* we mean a frequent reiteration of the same act; and by *habit*, the effect that custom has on the agent. This effect may be either ac-

tive, witness the dexterity produced by custom in performing certain exercises: or passive, as when a thing makes an impression on us different from what it did originally. The latter only, as relative to the sensitive part of our nature, comes under the present undertaking.

This subject is intricate: some pleasures are fortified by custom; and yet custom begets familiarity, and consequently indifference; in many instances, satiety and disgust are the consequences of reiteration: again, though custom blunts the edge of distress and of pain, yet the want of any thing to which we have been long accustomed, is a sort of torture. A clew to guide us through all the intricacies of this labyrinth, would be an acceptable present.

Whatever be the cause, it is certain that we are much influenced by custom: it hath an effect upon our pleasures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and sentiments. Habit makes no figure during the vivacity of youth; in middle age it gains ground; and in old age governs without controul. In that period of life, generally speaking, we eat at a certain hour, take exercise at a certain hour, go to rest at a certain hour—all by the direction of habit. A walk upon the quarter-deck, though intolerably con-

fined, becomes however so agreeable by custom, that a sailor in his walk on shore, confines himself commonly within the same bounds. I knew a man who had relinquished the sea for a country life: in the corner of his garden he reared an artificial mount with a level summit, resembling most accurately a quarter-deck, not only in shape but in size; and here he generally walked. In Minorca, Governor Kane made an excellent road the whole length of the island; and yet the inhabitants adhere to the old road, though not only longer but extremely bad.* Play and gaming, at first an amusement, grow into a habit; but to introduce an active habit length of time is necessary.

Affection and *aversion*, as distinguished from passion, and original disposition, are habits respecting particular objects, acquired in the manner above set forth. The pleasure of social inter-

* Custom is a second nature. Formerly, the merchants of Bristol had no place for meeting but the street, open to every variety of weather. An exchange was erected for them with convenient piazzas: But so riveted were they to their accustomed place, that in order to dislodge them, the magistrates were forced to break up the pavement, and to render the place a heap of rough stones.

course, originally faint, but frequently reiterated, establishes the habit of affection. Affection thus generated, whether it be friendship or love, seldom swells into any tumultuous passion; but is the strongest cement that can bind two individuals of the human species. In like manner, a slight degree of disgust often reiterated grows into the habit of aversion, which commonly subsists for life.

Objects of taste that are delicious, far from tending to become habitual, are apt, by indulgence, to produce satiety and disgust: no man contracts a habit of sugar, honey, or sweetmeats, as he doth of tobacco. And the same observation holds with respect to all objects that being disagreeable raise violent passions. A variety in the objects of amusement prevents a habit as to any one in particular; but as the train is uniform with respect to amusement, the habit is formed accordingly: we call it *generic*, as opposed to the former, which is said to be *specific habit*. These, however, are closely blended. Satiety and disgust have no effect, except as to that thing singly which occasions them; hence it is easy to account for a generic habit in any intense pleasure.

The changes made in forming habits are

curious. Moderate pleasures are augmented by reiteration, till they become habitual; and then are at their height; but they are not long stationary; for from that point they gradually decay, till they vanish altogether. The pain occasioned by want of gratification, runs a different course: it increases uniformly; and at last becomes extreme, when the pleasure of gratification is reduced to nothing:

> —It so falls out,
> That what we have we prize not to the worth,
> While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
> Why then we rack the value; then we find
> The virtue that possession would not shew us
> Whilst it was ours.
>
> MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT IV. Sc. 1.

The effect of custom with relation to a specific habit, is displayed through all its varieties in the use of tobacco. The taste of that plant is at first extremely unpleasant: our disgust lessens gradually, till it vanish altogether; at which period the taste is neither agreeable nor disagreeable: we continue to relish it till we arrive at perfection. When the habit is acquired in its greatest vigour the relish is gone. We take snuff without being conscious of the operation.

The power of custom is a happy contrivance

for our good; satiety checks pleasures that would disqualify us for business; and custom puts the rich and poor on a level; for all abandon to the authority of custom things that nature hath left indifferent. Proceeding to matters of taste, where there is naturally a preference of one thing before another, it is certain that our faint and more delicate feelings are readily susceptible of a bias from custom; and it is no proof of a defective taste to find these in some measure influenced by custom. Dress and the modes of external behaviour are regulated by custom in every country: the deep red or vermilion with which the ladies in France cover their cheeks, appears to them beautiful in spite of nature: and strangers cannot altogether be justified in condemning that practice, considering the lawful authority of custom, or of the *fashion*, as it is called: it is told of the people who inhabit the skirts of the Alps facing the north, that the swelling they have universally in the neck is to them agreeable. So far has custom power to change the nature of things, and to make an object originally disagreeable take on an opposite appearance.

But, as to every particular that can be denominated proper or improper, right or wrong, custom has little authority, and ought to have none.

The principle of duty takes place of every other; and it argues a shameful weakness of mind, to find it in any case so far subdued as to submit to custom.

These few hints may enable us to judge in some measure of foreign manners, whether exhibited by foreign writers or our own. A comparison between the ancients and the moderns was some time ago a favourite subject; those who declared for ancient manners thought it sufficient that these manners were supported by custom: their antagonists, on the other hand, refusing submission to custom as a standard of taste, condemned ancient manners as in several instances irrational.

CHAPTER XV.

External Signs of Emotions and Passions.

So intimately connected are the soul and body, that every agitation in the former produceth a visible effect upon the latter.

The external signs of passion are of two kinds, voluntary and involuntary. The voluntary signs are also of two kinds: some are arbitrary, some natural. Words are obviously voluntary

signs: and they are also arbitrary; excepting a few simple sounds expressive of certain internal emotions, which sounds being the same in all languages, must be the work of nature: thus the unpremeditated tones of admiration are the same in all men; as also of resentment, compassion, and despair.

The other kind of voluntary signs comprehend those attitudes and gestures which accompany certain emotions with uniformity; excessive joy is expressed by leaping; grief by depression; prostration and kneeling, imply veneration. Hence grief is cast down; humility droops; arrogance elevates the head; despondency reclines it on one side. The expressions of the hands are manifold: by different attitudes and motions, they express desire, hope, fear; they assist us in promising, in inviting, in keeping one at a distance; they are made instruments of threatening, of supplication, of praise, and of horror; they are employed in approving, in refusing, in questioning; in showing our joy, our sorrow, our doubts, our regret, our admiration. These expressions, so obedient to passion, are extremely difficult to be imitated in a calm state: the ancients, sensible of the advantage as well as difficulty of having these

expressions at command, bestowed much time and care in collecting them from observation, and in digesting them into a practical art, which was taught in their schools as an important branch of education. Certain sounds are by nature allotted to each passion for expressing it externally. The actor who has these sounds at command to captivate the ear, is mighty: if he have also proper gestures at command to captivate the eye, he is irresistible.

The involuntary signs are either peculiar to one passion, or common to many. Painful passions are all violent, and distinguished by their external expressions; as fear, anger, anxiety, dejection, despair.

The involuntary signs are of two kinds, some being temporary, others permanent signs of passion: and the natural signs and emotions are common to all men, and form an universal language, which influence cannot sophisticate, nor education render doubtful. Providence has conferred them upon all men, as direct avenues to all hearts.

The effects produced upon the spectator by external signs of passion, are productive of various emotions, tending to wise and good ends. Thus joy produces a cheerful emotion; grief

produces pity, rage, terror. Pleasant passions express themselves to the spectator externally, by agreeable signs; and the external signs of a painful passion being disagreeable, produce a painful emotion. The external signs of painful passions are some of them *attractive*, some *repulsive*. Of every painful passion that is also disagreeable, the external signs are repulsive. Painful passions that are agreeable, have external signs that are attractive; drawing the spectator to them, and producing in him benevolence to the person upon whom these signs appear. Man is provided by nature, with a faculty that lays open to him every passion, by means of its external expressions. External signs fix the signification of spoken language; looks and gestures shew whether the speaker be worthy of our confidence—we judge of character from external appearance; involuntary signs are incapable of deceit—the tones of the voice are irresistible. The dissocial passions, being hurtful by prompting violence and mischief, are noted by the most conspicuous external signs, in order to put us upon our guard: thus anger and revenge, especially when sudden, display themselves on the countenance in legible characters. The external signs again of every passion

that threatens danger, raise in us the passion of fear; which frequently operating without reason or reflection, moves us, by a sudden impulse, to avoid the impending danger. These external signs are subservient to morality, and this beautiful contrivance makes us cling to the virtuous, and abhor the wicked. Finally, the external signs of passion are a strong indication, that man is, by his very constitution, framed to be open and sincere. Nature herself, candid and sincere, intends that mankind should preserve the same character, by cultivating simplicity and truth, and banishing every sort of dissimulation that tends to mischief.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sentiments.

EVERY thought prompted by passion, is termed a *sentiment*. To have a general notion of the different passions, will not alone enable an artist to make a just representation of any passion: he ought, over and above, to know the various appearances of the same passion in different persons. Passions receive a tincture

from every peculiarity of character; and for that reason it rarely happens, that a passion, in the different circumstances of feeling, of sentiment, and of expression, is precisely the same in any two persons. Hence the following rule concerning dramatic and epic compositions. That a passion be adjusted to the character, the sentiments to the passion, and the language to the sentiments. If nature be not faithfully copied in each of these, a defect in execution is perceived: there may appear some resemblance; but the picture, upon the whole, will be insipid, through want of grace and delicacy.

Each passion has a certain tone, to which every sentiment proceeding from it, ought to be tuned with the greatest accuracy. To awaken passion, a writer must be something more than an eye witness of what he describes.

This descriptive manner of representing passion is a very cold entertainment: our sympathy is not raised by description; we must first be lulled into a dream of reality, and every thing must appear as passing in our sight. Unhappy is the player of genius who acts a capital part in what may be termed a *descriptive tragedy*; after assuming the very passion that is to be represented, how is he cramped in action when

he must utter, not the sentiments of the passion he feels, but a cold description in the language of a bystander? It is that imperfection, I am persuaded, in the bulk of our plays, which confines our stage almost entirely to Shakespeare, notwithstanding his many irregularities. In our late English tragedies, we sometimes find sentiments tolerably well adapted to a plain passion; but we must not, in any of them, expect a sentiment expressive of character; and, upon that very account, our late performances of the dramatic kind are for the most part intolerably insipid.

To set this matter in the clearest light, I shall add example to precept. The first examples shall be of sentiments that appear the legitimate offspring of passion; to which shall be opposed what are descriptive only, and illegitimate: and in making this comparison, I borrow my instances chiefly from Shakespeare, who for genius in dramatic composition stands uppermost in the rolls of fame.

Sentiments dictated by a violent and perturbed passion:

Lear.——————— Filial ingratitude
It is not, as if this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;

No, I will weep no more.——In such a night
To shut me out!——Pour on, I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.——

Kent. Good, my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more:—but I'll go in;
In boy, go first. You houseless poverty——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?——O I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

KING LEAR, ACT III. Sc. 4.

Sentiments arising from remorse and despair:

Othello. Lo! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!

Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear,
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?—
Now—how dost thou look now? Oh ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold my girl;
Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire——
Oh, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! dead! oh! oh!

OTHELLO, ACT V. Sc. 2.

The sentiments here displayed flow so naturally from the passions represented, that we cannot conceive any imitation more perfect.

In the tragedy of *Cinna*, Æmilia, after the conspiracy was discovered, having nothing in view but racks and death to herself and her lover, receives a pardon from Augustus, attended with the brightest circumstances of magnanimity and tenderness. This is a lucky situation for representing the passions of surprise

and gratitude in their different stages. These passions, raised at once to the utmost pitch, and being at first too big for utterance, must, for some moments, be expressed by violent gestures only: as soon as there is vent for words, the first expressions are broken and interrupted: at last we ought to expect a tide of intermingled sentiments, occasioned by the fluctuation of the mind between the two passions. Æmilia is made to behave in a very different manner: with extreme coolness she describes her own situation, as if she were merely a spectator, or rather the poet that takes the task off her hands.

In the tragedy of *Sertorius*, the Queen, surprised with the news that her lover was assassinated, instead of venting any passion, degenerates into a cool spectator, and undertakes to instruct the bye-standers how a queen ought to behave on such an occasion.

So much in general upon the genuine sentiments of passion. I proceed to particular observations. Passions seldom continue uniform any considerable time: they generally fluctuate, swelling and subsiding in a quick succession; and the sentiments cannot be just unless they correspond to such fluctuation. Accordingly,

climax never shows better than in expressing a swelling passion: thus—

Oroonoko. ——Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time
And bring about again, the hours, the days,
The years, that made me happy?

OROONOKO, ACT. II. Sc. 2.

Almeria. ——How hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT I. Sc. 7.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich earth to boot.

MACBETH, ACT IV. Sc. 3.

The following passage expresses finely the progress of conviction:

Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form, of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

MOURNING BRIDE. ACT II. Sc. 6.

In the progress of thought, our resolutions become more vigorous as well as our passions:

If ever I do yield or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just heav'n shower down, &c.
MOURNING BRIDE, ACT I. SC. 1.

The different stages of a passion, and its different directions, from birth to extinction, must be carefully represented in their order; because otherwise the sentiments, by being misplaced, will appear forced and unnatural. Resentment, when provoked by an atrocious injury, discharges itself first upon the author: sentiments therefore of revenge come always first, and must in some measure be exhausted before the person injured thinks of grieving for himself. In the *Cid* of Corneille, Don Diegue, having been affronted in a cruel manner, expresses scarce any sentiment of revenge, but is totally occupied in contemplating the low situation to which he is reduced by the affront.

As the first movements of resentment are always directed to its object, the very same is the case of grief. Yet with relation to the sudden and severe distemper that seized Alexander bathing in the river Cydnus, Quintus Curtius

describes the first emotions of the army as directed to themselves, lamenting that they were left without a leader, far from home, and had scarce any hopes of returning in safety: their king's distress, which must naturally have been their first concern, occupies them but in the second place, according to that author. In the *Amynta* of Tasso, Sylvia, upon a report of her lover's death, which she believed certain, instead of bemoaning the loss of her beloved, turns her thoughts upon herself, and wonders her heart does not break:

In the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, Alicia, in the full purpose of destroying her rival, has the following reflection:—

Oh Jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms:
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loathe that known face, and sicken to behold her.

ACT III. Sc. 1.

These are the reflections of a cool spectator. A passion while it has the ascendant, and is freely indulged, suggests not to the person who feels it any sentiment to its own prejudice; reflections

like the foregoing occur not readily till the passion has spent its vigour. A person sometimes is agitated at once by different passions; and the mind vibrating like a pendulum, vents itself in sentiments that partake of the same vibration.

Queen, 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now? wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
(to her women.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me!

HENRY VIII. ACT III. SC. 1.

Othello, Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
Desdemona. I will not stay t'offend you.
Lodovico. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress——
Des. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay! you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;

And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep:
And she's obedient: as you say obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well painted passion!
I am commanded home—get you away;
I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.——Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*

OTHELLO, ACT IV. Sc. 1.

Æmilia. Oh! my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Othello. Yes, 'tis Æmilia—By and by—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were't good?
I think she stirs again—No—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! What wife! I have no wife;
Oh insupportable! O heavy hour!

OTHELLO, ACT V. Sc. 2.

Nature, which gave us passions, and made them extremely beneficial when moderate, intended undoubtedly that they should be subjected to the government of reason and conscience. It is therefore against the order of nature, that passion in any case should take the lead in contradiction to reason and conscience: such a state of mind is a sort of anarchy, which

every one is ashamed of, and endeavours to hide or dissemble. Even love, however laudable, is attended with a conscious shame when it becomes immoderate: it is covered from the world, and disclosed only to the beloved object:

> O, they love least that let men know their love.
> TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, ACT I. SC. 2.

Hence a capital rule in the representation of immoderate passions, that they ought to be hid or dissembled as much as possible. And this holds in an especial manner with respect to criminal passions: one never counsels the commission of a crime in plain terms; the proposal must be made by hints, and by representing the action in some favourable light. Of the propriety of sentiment upon such an occasion, Shakespeare, in the *Tempest*, has given us a beautiful example, in a speech by the usurping Duke of Milan, advising Sebastian to murder his brother the King of Naples:

> *Antonio.*——————————What might,
> Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more.
> And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
> What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
> My strong imagination sees a crown
> Dropping upon thy head.
> ACT II. SC. I.

There never was drawn a more complete picture of this kind, than that of King John soliciting Hubert to murder the young Prince Arthur:

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say———
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hubert. I am much bounden to your Majesty.
K. John. Good Friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet——
But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say——but let it go;
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
(A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of broad-eye'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

KING JOHN, ACT III. Sc. 3.

As things are best illustrated by their contraries, I proceed to faulty sentiments.

The first class contains faulty sentiments of various kinds; I begin with sentiments that are faulty by being above the tone of the passion.

Othello. ——————O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven.

OTHELLO, ACT II. Sc. 1.

This sentiment may be suggested by violent and inflamed passion, but is not suited to the calm satisfaction that one feels upon escaping danger.

Philaster. Place me, some god, upon a pyramid
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under world
The worth that dwells in him.

PHILASTER OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, ACT IV.

Second. Sentiments below the tone of the passion. Ptolemy, by putting Pompey to death, having incurred the displeasure of Cæsar, was in the utmost dread of being dethroned: in that agitated situation, Corneille makes him utter a speech full of cool reflection, that is in no degree expressive of the passion.

In *Les Freres ennemies* of Racine, the second act is opened with a love-scene: Hemon talks to his mistress of the torments of absence, of the lustre of her eyes, that he ought to die no where but at her feet, and that one moment of absence is a thousand years. Antigone,

on her part, acts the coquette; pretends she must be gone to wait on her mother and brother, and cannot stay to listen to his courtship This is odious French gallantry, below the dignity of the passion of love: it would scarce be excusable in painting modern French manners; and is insufferable where the ancients are brought upon the stage. The manners painted in the *Alexandre* of the same author are not more just: French gallantry prevails there throughout.

Third. Sentiments that agree not with the tone of the passion; as where a pleasant sentiment is grafted upon a painful passion, or the contrary. In the following instances the sentiments are too gay for a serious passion:

> No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
> To read and weep is all they now can do.
>
> ELOISA TO ABELARD, l. 47.

Again,

> Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
> They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
> The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
> Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

ELOISA TO ABELARD, l. 51.

These thoughts are pretty: they suit Pope, but not Eloisa.

Satan, enraged by a threatening of the angel Gabriel, answers thus:

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub: but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven *star-pav'd*.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK IV.

The concluding epithet forms a grand and delightful image, which cannot be the genuine offspring of rage.

Fourth. Sentiments too artificial for a serious passion. I give for the first example a speech of Percy expiring:

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my growth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.

FIRST PART, HEN. IV. ACT V SC. 4.

The sentiments of the *Mourning Bride* are, for the most part, no less delicate than just copies of nature: in the following exception the picture is beautiful, but too artful to be suggested by severe grief.

Almeria. O no! Time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes
Which are diffus'd through the revolving year,
Come heavy laden with th' oppressive weight
To me; with me, successively they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight.
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
They fly with joy and swiftness from me.

ACT I. Sc. 1.

In the same play, Almeria, seeing a dead body, which she took to be Alphonso's, expresses sentiments strained and artificial, which nature suggests not to any person upon such an occasion:

Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed!
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
—I do not weep! The springs of tears are dry'd,
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's murdered
Yes, yes, I know to mourn: I'll sluice this heart,
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.

ACT V. Sc. 11.

Lady Trueman. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

DRUMMER, ACT V.

Pope's Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, expresses delicately the most tender concern and sorrow that one can feel for the deplorable fate of a person of worth. Such a poem, deeply serious and pathetic, rejects with disdain all fiction. Upon that account, the following passage deserves no quarter; for it is not the language of the heart, but of the imagination indulging its flights at ease; and thence eminently discordant with the subject. It would be a still more severe censure, if it should be ascribed to imitation, copying indiscreetly what has been said by others:

What though weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

Fifth. Fanciful or finical sentiments—sentiments that degenerate into point or conceit, may amuse in an idle hour, but can never be the offspring of any serious or important passion.

Armida's lamentation respecting her lover Rinaldo, is of this vicious taste:

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah! for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward.

RICHARD III. ACT II. Sc. 2.

Jane Shore. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs and drink my falling tears;
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the Orphan who has none to save him.

JANE SHORE, ACT IV.

Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,
Give me your streams, ye never-ceasing springs,
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.

IBID. ACT V.

Jane Shore utters her last breath in a witty conceit.

Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now—
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh mercy, heav'n! [*Dies.*

JANE SHORE, ACT V.

Guilford to Lady Jane Gray, when both were condemned to die:

Thou stand'st unmov'd;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee,
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Ha! see, it swells, the liquid crystal rises,
It starts in spite of thee—but I will catch it,
Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.

LADY JANE GREY, ACT IV. *near the end.*

The concluding sentiment is altogether finical, unsuitable to the importance of the occasion, and even to the dignity of the passion of love. Corneille observes, that if poets did not indulge sentiments more ingenious or refined than are prompted by passion, their performances would often be low, and extreme grief would never suggest but exclamations merely. This is in plain language to assert, that forced thoughts are more agreeable than those that are natural, and ought to be preferred!!!

The second class is of sentiments that may belong to an ordinary passion, but are not perfectly concordant with it, as tinctured by a singular character. In the last act of that excellent comedy, *The Careless Husband*, Lady Easy, upon Sir Charles's reformation, is made to express more violent and turbulent sentiments of joy, than are consistent with the mildness of her character:

Lady Easy. O the soft treasure! O the dear reward of long-desiring love. Thus! thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness; 'tis double life, and madness of abounding joy.

If the sentiments of a passion ought to be suited to a peculiar character, it is still more necessary that actions be suited to the character. In the 5th Act of the *Drummer*, Addison makes his gardener act even below the character of an ignorant credulous rustic; he gives him the behaviour of a gaping idiot.

The following instances are descriptions rather than sentiments, which compose a third class. Of this descriptive manner of painting the passions, there is in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, Act V. an illustrious instance, namely, the speech of Theseus, upon hearing of his son's dismal exit. In Racine's tragedy of *Esther*,

the Queen hearing of the decree issued against her people, instead of expressing sentiments suitable to the occasion, turns her attention upon herself, and describes with accuracy her own situation.

A man stabbed to the heart in a combat with his enemy, expresses himself thus:

So, now I am at rest:——
I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass,
And like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.
DRYDEN.

Captain Flash, in a farce composed by Garrick, endeavours to hide his fear by saying, "What a damn'd passion I am in!" An example is given above of remorse and despair expressed by genuine and natural sentiments. In the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, Satan is made to express his remorse and despair in sentiments, which, though beautiful, are not altogether natural; they are the sentiments of a spectator, not of a person tormented with these passions.

The fourth class is of sentiments introduced too early or too late.

Some examples mentioned above belong to this class. Add the following from *Venice Preserved*, Act V. at the close of the scene between Belvidera and her father Priuli. The account given by Belvidera of the danger she was in, and of her husband's threatening to murder her, ought naturally to have alarmed her relenting father, and to have made him express the most perturbed sentiments. Instead of which he dissolves into tenderness and love for his daughter, as if he had already delivered her from danger, and as if there was a perfect tranquility:

> Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
> I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
> Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
> Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
> Dear as those eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee:
> Peace to thy heart!

Immoral sentiments exposed in their native colours, instead of being concealed or disguised, compose the fifth class. The Lady Macbeth, projecting the death of the King, has the following soliloquy:

> ——————The raven himself's not hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements. Come all you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

MACBETH, ACT I. Sc. 5.

This speech is not natural. A treacherous murder was never perpetrated without compunction: and that the lady here must have been in horrible agitation, appears from her invoking the infernal spirits to fill her with cruelty, and to stop up all the avenues to remorse. But in that of mind, it is a never failing artifice of self-deceit, to draw the thickest veil over the wicked action, and to extenuate it by all the circumstances that imagination can suggest: and if the crime cannot bear disguise, the next attempt is to thrust it out of mind altogether, and to rush on to action without thought. This last was the husband's method:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

ACT III. Sc. 4.

The lady follows neither of these courses, but in a deliberate manner endeavours to fortify her heart in the commission of an execrable crime, without even attempting to colour it. This is

not natural. In the *Pompey* of Corneille,* Photine counsels a wicked action in the plainest terms without disguise.

In the tragedy of *Esther*,† Haman acknowledges, without disguise, his cruelty, insolence, and pride. And there is another example of the same kind in the *Agamemnon* of Seneca.‡. In the tragedy of *Athalie*,‖ Mathan, in cool blood, relates to his friend many black crimes he had been guilty of, to satisfy his ambition. In Congreve's *Double-dealer*, Maskwell, instead of disguising or colouring his crimes, values himself upon them in a soliloquy:

> Cynthia, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatsoever I commit of treachery or deceit, shall be imputed to me as a merit.———Treachery! what treachery? Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations.
>
> Act II. Sc. 8.

In French plays, love, instead of being hid or disguised, is treated as a serious concern, and of greater importance than fortune, family, or dignity. The reason is, that, in the capital of

* Act I. Sc. 1. † Act II. Sc. 1. ‡ Beginning of Act II.
‖ Act III. Sc. 3. at the close.

France, love, by the easiness of intercourse, has dwindled down from a real passion to be a connexion that is regulated entirely by the mode or fashion.* This may in some measure excuse their writers, but will never make their plays be relished among foreigners.

The last class comprehends sentiments that are unnatural, as being suited to neither character nor passion. They may be subdivided into sentiments unsuitable to the constitution of man, and to the laws of his nature; inconsistent sentiments,—sentiments that are pure rant and extravagance. When the fable is of human affairs, every event, every incident, and every circumstance, ought to be natural, otherwise the imitation is imperfect. But an imperfect imitation is a venial fault, compared with that of running cross to nature. In the *Hippolytus* of Euripides,† Hippolytus, wishing for another self in his own situation, "How much," says

* A certain author says humorously, "Les mots mêmes d'amour et d'amant sont bannis de l'intime société des deux sexes, et relegués avec ceux de *chaine* et de *flamme* dans les Romans qu'on ne lit plus." And where nature is once banished, a fair field is open to every fantastic imitation, even the most extravagant.

† Act IV. Sc. 5.

he, "should I be touched with his misfortune!" as if it were natural to grieve more for the misfortunes of another than for one's own.

Osmyn. Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, Eyes, and view my thought.
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
O impotence of sight! mechanic sense,
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Nor what they would, but must; a star or toad;
Just as the hand of chance administers!

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT II. Sc. 8.

No man, in his senses, ever thought of applying his eyes to discover what passes in his mind; far less of blaming his eyes for not seeing a thought or idea. In Moliere's *L'Avare*,* Harpagon, being robbed of his money, seizes himself by the arm, mistaking it for that of the robber. This is so absurd as scarce to provoke a smile, if it be not at the author.

* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Of this second branch the following are examples:

——————————Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT II. Sc. 2.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the *lowest* deep, a *lower* deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK IV.

Of the third branch, take the following samples from Rowe's Pharsalia: Lucan talking of Pompey's sepulchre:—

Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Where'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies.
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd;
Nor let this stone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nysa's hill for Bacchus only stand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom
That fought the cause of liberty and Rome?
If fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply,
Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
Nor let us dare on any part to tread,
Fearful we violate the mighty dead.

The following passages are pure rant. Coriolanus, speaking to his mother,

What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

CORIOLANUS, ACT V. Sc. 3.

Cæsar. ——————Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT II. Sc. 2.

Almahide. ——————This day
I gave my faith to him, he his to me.
Almanzor. Good Heav'n, thy book of fate before me lay
But to tear out the journal of this day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made that vow;
That minute ev'n the happy from their bliss might give,
And those who live in grief a shorter time would live,
So small a link if broke, th' eternal chain,
Would like divided waters join again.

CONQUEST OF GRENADA, ACT III.

Ventidius. But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,

Were, sure, the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature,
So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design.

DRYDEN, ALL FOR LOVE, ACT I.

Not to talk of the impiety of this sentiment, it is ludicrous instead of being lofty.

The famous epitaph on Raphael is no less absurd than any of the foregoing passages. It is thus imitated by Pope in his epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller:

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself might die.

Such is the force of imitation; for Pope of himself would never have been guilty of a thought so extravagant.

So much upon sentiments: the language proper for expressing them, comes next in order.

CHAPTER XVII.

Language of Passion.

AMONG the particulars that compose the social part of our nature, a propensity to communicate our opinions, our emotions, and every

thing that affects us, is remarkable. Bad fortune and injustice affect us greatly; and of these we are so prone to complain, that if we have no friend nor acquaintance to take part in our sufferings, we sometimes utter our complaints aloud, even where there are none to listen. This propensity operates not in every state of mind. A man immoderately grieved, afflicts himself, rejecting all consolation: immoderate grief is mute: complaining is struggling for consolation:—

> It is the wretch's comfort still to have
> Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
> Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
> Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
> And glutton-like alone devour.
>
> MOURNING BRIDE, ACT I. Sc. 1.

When grief subsides, it then finds a tongue: we complain, because complaining disburdens the mind of its distress.

Surprise and terror are silent passions: they agitate the mind so violently as for a time to suspend the exercise of its faculties, and among others the faculty of speech.

Love and revenge, when immoderate, are not more loquacious than immoderate grief. When

moderate, they set the tongue free, and moderate grief becomes loquacious: moderate love, when unsuccessful, complains; when successful, it is full of joy expressed by words and gestures.

No passion has any long uninterrupted existence; thence language suggested by passion is unequal, interrupted: and during an uninterrupted fit of passion, we only express in words the more capital sentiments. In familiar conversation, one who vents every single thought is justly branded with the character of *loquacity*; because sensible people express no thoughts but what makes some figure: in the same manner, we are only disposed to express the strongest pulses of passion, especially when it returns with impetuosity after interruption.

The sentiments ought to be tuned to the passion, and the language to both. Elevated sentiments require elevated language: tender sentiments, words that are soft and flowing: when the mind is depressed, the sentiments are expressed in words that are humble, not low. Words being connected with the ideas they represent, the greatest harmony is required between them: to express an humble sentiment in high sounding words, is disagreeable by a

discordant mixture of feelings; and the discord is not less when elevated sentiments are dressed in low words.

This however excludes not figurative expression, which communicates to the sentiment an agreeable elevation. We are sensible of an effect directly opposite, where figurative expression is indulged beyond a just measure: the opposition between the expression and the sentiment, makes the discord appear greater than it is in reality. At the same time, figures are not equally the language of every passion: pleasant emotions elevate the mind, and vent themselves in figurative expression; but humbling and dispiriting passions speak plain.

Figurative expressions, the work of an enlivened imagination, cannot be the language of anguish or distress. Otway, sensible of this, has painted a scene of distress in colours finely adapted to the subject: there is scarce a figure in it, except a short and natural simile with which the speech is introduced. Belvidera talking to her father of her husband:

> Think you saw what past at our last parting;
> Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
> Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
> Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain

Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fix'd on my throat, while the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threat'ning dagger: oh, 'twas thus
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death: cry'd out, My friends!
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd;
For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office:
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

VENICE PRESERVED, ACT. V.

To preserve the foresaid resemblance between words and their meaning, the sentiments of active passions ought to be dressed in words where syllables prevail that are pronounced short or fast: for these make an impression of hurry and precipitation. Emotions, on the other hand, that rest upon their objects, are best expressed by words where syllables prevail that are pronounced long or slow. A person affected with melancholy has a languid train of perceptions: the expression best suited to that state of mind, is, where words, not only of long but, of many syllables abound in the composition; and, for

that reason, nothing can be finer than the following passage:

In those deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns.

POPE,—ELOISA TO ABELARD.

To preserve the same resemblance, another circumstance is requisite, that the language, like the emotion, be rough or smooth, broken or uniform. Calm and sweet emotions are best expressed by words that glide softly; surprise, fear, and other turbulent passions, require an expression both rough and broken. In the hurry of passion, one generally expresses that thing first which is most at heart.

Passion has the effect of redoubling words, to make them express the strong conception of the mind. This is finely imitated in the following examples:

-Thou sun, said I, fair light!
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here———

PARADISE LOST, BOOK VIII. 273.

Both have sinn'd! but thou
Against God only; I, 'gainst God and thee;

And to the place of judgment will return.
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me! Me! only just object of his ire.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK X. 930.

Shakespeare, superior to all other writers in delineating passion, excels most in moulding every passion to peculiarity of character, and in expressing properly every different sentiment: he disgusts not his reader with declamation and unmeaning words; his sentiments are adjusted to the character and circumstances of the speaker; and the propriety is no less perfect between his sentiments and his diction. If upon any occasion he fall below himself, it is in those scenes where passion enters not: by endeavouring to raise his dialogue above the style of ordinary conversation, he sometimes deviates into intricate thought and obscure expression; sometimes, to throw his language out of the familiar, he employs rhyme. But he had no pattern, in his own or in any living language, of dialogue fitted for the theatre. At the same time, the stream clears in its progress, and in his latter plays he has attained the purity and perfection of dialogue. One thing must be evident to the

meanest capacity, that wherever passion is to be displayed, nature shews itself mighty in him, and is conspicuous by the most delicate propriety of sentiment and expression.

That perfect harmony which ought to subsist among all the constituent parts of a dialogue, is a beauty, no less rare than conspicuous, I shall therefore confine my quotations to the grosser errors, which every writer ought to avoid. And, first, of passion expressed in words flowing in an equal course without interruption. In the chapter above cited, Corneille is censured for the impropriety of his sentiments; and, here, for the sake of truth, I am obliged to attack him a second time. Were I to give instances from that author of the fault under consideration, I might transcribe whole tragedies; for he is no less faulty in this particular, than in passing upon us his own thoughts as a spectator, instead of the genuine sentiments of passion. Nor would a comparison between him and Shakespeare, upon the present article, redound more to his honour than the former upon the sentiments. Racine is here less incorrect than Corneille; and from him therefore I shall gather a few instances. The first shall be the description of the sea-monster in his *Phædra*, given

by Theramene, the companion of Hippolytus. Theramene is represented in terrible agitation. Yet he gives a long pompous connected description of that event, dwelling upon every minute circumstance, as if he had been only a cool spectator.

The last speech of Atalide, in the tragedy of *Bajazet*, of the same author, is a continued discourse; and but a faint representation of the violent passion which forced her to put an end to her own life.

Corneille, however, is always sensible, generally correct, never falls low, maintains a moderate degree of dignity, without reaching the sublime, paints delicately the tender affections, but is a stranger to the genuine language of enthusiastic or fervid passion.

If, in general, the language of violent passion ought to be broken and interrupted, soliloquies ought to be so in a peculiar manner: language is intended by nature for society; and a man when alone, though he always clothes his thoughts in words, seldom gives his words utterance, unless when prompted by some strong emotion; and even then by starts and intervals only. Shakespeare's soliloquies may be justly established as a model; for it is not easy to

conceive any model more perfect; of his many incomparable soliloquies, I confine myself to the two following, being different in their manner:

Hamlet. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.——That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember—why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is *Woman!*
A little month! or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why she, even she——
(O heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,

She married———Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

HAMLET, ACT I. Sc. 2.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Mr. Ford, awake; awake, Mr. Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Mr. Ford; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will not take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny-purse, nor into a pepper-box. But lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT III. Sc. 5.

These soliloquies are accurate and bold copies of nature: in a passionate soliloquy one begins with thinking aloud, and the strongest feelings only are expressed: as the speaker warms, he imagines one listening, and gradually slides into a connected discourse.

How far distant are soliloquies generally from these models! So far, indeed, as to give disgust instead of pleasure. The first scene of *Iphigenia in Tauris* discovers that princess, in a soliloquy, gravely reporting to herself her own

history. There is the same impropriety in the first scene of *Alcestes*, and in the other introductions of Euripides. Nothing can be more ridiculous: it puts one in mind of a most curious device in gothic paintings, that of making every figure explain itself by a written label issuing from its mouth. The description which a parasite, in the *Eunuch* of Terence, gives of himself, makes a sprightly soliloquy: but it is not consistent with the rules of propriety; for no man of a sound mind, ever thinks of talking aloud to himself. The same objection lies against a soliloquy in the *Adelphi*.* The soliloquy which makes the third scene, Act third, of *Heicyra*, is insufferable; for there Pamphilus, soberly and circumstantially, relates to himself an adventure which had happened a moment before.

Corneille is not more happy in his soliloquies than in his dialogue. Take for a specimen the first scene of *Cinna*. Racine also is faulty in the same respect. His soliloquies are regular harangues, a chain completed in every link, without interruption or interval; that of Antiochus in *Berenice* † resembles a regular pleading, where the parties display their arguments at full

* Act I. Sc. 1. † Act I. Sc. 2.

length. The following soliloquies are equally faulty: *Bajazet*, Act III. Sc. 7.; *Mithridate*, Act III. Sc. 4. and Act IV. Sc. 5. *Iphigenia*, Act IV. Sc. 8.

Soliloquies upon lively subjects, without any turbulence of passion, may be carried on in a continued chain of thought. If the sprightliness of the subject prompt a man to speak his thoughts in the form of a dialogue, the expression must be carried on without interruption, as in a dialogue between two persons; which justifies Falstaff's soliloquy upon honour:

> What need I be so forward with Death, that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can Honour set a leg? No: or an arm? No: or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word.—What is that word *honour?* Air; a trim reckoning.——Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.
>
> FIRST PART HENRY IV. ACT V. SC. 2.

Even without a dialogue, a continued discourse may be justified, where a man reasons

in a soliloquy upon an important subject; for if in such a case it be excusable to think aloud, it is necessary that the reasoning be carried on in a chain; which justifies that admirable soliloquy in *Hamlet* upon life and immortality, being a serene meditation upon the most interesting of all subjects. And the same consideration will justify the soliloquy that introduces the 5th Act of Addison's *Cato*.

The next class of the grosser errors which all writers ought to avoid, shall be of language elevated above the tone of the sentiment; of which take the following instances:

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes past arriv'd which seem'd
To shake the temper of the King.——Who knows
What racking cares disease a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays through dusk, and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT III. Sc. 4.

The language here is too pompous and laboured for describing so simple a circumstance. Language too artificial or too figurative for the

gravity, dignity, or importance, of the occasion, may be put in a third class.

Chimene demanding justice against Rodrigue who killed her father, instead of plain and pathetic expostulation, makes a speech stuffed with the most artificial flowers of rhetoric;—than which nothing can be contrived in language more averse to the tone of the passion: it is more apt to provoke laughter than to inspire concern or pity.

In a fourth class shall be given specimens of language too light or airy for a severe passion.

Imaginary and figurative expression are discordant in the highest degree, with the agony of a mother, who is deprived of two hopeful sons by a brutal murder. The following passage is in a bad taste.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

RICHARD III. ACT IV. Sc. 4.

Again,

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

KING JOHN, ACT III. Sc. 4.

A thought that turns upon the expression instead of the subject, commonly called *a play of words*, is unworthy of any composition that pretends to any degree of elevation: thoughts of this kind make a fifth class.

In the *Amynta* of Tasso,* the lover falls into a mere play of words, demanding how he who had lost himself, could find a mistress.

To die is to be banish'd from myself:
And Sylvia is myself; banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, ACT III. Sc. 1.

Countess. I pray thee, Lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, ACT III. Sc. 2.

K. Henry. O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT IV. Sc. 4.

* Act I. Sc. 2.

Cruda Amarilli, che col nome ancora
D'amar, ahi lasso, amaramente insegni.

PASTOR FIDO, ACT I. Sc. 2.

Antony, speaking of Julius Cæsar:

O world! thou wast the forest of this hart:
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT III. Sc. 1.

Playing thus with the sound of words is worse than a pun, and the meanest of all conceits. But Shakespeare, when he descends to a play of words, is not always in the wrong; for it is done sometimes to denote a peculiar character, as in the following passage:

K. Philip. What say'st thou boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle;
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

Faulconbridge. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself Love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

KING JOHN, ACT II. Sc. 2.

A jingle of words is the lowest species of that low wit, which is scarce sufferable in any case, and least of all in an heroic poem; and yet Milton, in some instances, has descended to that puerility:

And brought into the world a world of woe.
——Begirt th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging——
Which tempted our attempt——
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound.
——————With a shout
Loud as from number without numbers.

One should think it unnecessary to enter a caveat against an expression that has no meaning, or no distinct meaning; and yet somewhat of that kind may be found even among good writers. Such make a fifth class.

Sebastian. I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay:
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth:
If burnt and scatter'd in the air; the winds
That strew my dust, diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there a Sebastian reigns.

DRYDEN, DON SEBASTIAN KING OF PORTUGAL, ACT I.

Cleopatra. Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or died.

DRYDEN, ALL FOR LOVE, ACT II.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move;
Why, I'll enjoy the very love,
And make a mistress of my own desire.

Cowley, Poem inscribed, THE REQUEST.

His whole poem, inscribed, *My Picture*, is a jargon of the same kind.

—'Tis he, they cry, by whom
Not men, but war itself is overcome.

INDIAN QUEEN.

Such empty expressions are finely ridiculed n the *Rehearsal*:

Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And in life's stead to leave us nought but death.

ACT IV. Sc. 1.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beauty of Language.

PAINTING and sculpture are imitative fine arts; architecture and music are productive of

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Beauty of Language.

PAINTING and sculpture are imitative fine arts; architecture and music are productive of

originals; language resembles these last, and like them copies but little from nature. The beauty of language arises from its power of expressing thought; the beauty of thought makes it appear more beautiful. This beauty is the beauty of means fitted to an end. The beauty of language arises from *sound*; *signification*; resemblance between *sound* and *signification*; and the beauties of *verse* and *prose*.

SECTION I.—*Beauty of Language with respect to Sound.*

This subject requires the following order: The sounds of the different letters come first; next, these sounds as united in syllables; third, syllables united in words; fourth, words united in a period; and, in the last place, periods united in a discourse. The vowels are sounded with a single respiration; each of the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, sound agreeably to the ear. Consonants have no sound of themselves, but serve with vowels to form articulate sounds: every syllable into which a consonant enters has more than one sound, though pronounced with one expiration of breath: every syllable is composed of as many sounds as there are letters, supposing every letter to be distinctly pronounced.

In inquiring how far syllables are agreeable

to the ear, we find a double sound more agreeable than a single sound; for the diphthong *oi* or *ai*, is more agreeable than either of these vowels pronounced singly. Thus, the harmony of pronunciation differs widely from that of music; since in the latter we find many sounds which are singly agreeable, but in conjunction disagreeable.

From syllables we proceed to words, of which the agreeableness or disagreeableness depends partly upon the effect of syllables in succession; and principally from the agreeableness or disagreeableness of their component syllables. But different nations judge differently of the harshness or smoothness of articulate sounds. The English language is rough: the Italian so smooth, that vowels are frequently suppressed to produce a rougher and bolder tone.

We come next to the music of words as united in a period. Periods may be constructed to ascend, or to descend in musical harmony. The rising series, or a strong impulse succeeding a weak, makes double impression on the mind: the falling series, or a weak impulse succeeding a strong, scarce any impression.

The last article, the music of periods as united in a discourse, shall be dispatched in few words. Beyond other human speech is it possible to pro-

sent to the mind such a number of objects, in so ing; and for that reason, variety ought more to be studied in these, than in any other sort of composition. Hence a rule for arranging the members of different periods with relation to each other, that to avoid a tedious uniformity of sound and cadence, the arrangement, the cadence, and the length of the members, ought to be diversified as much as possible: and if the members of different periods be sufficiently diversified, the periods themselves will be equally so.

SECTION II.—*The Beauty of Language with respect to Signification.*

The present subject divides itself into parts; and what follows suggests a division into two parts. In every period, two things are to be regarded: first, the words of which it is composed; next, the arrangement of these words; the former resembling the stones that compose a building, and the latter resembling the order in which they are placed. Hence the beauty of language with respect to signification may be distinguished into two kinds: first, the beauties that arise from a right choice of words for constructing the period; and next, the beauties that arise from a

due arrangement of these words. I begin with rules that direct us to a right choice of words, and then proceed to rules that concern their arrangement.

And with respect to the former, communication of thought being the chief end of language, it is a rule, that perspicuity ought not to be sacrificed to any other beauty whatever: if it should be doubted whether perspicuity be a positive beauty, it cannot be doubted that the want of it is the greatest defect. Nothing therefore in language ought more to be studied, than to prevent all obscurity in the expression; for to have no meaning, is but one degree worse, than to have a meaning that is not understood.

Want of perspicuity from a wrong arrangement, belongs to the next branch. Obscurity from a wrong choice of words is a common error among the herd of writers; and there may be a defect in perspicuity proceeding even from the slightest ambiguity in construction; as where the period commences with a member conceived to be in the nominative case, which afterward is found to be in the accusative. Another error against perspicuity, and which passes with some writers for a beauty, is the giving different names to the same object, mentioned often more than once in the same period.

The next rule, because next in importance, is, that language ought to correspond with the subject. Heroic actions or sentiments require elevated language; tender sentiments ought to be expressed in words soft and flowing; and plain language void of ornament, is adapted to subjects grave and didactic. Language is the dress of thought: and where the one is not suited to the other, we are sensible of incongruity; as where a judge is dressed like a fop, or a peasant like a man of quality. Where the impression made by the words resembles the impression made by the thought, the similar emotions mix sweetly in the mind, and double the pleasure; but where the impressions made by the thought and the words are dissimilar, the unnatural union they are forced into is disagreeable.

This concordance between the thought and the words has been observed by every critic, and is so well understood as not to require any illustration. But there is a concordance of a peculiar kind, that has scarcely been touched upon in works of criticism, though it contributes to neatness of composition. It is what follows. In a thought of any extent, we commonly find some parts intimately united, some slightly, some disjoined, and some directly opposed to each other. To

in the expression, is a beauty; because such imitation makes the words concordant with the sense. Two members of a thought connected by their relation to the same action, will be expressed by two members of the period governed by the same verb; in which case these members, to improve their connexion, ought to be constructed in the same manner. This beauty is common among good writers. Where two ideas are so connected, as to require but a copulative, it is pleasant to find a connexion in the words that express these ideas, were it even so slight as where both begin with the same letter.

Next as to examples of disjunction and opposition in the parts of the thought, imitated in the expression; an imitation that is distinguished by the name of *antithesis*. Speaking of Coriolanus soliciting the people to be made consul:

With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.

CORIOLANUS.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

when it represents any peculiar connexion among the constituent parts of the thought, but we

ought to avoid every artificial opposition of words, where there is none in the thought. This is termed *verbal antithesis*, and is much studied by some writers.

A fault directly opposite to that last mentioned, is to conjoin artificially, words that express ideas opposed to each other. This is a fault too gross to be in common practice; and yet writers are guilty of it in some degree, when they conjoin by a copulative things transacted at different periods of time.

This rule of studying uniformity between the thought and expression, may be extended to the construction of sentences or periods. A sentence or period ought to express one entire thought or mental proposition; and different thoughts ought to be separated in the expression by placing them in different sentences or periods. It is therefore offending against neatness, to crowd into one period entire thoughts requiring more than one; which is joining in language things that are separated in reality. To crowd into a single member of a period different subjects, is still worse than to crowd them into one period.

From conjunctions and disjunctions in general, we proceed to comparisons, which make one of the species of them, beginning with similes. And

here also, the intimate connexion that words have with their meaning, requires that in describing two resembling objects, a resemblance in the two members of the period ought to be studied. Next, as to the length of the members that signify the resembling objects. To produce a resemblance between such members, they ought not only to be constructed in the same manner, but as nearly as possible to be equal in length. Of a comparison where things are opposed to each other, it must be obvious, that if resemblance ought to be studied in the words which express two resembling objects, there is equal reason for studying opposition in the words which express contrasted objects.

We proceed to a rule of a different kind. During the course of a period, the scene ought to be continued without variation: the changing from person to person, from subject to subject, or from person to subject, within the bounds of a single period, distracts the mind, and affords no time for a solid impression. I illustrate this rule by giving an example of a deviation from it.

This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also *the better sort* must, by this means, lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it

promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving.

GUARDIAN, No. 4.

A plurality of copulatives in the same period ought to be avoided, except where the words are intended to express the coldness of the speaker; for there the redundancy of copulatives is a beauty:

Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his surloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meats: beef comprehends "in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and veni-"son, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard."

TALE OF A TUB. § 4.

And the author shews great delicacy of taste by varying the expression in the mouth of Peter, who is represented more animated:

"Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; "in which bread is contained, *inclusive*, the quintessence "of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridges, plum pudding, "and custard."

The next beauty consists in a due arrangement of the words. In every thought there is at least one capital object considered as acting and suffering. This object is expressed by the substantive, and its action by the verb. Its suffering, or passive state, is expressed by a passive verb; and the thing that acts upon it, by a sub-

substantive noun. Words that import a relation, must be distinguished from such as do not. Substantives commonly imply no relation; such as *animal*, *man*, *tree*, *river*. Adjectives, verbs, and adverbs, imply a relation; the adjective *good* must relate to some being possessed of that quality; the verb *write* is applied to some person who writes; and the adverbs *moderately*, *diligently*, have plainly a reference to some action which they modify. When a relative word is introduced, it must be signified by the expression to what word it relates, without which the sense is not complete. When two substantives happen to be connected, as cause and effect, as principal and accessory, such connexion cannot be expressed by contiguity solely; for words must often in a period be placed together which are not thus related: the relation between substantives, therefore, cannot otherwise be expressed but by particles denoting the relation. These words are called prepositions.

Transposition and inversion, change the natural order of words in a sentence, and this licence is illustrated by the following examples:

Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise.

In the following example, where the word first introduced imports relation, the disjunction will be found more violent.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly muse.

In entering on the rules of arrangement, we begin with the natural style, and proceed to the most inverted. And in the arrangement of a period, as well as in a right choice of words, the first and great object being perspicuity, the rule above laid down, that perspicuity ought not to be sacrificed to any other beauty, holds equally in both. Ambiguities occasioned by a wrong arrangement are of two sorts; one where the arrangement leads to a wrong sense, and one where the sense is left doubtful. The first, being the more culpable, shall take the lead, beginning with examples of words put in a wrong place.

How much the imagination of such a presence must exalt a genius, we may observe *merely* from the influence which an ordinary presence has over them.

CHARACTERISTICS, VOL. I. p. 7.

This arrangement leads to a wrong sense: the adverb *merely* seems by its position to affect the

preceding word; whereas it is intended to affect the following words, *an ordinary presence*; and therefore the arrangement ought to be thus:

How much the imagination of such a presence must exalt a genius, we may observe from the influence which an ordinary presence merely has over men. [Or, better,] —which even an ordinary presence has over men.

Example of wrong arrangement of members:

I have confined myself to those methods for the advancement of piety, which are in the power of a prince limited like ours by a strict execution of the laws.

A project for the advancement of religion. SWIFT.

The structure of this period leads to a meaning which is not the author's, viz. power limited by a strict execution of the laws. That wrong sense is removed by the following arrangement:

I have confined myself to those methods for the advancement of piety, which, by a strict execution of the laws, are in the power of a prince limited like ours.

Doubtful sense from wrong arrangement of members:

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted *only* by a channel of 800 yards wide.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Part 1, Chap. 5.

The ambiguity may be removed thus:

——————from whence it is parted by a channel of 800 yards wide only.

From these examples it is plain, that a circumstance ought never to be placed between two capital members of a period. To preserve these distinct, the best method is, to place first in the consequent member, some word that cannot connect it with what precedes. If it be thought that the defect of perspicuity is removed by punctuation; the answer is, that punctuation may remove an ambiguity, but will never produce that peculiar beauty which is perceived when the sense comes out clearly and distinctly by means of a happy arrangement. Such influence has this beauty, that by a natural transition of perception it is communicated to the very sound of the words, so as in appearance to improve the music of the period. But as this curious subject comes in more properly afterwards, it is sufficient at present to appeal to experience, that a period so arranged as to bring out the sense clear, seems always more musical than where the sense is left in any degree doubtful.

A second rule is, that words expressing things connected in the thought, ought to be placed as near together as possible. This rule is derived immediately from human nature, prone in every instance to place together things in any manner connected: where things are arranged accord-

ing to their connexions, we have a sense of order; otherwise we have a sense of disorder, as of things placed by chance: and we naturally place words in the same order in which we would place the things they signify. The bad effect of a violent separation of words or members thus intimately connected, will appear from the following examples.

For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

SPECTATOR, No. 419.

Here the verb or assertion is, by a pretty long circumstance, violently separated from the subject to which it refers: this makes a harsh arrangement the less excuseable, for the fault is easily prevented by placing the circumstance before the verb, after the following manner:

For the English are naturally fanciful, and, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which is so frequent in our nation, are often disposed to many wild notions, &c.

A pronoun, which saves the naming a person or thing a second time, ought to be placed as near as possible to the name of that person or thing. This is a branch of the foregoing rule: and with the reason there given another con-

curs, viz. That if other ideas intervene, it is difficult to recall the person or thing by reference:

If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr. Partridge, or his accomplices of the Portugal inquisition, will be ever able to object; *who*, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad.

Better thus:

——— and be a full defence against all that can be objected by Mr. Partridge, or his accomplices of the Portugal inquisition; who, by the way, are, &c.

To elevate or depress an object, one method is, to join it in the expression with another that is naturally high or low.

Circumstances in a period resemble small stones in a building employed to fill up vacuities among those of a larger size. In the arrangement of a period, such under-parts crowded together make a poor figure; and never are graceful but when interspersed among the capi-

Example—It is likewise urged, that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above 10,000 parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my Lords the Bishops, would suffice to maintain, &c.

Here two circumstances, viz. *by computation*, and *in this kingdom*, are crowded together unnecessarily: they make a better appearance separated in the following manner:

It is likewise urged, that in this kingdom there are, by computation, above 10,000 parsons, &c.

If there be room for a choice, the sooner a circumstance is introduced, the better; because circumstances are proper for that coolness of mind with which we begin a period as well as a volume: in the progress, the mind warms, and has a greater relish for matters of importance. When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable: it is like ascending, or going upward. On the other hand, to place it late in the period has a bad effect.

Example.—And Philip the Fourth was obliged at last to conclude a peace on terms repugnant to his inclination, to that of his people, to the interest of Spain, and to that of all Europe, in the Pyrenean treaty.

Letters on History, Vol. I. Let. 6. BOLINGBROKE.

Better thus:

And at last, in the Pyrenean treaty, Philip the Fourth was obliged to conclude a peace, &c.

In arranging a period, it is of much impor-

tance to determine in what part of it a word makes the greatest figure; whether at the beginning, during the course, or at the close. The breaking silence rouses the attention, and prepares for a deep impression at the beginning: the beginning, however, must yield to the close; which being succeeded by a pause, affords time for a word to make its deepest impression. Hence the following rule. That to give the utmost force to a period, it ought if possible to be closed with that word which makes the greatest figure. The opportunity of a pause should not be thrown away upon accessories, but reserved for the principal object, in order that it may make a full impression, and the capital word should be placed in the front: as the name of a person.

The substance of what is said in this and the foregoing section, upon the method of arranging words in a period, so as to make the deepest impression with respect to sound as well as signification, is comprehended in the following observation: That order of words in a period will always be the most agreeable, where, without obscuring the sense, the most important images, the most sonorous words, and the longest members, bring up the rear.

Inversion ought not to be indulged, unless in

order to reach some beauty superior to those of a natural style. It may with great certainty be pronounced, that every inversion which is not governed by this rule, will appear harsh and strained, and be disrelished by every one of taste. Hence the beauty of inversion when happily conducted; the beauty, not of an end, but of means, as furnishing opportunity for numberless ornaments that find no place in a natural style: hence the force, the elevation, the harmony, the cadence, of some compositions; hence the manifold beauties of the Greek and Roman tongues, of which living languages afford but faint imitations.

SECTION III.—*Beauty of Language from a resemblance between Sound and Signification.*

This beauty has escaped none of our critical writers.

There being frequently a strong resemblance of one sound to another, it will not be surprising to find an articulate sound resembling one that is not articulate: thus the sound of a bow-string is imitated by the words that express it:

——The string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.
ODYSSEY, xxi. 449.

On this principle falling timber is said to *crash*, and wind to *whistle*; thus, causes that have no resemblance may produce resembling effects; and by a number of syllables in succession, an emotion is sometimes raised similar to that raised by successive motion; as walking, galloping, running, can be imitated by a succession of long or short syllables, or by a due mixture of both. For example, slow motion may be justly imitated in a verse where long syllables prevail; especially when aided by a slow pronunciation. A line composed of monosyllables, makes an impression, by the frequency of its pauses, similar to what is made by laborious interrupted motion:

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

ODYSSEY, xi. 736.

First march the heavy mules securely slow;
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er craggs, o'er rocks they go.

ILIAD, xxiii. 138.

The impression made by rough sounds in succession, resembles that made by rough or tumultuous motion: on the other hand, the impression of smooth sounds resembles that of gentle motion. The following is an example of both.

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;

Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their haulsers ride.
ODYSSEY, iii. 118.

Prolonged motion is expressed in an Alexandrian line, and forcible prolonged motion in the same; and a period consisting mostly of long syllables produces an emotion resembling faintly that which is produced by gravity and solemnity.—

A slow succession of ideas is a circumstance that belongs equally to settled melancholy, and to a period composed of polysyllables pronounced slow; and hence by similarity of emotions, the latter is imitative of the former:

In those deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns.
POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard.*

A long syllable made short, or a short syllable made long, raises, by the difficulty of pronouncing contrary to custom, a feeling similar to that of hard labour:

When Ajax strives some rock's *vast* weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow.
ESSAY on CRIT. 370.

Harsh or rough words pronounced with difficulty, excite a feeling similar to that which

proceeds from the labour of thought to a dull writer:

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year.
POPE'S EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, l. 181.

It belongs to the present subject to observe, that when these coincide in the same passage, the concordance of sound and sense is delightful: the reader is conscious not only of pleasure from the two climaxes separately, but of an additional pleasure from their concordance, and from finding the sense so justly imitated by the sound.

The concord between sense and sound is no less agreeable in what may be termed an *anticlimax*, where the progress is from great to little; for this has the effect to make diminutive objects appear still more diminutive.

Pronunciation, therefore, may be considered as a branch of the present subject; and with some observations upon it, the section shall be concluded.

In order to give a just idea of pronunciation, it must be distinguished from singing. The latter is carried on by notes, requiring each of them a different aperture of the windpipe: the notes properly belonging to the former, are expressed by different apertures of the mouth, without varying the aperture of the windp

This, however, doth not hinder pronunciation to borrow from singing, as one sometimes is naturally led to do, in expressing a vehement passion.

In reading, as in singing, there is a key-note: above this note the voice is frequently elevated, to make the sound correspond to the elevation of the subject: but the mind in an elevated state is disposed to action; therefore, in order to a rest, it must be brought down to the key-note. Hence the term *cadence*.

The only general rule that can be given for directing the pronunciation, is, To sound the words in such a manner as to imitate the things they signify.

Section IV.—*Versification.*

To explain the music of verse, several nice and delicate feelings must be employed, and the distinction between it and prose arises from the difference of the melody, though that difference cannot with any accuracy be explained in words; all that can be said is, that verse is more musical than prose, and its melody more perfect. The difference between verse and prose, resembles the difference, in music properly so called, between the song and the recitative: and the resemblance is not the least complete, that these differences,

like the shades of colours, approximate sometimes so nearly as scarce to be discernible: the melody of a recitative approaches sometimes to that of a song; which, on the other hand, degenerates sometimes to that of a recitative. Nothing is more distinguishable from prose, than the bulk of Virgil's hexameters: many of those composed by Horace, are very little removed from prose: Sapphic verse has a very sensible melody: that, on the other hand, of an Iambic, is extremely faint.

This more perfect melody of articulate sounds is what distinguisheth verse from prose. Verse is subjected to certain inflexible laws: the number and variety of the component syllables being ascertained, and in some measures the order of succession.

To verse of every kind, five things are of importance. 1st. The number of syllables that compose a verse line. 2d. The different lengths of syllables, *i. e.* the difference of time taken in pronouncing. 3d. The arrangement of these syllables combined in words. 4th. The pauses or stops in pronouncing. 5th. The pronouncing syllables in a high or low tone. The three first mentioned are essential to verse: if any of them be wanting, there cannot be that melody which distinguisheth verse from prose. To give

a just notion of the fourth, it must be observed, that pauses are necessary for three different purposes: one, to separate periods, and members of the same period, according to the sense; another, to improve the melody of verse; and the last, to afford opportunity for drawing breath in reading. A pause of the first kind is variable, being long or short, frequent or less frequent, as the sense requires. A pause of the second kind, being determined by the melody, is not arbitrary. The last sort is arbitrary, depending on the reader's command of breath. With respect then to the pauses of sense and of melody, it may be affirmed that their coincidence in verse is a capital beauty; but as it cannot be expected, that every line should be so perfect, the pause necessary for the sense must often be sacrificed to the verse pause, and the latter sometimes to the former.

The pronouncing syllables in a high or low tone, contributes also to melody. In reading either prose or verse, a certain tone is assumed, which may be called *the key-note*; and in that tone the bulk of the words are sounded. Sometimes to humour the sense, and sometimes the melody, a particular syllable is sounded in a higher tone; and this is termed *accenting a syllable*, or gracing it with an accent. Opposed

to the accent, is the cadence, one of the requisites of verse, because it is regulated by the sense, and hath no peculiar relation to verse. The cadence is a falling of the voice below the key-note at the close of every period; and so little is it essential to verse, that in correct reading the final syllable of every line is accented, that syllable only excepted which closes the period, where the sense requires a cadence.

Though the five requisites abovementioned are governed by different rules, peculiar to each species, upon quantity only one general observation may be premised, because it is applicable to every species of verse. That syllables, with respect to the time taken in pronouncing, are long or short; two short syllables, with respect to time, being precisely equal to a long one. These two lengths are essential to verse of all kinds; and to no verse is a greater variety of time necessary in pronouncing syllables. The voice is frequently made to rest longer than usual upon a word that bears an important signification; but this is done to humour the sense, and is not necessary for melody. A thing not more necessary for melody occurs with respect to accenting, similar to that now mentioned: A word signifying any thing humble, low, or de-

jected, is naturally, in prose, as well as verse, pronounced in a tone below the key-note.

We are now sufficiently prepared for particulars; beginning with Latin or Greek hexameter, which are the same. What I have to observe upon this species of verse, will come under the four following heads; number, arrangement, pause, and accent: For as to quantity, what is observed above may suffice.

Hexameter lines, as to time, are all of the same length; being equivalent to the time taken in pronouncing twelve long syllables or twenty-four short ones. An hexameter line may consist of seventeen syllables; and when regular and not spondiac, it never has fewer than thirteen: whence it follows, that where the syllables are many, the plurality must be short; where few, the plurality must be long.

This line is susceptible of much variety as to the succession of long and short syllables; and subjected to laws that confine its variety within certain limits; for ascertaining these limits, grammarians have invented a rule by dactyles and spondees, which they denominate *feet*. These feet are not intended to regulate the pronunciation; for were one to pronounce according to them, the melody of a hexameter line would be

destroyed, or much inferior to what it is when properly pronounced. These feet must be confined to regulate the arrangement. They are artificial and complex, and I substitute in their stead other rules more simple and of more easy application; for example, the following. 1st. The line must always commence with a long syllable, and close with two long preceded by two short. 2d. More than two short can never be found together, nor fewer than two. And, 3d. Two long syllables which have been preceded by two short, cannot also be followed by two short. These few rules fulfil all the conditions of a hexameter line, with relation to order or arrangement. To these again a single rule may be substituted. That I may put this rule into words with perspicuity, I take a hint from the twelve long syllables that compose an hexameter line, to divide it into twelve equal parts or portions, being each of them one long syllable or two short. A portion being thus defined, I proceed to the rule. The 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, and 12th proportions, must each of them be one long syllable; the 10th must always be two short syllables; the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th, may either be one long or two short. Or to express the thing still more courtly, The 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th portions may be one long syllable

or two short; the 10th must be two short syllables; all the rest must consist each of one long syllable. This fulfils all the conditions of an hexameter line, and comprehends all the combinations of dactyles and spondees that this line admits.

Next in order comes the pause. At the end of every hexameter line, every one must be sensible of a complete close or pause; the cause of which follows. The two long syllables preceded by two short, which always close an hexameter line, are a fine preparation for a pause: for long syllables, or syllables pronounced slow, resembling a slow and languid motion, tending to rest, naturally incline the mind to rest, or to pause; and to this inclination the two preceding short syllables contribute, which by contrast make the slow pronunciation of the final syllables the more conspicuous. Beside this full pause at the end, others are also requisite for the sake of melody; of which I discover two, perhaps there may be more. The longest and most remarkable, succeeds the 5th portion; the other, which, being shorter and more faint, may be called *the semi-pause*, succeeds the 8th portion. So striking is the pause first mentioned, as to be distinguished even by the rudest ear: the monkish rhymes are evidently built upon it; in which, by an invari-

able rule, the final word always chimes with that which immediately precedes the said pause.

The difference of time in the pause and semi-pause, occasions another difference no less remarkable, that it is lawful to divide a word by a semi-pause, but never by a pause: lines, however, where words are left entire, without being divided even by a semi-pause, run by that means much the more sweetly.

The reason of these observations will be evident upon the slightest reflection. Between things so intimately connected in reading aloud, as are sense and sound, every degree of discord is unpleasant: and for that reason, it is a matter of importance, to make the musical pauses coincide as much as possible with those of sense; which is requisite, more especially with respect to the pause, a deviation from the rule being less remarkable in a semi-pause. Considering the matter as to melody solely, it is indifferent whether the pauses be at the end of words or in the middle; but when we carry the sense along, it is disagreeable to find a word split into two by a pause, as if there were really two words: and though the disagreeableness here be connected with the sense only, it is by an easy transition of perceptions transferred to the sound; by which means, we conceive a line to be harsh

and grating to the ear, when, in reality, it is only so to the understanding.

Hitherto the arrangement of the long and short syllables of an hexameter line and its different pauses, have been considered with respect to melody; but to have a just notion of hexameter verse, these particulars must also be considered with respect to sense. There is not, perhaps, in any other sort of verse, such latitude in the long and short syllables; a circumstance that contributes greatly to that richness of melody which is remarkable in hexameter verse, and which made Aristotle pronounce, that an epic poem in any other verse would not succeed. One defect must not be dissembled, that the same means which contribute to the richness of the melody, render it less fit than several other sorts for a narrative poem. There cannot be a more artful contrivance, than to close an hexameter line with two long syllables preceded by two short: but unhappily this construction proves a great embarrassment to the sense; which will thus be evident. As there ought to be a strict concordance between a thought and the words in which it is dressed; so every close in the sense ought to be accompanied with a close in the sound. In prose, this law may be strictly observed; but in verse, the same strict-

ness would occasion insuperable difficulties. Willing to sacrifice to the melody of verse some share of the concordance between thought and expression, we freely excuse the separation of the musical pause from that of the sense, during the course of a line: but the close of an hexameter line is too conspicuous to admit this liberty; for which reason there ought to be some pause in the sense at the end of every hexameter line, were it but a pause marked with a comma; for the same reason, there ought never to be a full close in the sense but at the end of a line, because there the melody is closed. An hexameter line, to preserve its melody, cannot well admit any greater relaxation; and yet in a narrative poem, it is extremely difficult to adhere strictly to the rule even with these indulgences. Virgil, the chief of poets for versification, is forced often to end a line without any close in the sense, and as often to close the sense during the running of a line; though a close in the melody during the movement of the thought, or a close in the thought during the movement of the melody, cannot be agreeable.

The accent, to which we proceed, is no less essential than the other circumstances above handled. By a good ear it will be discerned that in every line there is one syllable distin-

guishable from the rest by a capital accent; that syllable, being the 7th portion, is invariably long, and the accent is laid upon the last syllable of the word; which is favourable to the melody in the following respect, that the pause, which for the sake of reading distinctly must follow every word, gives opportunity to prolong the accent. A line thus accented has a more spirited air than when the accent is placed on any other syllable.

In lines where the pause comes after the short syllable succeeding the fifth portion, the accent is displaced, and rendered less sensible: it seems to be split into two, and to be laid partly on the 5th portion, and partly on the 7th, its usual place.

Besides this capital accent, slighter accents are laid upon other portions; particularly upon the 4th, unless where it consists of two short syllables; upon the 9th, which is always a long syllable; and upon the 11th, where the line concludes with a monosyllable. Such conclusion, by the bye, impairs the melody, and for that reason is not to be indulged, unless where it is expressive of the sense.

Reflecting upon the melody of hexameter verse, we find, that arrangement doth not constitute the whole of it; for when we compare

different lines, equally regular as to the succession of long and short syllables, the melody is found in very different degrees of perfection; which is not occasioned by any particular combination of dactyles and spondees, or of long and short syllables, because we find lines where dactyles prevail, and lines where spondees prevail, equally melodious.

Next in order comes English heroic verse, which shall be examined under the five heads, of number, quantity, arrangement, pause, and accent. This verse is of two kinds; one named *rhyme* or *metre*, and one *blank verse*. In the former, the lines are connected two and two by similarity of sound in the final syllables; and two lines so connected are termed a *couplet*: similarity of sound being avoided in the latter, couplets are banished. These two sorts must be handled separately, because there are many peculiarities in each. Metre, the first article, shall be discussed in a few words. Every line consists of ten syllables, five short and five long; from which there are but two exceptions, both of them rare. The first is, where each line of a couplet is made eleven syllables, by an additional syllable at the end:

> There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
> And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

> The piece, you think, is incorrect? Why take it;
> I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.

This licence is sufferable in a single couplet; but if frequent, disgusts.

The other exception concerns the second line of a couplet, which is sometimes stretched out to twelve syllables, termed an *Alexandrine line:*

> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

It doth well when employed to close a period with pomp and solemnity, where the subject makes that tone proper.

With regard to quantity, it is unnecessary to mention a second time, that the quantities employed in verse are but two, the one double of the other; that every syllable is reducible to one or other of these standards; and that a syllable of the larger quantity is termed *long*, and of the lesser quantity *short*. The English language abounds in long and short syllables in words of three or more syllables; the quantity, for the most part, is invariable: the exceptions are more frequent in dissyllables; but as to monosyllables, they may, without many exceptions, be pronounced either long or short. This shows, that the melody of English verse must depend less upon quantity than upon other

circumstances: in this it differs widely from Latin verse, where every syllable having but one sound, strikes the ear uniformly with its accustomed impression; and a reader must be delighted to find a number of such syllables, disposed so artfully as to be highly melodious. Syllables variable in quantity, can possess this power; for though custom may render familiar, both a long and a short pronunciation of the same word, yet the mind wavering between the two sounds, cannot be so much affected as where every syllable has one fixed sound.

And with respect to arrangement, the English heroic line is commonly Iambic, the first syllable short, the second long, and so on alternately through the whole line. One exception there is, pretty frequent, of lines commencing with a trochæus, *i. e.* a long and a short syllable; but this affects not the order of the following syllables, which go on alternately, one short and one long. The following couplet affords an example of each kind.

Sŏme ĭn thĕ fĭelds ŏf pūrĕst ĕthĕr plāy,
ănd bāsk ănd whītĕn ĭn thĕ blāze of dāy.

It is imperfection in English verse, that it excludes the bulk of polysyllables, which are the most sounding words in our language, and it is

accordingly almost totally reduced to dissyllables and monosyllables: *magnanimity*, is a sounding word totally excluded; *impetuosity* is still a finer word, by the resemblance of the sound and sense: and yet a negative is put upon it, as well as upon numberless words of the same kind. Polysyllables composed of syllables long and short alternately, make a good figure in verse; for example, *observance*, *opponent*, and such others of three syllables. *Imitation*, *imperfection*, and others of four syllables, beginning with two short syllables, the third long, and the fourth short, may find a place in a line commencing with a trochæus.

One would not imagine without trial, how uncouth false quantity appears in verse; not less than a provincial tone or idiom. The article *the* is one of the few monosyllables that is invariably short: observe how harsh it makes a line where it must be pronounced long;

Thĭs nymph, tŏ thē dēstrŭctiŏn ōf mănkind.

Again,

Th' ădvēnt'rŏus bārŏn thē brĭght lōcks ădmīr'd.

Let it be pronounced shŏrt, and it reduces the melody almost to nothing.

The great variety of melody conspicuous in English verse arises chiefly from the pauses and accents, which are of greater importance than is commonly thought. The pause, which paves the way to the accent, offers itself first to our examination; and from a very short trial the following facts will be verified. 1st. A line admits but one capital pause. 2d. In different lines, we find this pause after the fourth syllable, after the fifth, after the sixth, and after the seventh. These four places of the pause lay a solid foundation for dividing English heroic lines into four kinds. Each kind hath a melody peculiar to itself, readily distinguishable by a good ear; but the pause cannot be made indifferently at any of the places mentioned: it is the sense that regulates the pause, and consequently, it is the sense that determines of what order every line must be: There can be but one capital musical pause in a line; and that pause ought to coincide, if possible, with a pause in the sense, in order that the sound may accord with the sense.

First, the pause after the fourth syllable:

Back through the paths || of pleasing sense I ran.

After the 5th:

So when an angel || by divine command,
With rising tempests || shakes a guilty land.

After the 6th:

Speed the soft intercourse || from soul to soul.

After the 7th:

And taught the doubtful battle || where to rage.

Besides the capital pause, inferior pauses will be discovered by a nice ear. Of these there are commonly two in each line: one before the capital pause, and one after it. The former comes after the first long syllable, whether the line begin with a short or a long syllable. The other in its variety imitates the capital pause: in some lines it comes after the 6th, in some after the 7th, and in some after the 8th syllable.

In Hexameter verse, a full pause ought never to divide a word: such licence deviates too far from the coincidence that ought to be between the pauses of sense and melody.

The same rule is not applicable to a semi-pause, which being short and faint, is not sensibly disagreeable when it divides a word:

Relent | less walls || whose darksome round | contains.
For her | white virgins || hyme | neals sing.
In these | deep solitudes || and aw | ful cells.

The capital pause is so essential to the melody, that one cannot be too nice in the choice of its place, in order to have it clear and distinct. It

cannot be in better company than with a pause in the sense; and if the sense require but a comma after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable, it is sufficient for the musical pause. But to make such coincidence essential, would cramp versification too much; and we have experience for our authority, that there may be a pause in the melody where the sense requires none. We must not, however, imagine that a musical pause may come after any word indifferently: some words, like syllables of the same word, are so intimately connected, as not to bear a separation even by a pause. The separating, for example, a substantive from its article would be harsh and unpleasant.

The rules for determining what words may be separated by a pause, and what are incapable of such separation, are, first, that of adjective and substantive, being the relation of subject and quality, the most intimate of all; a quality cannot exist independent of a subject; nor are they separable even in imagination, because they make parts of the same idea: and for that reason, with respect to melody as well as sense, it must be disagreeable to bestow upon the adjective a sort of independent existence, by interjecting a pause between it and its substantive.

A subject may be considered with some of its

qualities independent of others; though we cannot form an image of any single quality independent of the subject. Thus then, though an adjective named first be inseparable from the substantive, the proposition does not reciprocate: an image can be formed of the substantive independent of the adjective; and for that reason, they may be separated by a pause, when the substantive takes the lead.

For thee the fates || severely kind ordain.
And curs'd with hearts || unknowing how to yield.

The verb and adverb are precisely in the same condition with the substantive and adjective. An adverb, which modifies the action expressed by the verb, is not separable from the verb even in imagination:

And which it much || becomes you to forget.
'Tis one thing madly || to disperse my store.

But an action may be conceived with some of its modifications, leaving out others; as a subject may be conceived with some of its qualities, leaving out others; and therefore, when by inversion the verb is first introduced, it has no bad effect to interject a pause between it and the adverb that follows. This may be done at the close of a line, where the pause is at least as full as that is which divides the line;

While yet he spoke, the Prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, &c.

The agent and its action come next, expressed in grammar by the active substantive and its verb. Between these, placed in their natural order, there is no difficulty of interjecting a pause: an active being is not always in motion, and therefore it is easily separable in idea from its action: when in a sentence the substantive takes the lead, we know not that action is to follow; and as rest must precede the commencement of motion, this interval is a proper opportunity for a pause.

But when by inversion the verb is placed first, it is not lawful to separate it by a pause from the active substantive, because an action is not an idea separable from the agent, more than a quality from the subject to which it belongs. Two lines of the first rate for beauty, have always appeared to me exceptionable, upon account of the pause thus interjected between the verb and the consequent substantive;

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive || Contemplation dwells,
And ever musing || Melancholy reigns.

The point of the greatest delicacy regards the active verb and the passive substantive placed

in their natural order. On the one hand, it will be observed, that these words signify things which are not separable in idea. Killing cannot be conceived without a being that is put to death. On the other hand, an action and the thing on which it is exerted, are not, like subject and quality, united in one individual object: the active substantive is perfectly distinct from that which is passive; and they are connected by one circumstance only, that the action of the former is exerted upon the latter.* This makes it possible to take the action to pieces, and to consider it first with relation to the agent, and next with relation to the patient. The best poets, however, taking advantage of this subtilty, scruple not to separate by a pause an active verb from the thing upon which it is exerted. Such pauses in a long work may be indulged; but taken singly, they certainly are not agreeable.

> The peer now spreads || the glitt'ring forfex wide——
> As ever sully'd || the fair face of light.

On the other hand, when the passive substantive is by inversion first named, there is no difficulty of interjecting a pause between it and the verb, more than when the active substantive is first named. Though a verb cannot be separated in idea from the substantive which governs it, and

scarcely from the substantive it governs, yet a substantive may always be conceived independent of the verb: when the passive substantive is introduced before the verb, we know not that an action is to be exerted upon it; therefore we may rest till the action commences. For the sake of illustration take the following examples:

Shrines! where their vigils || pale-ey'd virgins keep——
Soon as thy letters || trembling I unclose——
No happier task || these faded eyes pursue.

What is said about the pause, leads to a general observation, That the natural order of placing the active substantive and its verb, is more friendly to a pause than the inverted order; but that in all the other connexions, inversion affords a far better opportunity for a pause. And hence one great advantage of blank verse over rhyme; its privilege of inversion giving it a much greater choice of pauses than can be had in the natural order of arrangement.

Words connected by conjunctions and prepositions admit freely a pause between them.

Assume what sexes || and what shape they please——
The light militia || of the lower sky.

Connecting particles were invented to unite in a period two substances signifying things occa-

sionally united in the thought; but which have no natural union: and between two things not only separable in idea, but really distinct, the mind, for the sake of melody, cheerfully admits by a pause a momentary disjunction of their occasional union.

Conjunctions, prepositions, articles, and such like accessories, passing under the name of *particles*, are separated by a pause from the words that make them significant.

> The goddess with || a discontented air
> And heighten'd by || the diamond's circling rays.

Or the separation of the conjunction from the word that is connected by it with the antecedent word:

> Talthybius and || Eurybates the good.

Reasoning upon objects naturally connected, is not applicable to words which, of themselves, are mere cyphers: we must therefore have recourse to some other principle for solving the present question. These particles out of their place are totally insignificant: to give them a meaning, they must be joined to certain words; and the necessity of this junction, together with custom, forms an artificial connexion that has a strong influence upon the mind: it cannot bear even a

momentary separation, which destroys the sense, and is at the same time contradictory to practice. Another circumstance tends still more to make this separation disagreeable in lines of the first and third order, that it bars the accent which will be explained afterward, in treating of the accent.

We proceed now to the pause that concludes the line, which resembles greatly the concluding pause in an hexameter line. A couplet ought always to be finished with some close in the sense; if not a point, at least a comma. The truth is, that this rule is seldom transgressed.

With respect to pauses in general, supposing the connexion to be so slender as to admit a pause, it follows not that a pause may in every such case be admitted. The sense must never be wounded or obscured by the music.

Ulysses, first || in public cares, she found.

With respect to inversion, it appears that many words which cannot bear a separation in their natural order, admit a pause when inverted. When two words, or two members of a sentence, in their natural order, can be separated by a pause, such separation can never be amiss in an inverted order. An inverted period, which deviates from the natural train of ideas, requires

to be marked in some measure even by pauses in the sense, that the parts may be distinctly known.

As with cold lips || I kiss'd the sacred veil.
With other beauties || charm my partial eyes.
Full in my view || set all the bright abode.
With words like these || the troops Ulysses rul'd.
Back to th' assembly roll || the thronging train.
Not for their grief || the Grecian host I blame.

Thus a train of reasoning hath led us to conclusions with regard to the musical pause, different from those in the first section, concerning the separating by a circumstance words intimately connected. A pause in the sense distinguishes the different members of a period from each other; but when two words of the same member are separated by a circumstance, the three make but one member: and therefore words may be separated by an interjected circumstance, though not separated by a pause in the sense. This sets the matter in a clear light; for a musical pause is intimately connected with a pause in the sense, and ought to be governed by it: a musical pause ought never to be placed where a pause is excluded by the sense; as, for example, between the adjective and following substantive, which make parts of the same idea;

and still less between a particle and the word that makes it significant.

The different pauses introduce into our verse no slight degree of variety. A number of uniform lines having all the same pause, are extremely fatiguing; which is remarkable in French versification. This imperfection will be discerned by a fine ear even in the shortest succession, and becomes intolerable in a long poem. Pope excels in the variety of his melody: which, if different kinds can be compared, is indeed no less perfect than that of Virgil.

From what is last said, there is one exception. Uniformity in the members of a thought demands equal uniformity in the verbal members which express that thought. When resembling objects are expressed in a plurality of verse-lines, these lines in their structure ought to be as uniform as possible; and the pauses in particular ought all of them to have the same place.

By foreign hands || thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands || thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands || thy humble grave adorn'd.
Bright as the sun || her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun || they shine on all alike.

English heroic verse admits only four capital pauses; and the capital pause of every line is

determined by the sense to be after the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, or seventh syllable. This holds true as far as melody alone is concerned: but the rule may be varied where the sense or expression requires a variation, and that so far the melody may justly be sacrificed. Examples accordingly are not unfrequent, in Milton especially, of the capital pause being after the first, the second, or the third syllable, and this licence may be taken, even gracefully, when it adds vigour to the expression.

In the penult line, the proper place of the musical pause is at the end of the fifth syllable; but it enlivens the expression by its coincidence with that of the sense at the end of the second syllable.

For now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him || round he throws his baleful eyes, &c.

To explain the rules of accenting, we premised first,—That accents have a double effect: they contribute to the melody, by giving it air and spirit; and to the sense, by distinguishing important words from others.* These two effects never can be separated, without impairing the

* An accent considered with respect to sense is termed *emphasis*.

concord that ought to subsist between the thought and the melody; an accent placed on a low word, has the effect to burlesque it, by giving it an unnatural elevation; and the injury thus done to the sense does not rest there, for it seems also to injure the melody.—Secondly, a word of whatever number of syllables, is not accented upon more than one of them; because the object is set in its best light by a single accent, so as to make more than one unnecessary for the sense: and if another be added, it must be for the sound merely; which would be a transgression of the foregoing rule, by separating a musical accent from that which is requisite for the sense.

The doctrine of accenting English heroic verse is extremely simple. In the first place accenting is confined to the long syllables; for a short syllable is not capable of an accent. In the next place, as the melody is enriched in proportion to the number of accents, every word that has a long syllable may be accented; unless the sense interpose, which rejects the accenting a word that makes no figure by its signification. According to this rule, a line may admit five accents. But supposing every long syllable accented, there is, in every line, one accent that makes a greater figure than the rest, being that

pause; for upon a matter abundantly refined in itself, I would not willingly be embarrassed with faulty and irregular lines.

These preliminaries adjusted, I observe first, that an accent succeeded by a pause, as in lines of the first and third order, makes a much greater figure than where the voice goes on without a stop. No person who has an ear can be at a loss to distinguish that accent from others. The efficient cause is, that the elevation of an accenting tone produces in the mind a similar elevation, which continues during the pause; but where the pause is separated from the accent by a short syllable, as in lines of the second and fourth order, the impression made by the accent is more slight when there is no stop, and the elevation of the accent is gone in a moment by the falling of the voice in pronouncing the short syllable that follows. The pause also is affected by the position of the accent. In lines of the first and third order, the close conjunction of the accent and pause, occasions a sudden stop without preparation, which rouses the mind, and bestows on the melody a spirited air. But when the pause is separated from the accent by a short syllable, which happens in lines of the second and fourth order, the pause is soft and gentle;

for this short unaccented syllable, succeeding one that is accented, must be pronounced with a falling voice, which prepares for a pause; and the mind falls gently from the accented syllable, and slides into rest insensibly. The lines themselves derive different powers from the position of the pause. A pause after the fourth syllable divides the line into two unequal portions, of which the larger comes last: this circumstance resolving the line into an ascending series, makes an impression in pronouncing like that of ascending; and to this impression contribute the redoubled effort in pronouncing the larger portion, which is last in order. The mind has a different feeling when the pause succeeds the fifth syllable, which divides the line into two equal parts: these parts, pronounced with equal effort, are agreeable by their uniformity. A line divided by a pause after the sixth syllable, makes an impression opposite to that first mentioned: being divided into two unequal portions, of which the shorter is last in order, it appears like a slow descending series; and the second portion being pronounced with less effort than the first, the diminished effort prepares the mind for rest. And this preparation for rest is still more sensibly felt where the pause is after

the seventh syllable, as in lines of the fourth order.

To apply these observations is an easy task. A line of the first order is of all the most spirited and lively: the accent being followed by a pause, makes an illustrious figure: the elevated tone of the accent elevates the mind: the mind is supported in its elevation by the sudden unprepared pause, which rouses and animates; and the line itself, representing by its unequal division an ascending series, carries the mind still higher, making an impression similar to that of going upward. The second order has a modulation sensibly sweet, soft, and flowing: the accent is not so sprightly as in the former, because a short syllable intervenes between it and the pause: its elevation, by the same means, vanisheth instantaneously: the mind, by a falling voice, is gently prepared for a stop: and the pleasure of uniformity from the division of the line into two equal parts, is calm and sweet. The third order has a modulation not so easily expressed in words: it in part resembles the first order, by the liveliness of an accent succeeded by a full pause; but then the elevation occasioned by this circumstance, is balanced in some degree by the remitted effort in pronouncing the second portion, which effort has a tendency to rest. Another

circumstance distinguishes it remarkably: its capital accent comes late, being placed on the sixth syllable; and this circumstance bestows on it an air of gravity and solemnity. The last order resembles the second in the mildness of its accent, and softness of its pause; it is still more solemn than the third, by the lateness of its capital accent: it also possesses in a higher degree than the third, the tendency to rest; and by that circumstance is of all the best qualified for closing a period in the completest manner.

Each order, also, is distinguished by its final accent and pause: the unequal division in the first order, makes an impression of ascending; and the mind at the close is in the highest elevation, which naturally prompts it to put a strong emphasis upon the concluding syllable, whether by raising the voice to a sharper tone, or by expressing the word in a fuller tone. This order is of all the least proper for concluding a period, where a cadence is proper and not an accent. The second order being destitute of the impression of ascent, cannot rival the first order in the elevation of its concluding accent, nor consequently in the dignity of its concluding pause; for these have a mutual influence. This order, however, with respect to its close, maintains a

superiority over the third and fourth orders: in these, the close is more humble, being brought down by the impression of descent, and by the remitted effort in pronouncing; considerably in the third order, and still more considerably in the last. According to this description, the concluding accents and pauses of the four orders being reduced to a scale, will form a descending series probably in an arithmetical progression.

The first order is proper for a sentiment that is bold, lively, or impetuous; the third order is proper for what is grave, solemn, or lofty; the second for what is tender, delicate, or melancholy, and in general for all the sympathetic emotions; and the last for subjects of the same kind, when tempered with any degree of solemnity. I do not contend, that any one order is fitted for no other task than that assigned it: for at that rate, no sort of melody would be left for accompanying thoughts that have nothing peculiar in them. I only suggest, with diffidence, that each of the orders is peculiarly adapted to certain subjects, and better qualified than the others for expressing them.

Blank verse has so many circumstances in common with rhyme, that its peculiarities may be brought within a narrow compass. With

respect to form, it differs from rhyme in rejecting the jingle of similar sounds, which purifies it from a childish pleasure. The peculiar advantage of blank verse is, that it is at liberty to attend the imagination in its boldest flights. Rhyme necessarily divides verse into couplets; each couplet makes a complete musical period, the parts of which are divided by pauses, and the whole summed up by a full close at the end: the melody begins anew with the next couplet; and in this manner a composition in rhyme proceeds couplet after couplet. From the correspondence and concord that subsist between sound and sense, it is a plain inference, that if a couplet be a complete period, with regard to melody, it ought regularly to be the same with regard to sense. As it is difficult to support such strictness of composition, licenses are indulged, which must be used with discretion, to preserve some degree of concord between the sense and the music: there ought never to be a full close in the sense but at the end of a couplet; and there ought always to be some pause in the sense at the end of every couplet: the same period, as to sense, may be extended through several couplets; but each couplet ought to contain a distinct member, distin-

guished by a pause in the sense as well as in the sound; and the whole ought to be closed with a complete cadence. Rules such as these confine rhyme within narrow bounds: a thought of any extent, cannot be reduced within its compass; the sense must be curtailed and broken into parts, to make it square with the curtness of the melody; and beside, short periods afford no latitude for inversion.

I have examined this point with the stricter accuracy, to give a just notion of blank verse; and to show, that a slight difference in form may produce a great difference in substance. Blank verse has the same pauses and accents with rhyme, and a pause at the end of every line, like that which concludes the first line of a couplet. In a word, the rules of melody in blank verse, are the same that obtain with respect to the first line of a couplet; but being disengaged from couplets, there is access to make every line run into another, precisely so as to make the first line of a couplet run into the second. There must be a musical pause at the end of every line; but this pause is so slight as not to require a pause in the sense: and accordingly the sense may be carried on with or without pauses, till a period of the utmost ex-

tent be completed by a full close both in the sense and the sound: there is no restraint, other than that this full close be at the end of a line. Hence the fitness of blank verse for inversion: and consequently the lustre of its pauses and accents.

In the second section of this chapter it is shown, that nothing contributes more than inversion to the force and elevation of language: the couplets of rhyme confine inversion; nor would the elevation of inversion, in rhyme, accord with the humbler tone of that sort of verse. The loftiness of Milton's style supports admirably the sublimity of his subject: and this loftiness arises chiefly from inversion. Shakespeare deals little in inversion: his blank verse is a sort of measured prose, perfectly well adapted to the stage, where laboured inversion is highly improper, because in dialogue it never can be natural.

That superior power of expression which verse acquires by laying aside rhyme, is not the only ground for preferring blank verse: it possesses more extensive and complete melody. Its music is not confined to a single couplet; but takes in a great compass, so as to rival music properly so called. The interval between its cadences may be long or short; and, by that

means, its melody, with respect both to richness and variety, is far superior to that of rhyme, and superior even to that of the Greek and Latin hexameter. Of this observation no person can doubt who is acquainted with the *Paradise Lost:* in which work there are indeed many careless lines; but at every turn the richest melody as well as the sublimest sentiments are conspicuous.

Comparing Latin hexameter with English heroic rhyme, the former has obviously the advantage. It is preferable as to arrangement, by the latitude it admits in placing the long and short syllables. Secondly, the length of an hexameter line has a majestic air: ours, by its shortness, is more lively, but less fitted for the sublime. And, thirdly, the long high-sounding words that hexameter admits, add to its majesty. To compensate these advantages, English rhyme possesses a greater number and variety both of pauses and of accents. These two sorts of verse stand indeed in opposition: in hexameter, great variety of arrangement, none in the pauses nor accents; in English rhyme, great variety in the pauses and accents, very little in the arrangement.

In blank verse are united the several proper-

ties of Latin hexameter and English rhyme; and it possesses many properties of its own. It is not confined, like hexameter, by a full close at the end of every line; nor, like rhyme, by a full close at the end of every couplet. Its construction, which admits the lines to run into each other, gives it a still greater majesty than arises from the length of an hexameter line. By the same means, it admits inversion even beyond the Latin or Greek hexameter; for these suffer some confinement by the regular closes at the end of every line. In its music it is illustrious above all: the melody of hexameter verse is circumscribed to a line; and of English rhyme, to a couplet: the melody of blank verse is under no confinement, but runs hand in hand with the sense. In a word, blank verse is superior to hexameter in many articles; and inferior to it in none, save in the freedom of arrangement, and in the use of long words.

In French heroic verse, there are found, on the contrary, all the defects of Latin hexameter and the English rhyme, without the beauties of either: subjected to the bondage of rhyme, and to the full close at the end of every couplet, it is also extremely fatiguing by uniformity in its pauses and accents: the line invariably is di-

vided by the pause into two equal parts, and the accent is invariably placed before the pause.

English hexameter would be destitute of melody, unless by artful pronunciation; because of necessity the bulk of its sounds must be arbitrary. The pronunciation is easy in a simple movement of alternate long and short syllables; but would be perplexing and unpleasant in the diversified movement of hexameter verse.

In modern tongues rhyme has become universal among men as well as children; and it cannot have such currency without some foundation in human nature. In fact, it has been successfully employed by poets of genius, in their serious and grave compositions, as well as in those which are more light and airy.

Rhyme, which connects two-verse lines by making them close with two words similar in sound, rouses the mind, and produces an emotion moderately gay without dignity or elevation: like the murmuring of a brook gliding through pebbles, it calms the mind when perturbed, and gently raises it when sunk. These effects are scarce perceived when the whole poem is in rhyme; but are extremely remarkable by contrast, in the couplets that close the several acts of our later tragedies; the tone of the mind

is sensibly varied by them, from anguish, distress, or melancholy, to some degree of ease and alacrity.

Having described the impression that rhyme makes on the mind, I proceed to examine whether there be any subjects to which rhyme is peculiarly adapted, and for what subjects it is improper. Grand and lofty subjects, which have a powerful influence, claim precedence in this inquiry. In the chapter of Grandeur and Sublimity it is established, that a grand or sublime object inspires a warm enthusiastic emotion, disdaining strict regularity and order. This emotion is different from that inspired by the moderately enlivening music of rhyme. Supposing then an elevated subject to be expressed in rhyme, what must be the effect? The intimate union of the music with the subject, produces an intimate union of their emotions; one inspired by the subject, tends to elevate and expand the mind; and one inspired by the music, which tends to prevent all elevation above its own pitch.

The cheering and enlivening power of rhyme is still more remarkable in poems of short lines, where the rhymes return upon the ear in a quick succession; for which reason rhyme is perfectly

well adapted to gay, light, and airy subjects. Witness the following:

O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love and when we languish!
Wishes rising,
Thoughts surprising,
Pleasure courting,
Charms transporting,
Fancy viewing,
Joys ensuing,
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish!

ROSAMOND, ACT I. Sc. 2.

For that reason, such frequent rhymes are very improper for any severe or serious passion: the dissonance between the subject and the melody is very sensibly felt.

Rhyme is not less unfit for anguish or deep distress, than for subjects elevated and lofty; and for that reason has been long disused in the English and Italian tragedy. In a work where the subject is serious, though not elevated, rhyme has not a good effect, as in the *Essay on Man*. Sportive love, mirth, gaiety, humour, and ridicule, are the province of rhyme. The boundaries assigned it by nature, were extended in barbarous and illiterate ages; and in its usurpations it has long been protected by custom:

but taste in the fine arts, as well as in morals, improves daily, and makes a progress toward perfection, slow indeed, but uniform; and there is no reason to doubt that rhyme, in Britain, will in time be forced to abandon its unjust conquest, and to confine itself within its natural limits.

The melody of verse so powerfully enchants the mind, as to draw a veil over very gross faults and imperfections. Of this power a stronger example cannot be given than the episode of Aristæus, which closes the fourth book of the *Georgics*. To renew a stock of bees when the former is lost, Virgil asserts, that they may be produced in the entrails of a bullock, slain and managed in a certain manner. This leads him to say, how this strange receipt was invented: which is as follows. Aristæus having lost his bees by disease and famine, never dreams of employing the ordinary means for obtaining a new stock; but, like a froward child, complains heavily to his mother Cyrene, a water-nymph. She advises him to consult Proteus, a sea-god, not how he was to obtain a new stock, but only by what fatality he had lost his former stock; adding, that violence was necessary, because Proteus would say nothing voluntarily. Aristæus, satisfied with this advice, though it gave him

no prospect of repairing his loss, proceeds to execution. Proteus is caught sleeping, bound with cords, and compelled to speak. He declares, that Aristæus was punished with the loss of his bees, for attempting the chastity of Eurydice the wife of Orpheus; she having been stung to death by a serpent in flying his embraces. Proteus, whose sullenness ought to have been converted into wrath by the rough treatment he met with, becomes on a sudden courteous and communicative. He gives the whole history of the expedition to hell which Orpheus undertook in order to recover his spouse: a very entertaining story, but without the least relation to what was in view. Aristæus, returning to his mother, is advised to deprecate by sacrifices the wrath of Orpheus, who was now dead. A bullock is sacrificed, and out of the entrails spring miraculously a swarm of bees. Does it follow, that the same may be obtained without a miracle, as is supposed in the receipt?

CHAPTER XIX.

Comparisons.

COMPARISONS serve two purposes: when addressed to the understanding, their purpose is

to instruct; when to the heart, to please. The means which contribute to the latter, are, suggesting some unusual resemblance or contrast, setting an object in the strongest light, associating an object with others that are agreeable, elevating or depressing an object.

Objects of different senses cannot be compared together; for being separated from each other, they have no circumstance in common to admit resemblance or contrast. Objects of hearing, of taste, of smell, and of touch, may be compared; but the chief fund of comparison are objects of sight; because, in writing or speaking, things can only be compared in idea, and ideas of sight are more distinct than those of any other sense.

When a nation emerging out of barbarity begins to think of the fine arts, the beauties of language cannot long lie concealed; and when discovered, they are, by the force of novelty, carried beyond moderation. In the early poems of every nation, we find metaphors and similies founded on slight and distant resemblances, which, losing their grace and their novelty, wear gradually out of repute; by the improvement of taste, none but correct metaphors and similies are admitted in polite composition. With respect to similies, take the following specimen:

Behold thou art fair, my love: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead: thy teeth are like a flock of sheep from the washing, every one bearing twins: thy lips are like a thread of scarlet: thy neck like the tower of David built for an armoury, whereon hang a thousand shields of mighty men: thy two breasts like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies: thy eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose like the tower of Lebanon, looking toward Damascus. SONG OF SOLOMON.

Thou art like snow on the heath; thy hair like the mist of Cromla, when it curls on the rocks, and shines to the beam of the west: thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen from Branno of the streams; thy arms like two white pillars in the hall of the mighty Fingal. FINGAL.

It has no good effect to compare things by way of simile that are of the same kind; nor to compare by contrast things of different kinds.

A man and a lion are of different species, and therefore are proper subjects for a simile; but there is no such resemblance between them in general, as to produce any strong effect by contrasting particular attributes or circumstances.

Abstract terms can never be the subject of comparison, otherwise than by being personified. Shakespeare compares adversity to a toad, and slander to the bite of a crocodile; but in such

comparisons these abstract terms must be imagined sensible beings.

Comparisons must be distinguished into two kinds; one common and familiar, as where a man is compared to a lion in courage, or to a horse in speed; the other more distant and refined, where two things that have in themselves no resemblance or opposition, are compared with respect to their effects. There is no sort of resemblance between a flower-pot and a cheerful song; and yet they may be compared with respect to their effects, the emotions they produce being similar. There is as little resemblance between fraternal concord and precious ointment; and yet observe how successfully they are compared with respect to the impressions they make.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon Aaron's beard, and descended to the skirts of his garment. PSALM 133.

The poems of Ossian abound with comparisons of this delicate kind, and appear singularly happy in them.

Of the different means by which comparisons can afford pleasure, I begin with such as are agreeable, by suggesting some unusual resemblance or contrast.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head.

AS YOU LIKE IT. ACT II. SC. 1.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker prancing to his love!

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

Brutus. O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT IV. SC. 3.

The pleasures these similies afford arises from suggesting resemblances that are not obvious.

The next effect of a comparison is to place an object in a strong point of view; which effect is remarkable in the following similies:

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(Whilst some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),
Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this nor that descends:
So stood the war till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turned the scales of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the wall he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.

ILIAD, BOOK XII. 521.

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

TWELFTH NIGHT. ACT II. Sc. 4.

——— Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

MACBETH, ACT V. Sc. 5.

Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast? FINGAL.

There is a joy in grief when peace dwells with the sorrowful. But they are wasted with mourning, O daughter of Toscar, and their days are few. They fall away like the flower on which the sun looks in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night. FINGAL.

As words convey but a faint and obscure notion of great numbers, a poet, to give a lively notion of the object he describes with regard to number, does well to compare it to what is familiar and commonly known. Thus Homer compares the Grecian army, in point of number, to a swarm of bees: in another passage, he compares it to that profusion of leaves and flowers which appear in the spring, or of insects

in a summer's evening: and Milton compares the "bad angels" to locusts, *Paradise Lost*, Book 1.

Such comparisons have, by some writers, been condemned, but without reason, for the lowness of the images introduced: with regard to numbers, they put the principal subject in a strong light. The foregoing comparisons operate by resemblance; others have the same effect by contrast.

York. I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild;
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplished with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend; and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

RICHARD II. ACT II. Sc. 1.

Milton has a peculiar talent in embellishing the principal subject by associating it with others that are agreeable; which is the third end of a comparison. Similies of this kind diversify the

narration by new images that are not strictly necessary to the comparison; they are episodes which afford great delight by their beauty and variety:

——————— Thus far these, beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. MILTON, B. 1.

In similies of this kind, when a resembling subject is once properly introduced, the mind is transitorily amused with the new object, and is not dissatisfied with the slight interruption. In fine weather, the momentary excursions of a traveller for agreeable prospects or elegant buildings, cheer his mind, and without much lengthening his journey, shorten it greatly in appearance.

Comparisons that aggrandize or elevate affect us more than any other: the reason of which may be gathered from the chapter of Grandeur

and Sublimity; and, without reasoning, will be evident from the following:

As rusheth a foamy stream from the dark shady steep of Cromla, when thunder is rolling above, and dark brown night rests on the hill: so fierce, so vast, so terrible, rush forward the sons of Erin. The chief, like a whale of ocean followed by all its billows, pours valour forth as a stream, rolling its might along the shore. FINGAL, B. 1.

The following simile will afford evidence, that there is a real, though nice, distinction between the two feelings of Grandeur and Sublimity:

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
Half-sunk with all his pines. MILTON, B. 6.

A comparison by contrast may contribute to grandeur or elevation, no less than by resemblance. The lessening or depressing of a hated or disagreeable object is effectually done by resembling it to any thing low or despicable. Thus Milton, in his description of the rout of

the rebel-angels, expresses their terror and dismay in the following simile;

——————— As a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backwards, but far worse
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven. MILTON, B. 6.

In the same view, Homer may be justified in comparing the shouts of the Trojans in battle to the noise of cranes,* and to the bleating of a flock of sheep:† it is no objection that these are low images; it was his intention to lessen the Trojans by opposing their noisy march to the silent and manly march of the Greeks. Addison,‡ describing the figure that men make in the sight of a superior being, takes opportunity to mortify their pride by comparing them to a swarm of pismires.

A comparison that is built upon trifling circumstances, makes a mighty silly figure.

* Beginning of Book 3. † Book 4. l. 498.
‡ Guardian, No. 153.

By this time the different purposes of comparison, and the various impressions it makes on the mind, are sufficiently illustrated. This was an easy task. It is more difficult to lay down rules about the propriety or impropriety of comparisons; in what circumstances they may be introduced, and in what circumstances they are out of place. A comparison is not proper on every occasion: a man when cool and sedate, is not disposed to poetical flights, nor to sacrifice truth and reality to imaginary beauties: far less is he so disposed when oppressed with care, or interested in some important transaction. On the other hand, a man, when animated by passion, is disposed to elevate all his objects: he avoids familiar names, exalts objects by circumlocution and metaphor, and gives even life and voluntary action to inanimate beings. In this heat of mind, the highest poetical flights are indulged, and the boldest similies and metaphors relished. But without soaring so high, the mind is frequently in a tone to relish chaste and moderate ornament; such as comparisons that place the principal object in a strong light, or embellish and diversify the narration. In general, when by an animating passion, an impulse is given to the imagination, we are disposed to figurative expression, and particularly to comparisons. This

is evident from the comparisons already mentioned; and shall be further illustrated by other instances. Love, in its infancy, rousing the imagination, prompts the heart to display itself in figurative language, and in similies:

Troilus, Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed, is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and the sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, ACT I. Sc. 1.

The dread of a misfortune, however eminent, involving always some doubt and uncertainty, agitates the mind and excites the imagination:

Wolsey. ——————— Nay, then, farewell:
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

HENRY VIII. ACT III. Sc. 2.

Comparisons are often improperly introduced. Similies are not the language of a man in his ordinary state of mind, despatching his daily and usual work. For that reason, the following

speech of a gardener to his servants, is extremely improper:

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots,
Which like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou; and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in our government.

RICHARD II. ACT III. Sc. 4.

Rooted grief, deep anguish, terror, remorse, despair, and all the dispiriting passions, are enemies to the pomp and solemnity of comparison. Upon that account, the simile pronounced by Rutland, under terror of death from an inveterate enemy, and praying mercy, is unnatural.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

THIRD PART HENRY VI. ACT I. Sc. 3.

A simile is improper for one who dreads the discovery of a secret machination:

Zara. The mute not yet return'd! Ha! it was the King,
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;

His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course.

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT V. Sc. 3.

A man spent and dispirited after losing a battle, is not disposed to heighten or illustrate his discourse by similies:

York. With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

THIRD PARD HENRY VI. ACT I. Sc. 4.

Similies unseasonably introduced, are finely ridiculed in the *Rehearsal.*

Bayes. Now here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surprised; that's a general rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surprised; 'tis a new way of writing.

A comparison is not always faultless even where it is properly introduced. Like other human productions, it may fall short of its aim; of which defect instances are not rare even among

good writers; nothing can be more erroneous than to institute a comparison too faint: a distant resemblance or contrast fatigues the mind with its obscurity, and tends not to fulfil any one end of a comparison. Thus:

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, Cousin, seize the crown.
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount on high.

RICHARD II. ACT IV. Sc. 1.

The next error is a capital one. In an epic poem, or in a poem upon any elevated subject, a writer ought to avoid raising a simile on a low image, which never fails to bring down the principal subject. A grand object ought never to be resembled to one that is diminutive, however delicate the resemblance; for it is the peculiar character of a grand object to fix the attention, and swell the mind; to contract it to a minute object, is therefore unpleasant. The resembling an object to one that is greater, has a good effect, by raising the mind: for one passes with satisfaction from small to great; but cannot be

drawn down, without reluctance, from great to small.

An error, opposite to the former, is the introducing a resembling image, so elevated or great as to bear no proportion to the principal subject. Their remarkable disparity never fails to depress the principal subject by contrast, instead of raising it by resemblance: if the disparity be great, the simile degenerates into burlesque; nothing being more ridiculous than to force an object out of its proper rank in nature, by equalling it with one greatly superior or greatly inferior.

A writer of delicacy will avoid drawing his comparisons from any image that is nauseous, ugly, or remarkably disagreeable; for however strong the resemblance may be, more will be lost than gained by such comparison.

The strongest objection that can lie against a comparison is, that it consists in words only, not in sense. Such false coin, or bastard wit, does extremely well in burlesque; but is far below the dignity of the epic, or of any serious composition.

> The noble sister of Poplicola,
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.
>
> CORIOLANUS. ACT V. Sc. 3.

There is no resemblance between an icicle and a woman, chaste or unchaste: but chastity is cold in a metaphorical sense, and an icicle is cold in a proper sense: this verbal resemblance, in the hurry and glow of composing, has been thought a sufficient foundation for the simile. Such phantom similies are mere witticisms.

——— But for their spirits and souls
This word *rebellion* had froze them up
As fish are in a pond.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT I. Sc. 2.

Queen. The pretty vaulting sea refused to drown me;
Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.

SECOND PART HENRY VI. ACT III. Sc. 2.

Here there is no manner of resemblance but in the word *drown;* for there is no real resemblance between being drowned at sea, and dying of grief at land. But perhaps this sort of tinsel wit may have a propriety in it, when used to express an affected, not a real passion, which was the Queen's case.

Pope has several similies of the same stamp in his *Essay on Man*, the most instructive of all his performances.

A vulgar Irish ballad begins thus:

I have as much love in store
As there's apples in Portmore.

Where the subject is burlesque or ludicrous, such similies are far from being improper. And Shakespeare says,

In breaking oaths he's stronger than Hercules.

Beside the foregoing comparisons, which are all serious, there is a species, the purpose of which is to excite gaiety or mirth. Take the following examples: Falstaff, speaking to his page:

I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT I. SC. 2.

I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT III. SC. 4.

This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon Knights-errant do.

HUDIBRAS, CANTO 1.

Description of Hudibras's horse:

He was well stay'd and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave majestic state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace than Spaniard whipt:
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:

That Cæsar's horse, who as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.

CANTO I.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion, different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited, fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

RAPE OF THE LOCK, CANTO 3.

CHAPTER XX.

SECTION I.—*Personification.*

THE bestowing sensibility and voluntary motion upon things inanimate, is so bold a figure, as to require very peculiar circumstances for operating the delusion; and yet, in the language of poetry, we find variety of expressions, which are used without ceremony, or preparation; as,

for example, *thirsty* ground, *hungry* churchyard, *furious* dart, *angry* ocean.

The mind, agitated by passion, is prone to bestow sensibility upon things inanimate. This is an additional instance of the influence of passion upon our opinions and belief. Antony, mourning over the body of Cœsar, vents his passion in these words:

Antony. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT III. Sc. 2.

Antony must have been impressed with a notion that the body of Cæsar was listening to him, without which the speech would be foolish and absurd. It appears not strange that passion should have such power over the mind of man. In another example of the same kind, the earth, as a common mother, is animated to give refuge against a father's unkindness:

Almeria. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield!
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent;
——I have no parent else.——Be thou a mother,

And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was——who was, but is no more a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And for the tender names of *child* and *daughter*,
Now calls me *murderer* and *parricide*.

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT. IV. Sc. 7.

Plaintive passions are solicitous for vent; and a soliloquy answers the purpose: but when passion becomes excessive, it cannot be gratified but by sympathy from others; and if denied that consolation, it will convert things inanimate into sympathizing beings. Thus Philoctetes complains to the rocks and promontories of the isle of Lemnos;* and Alcestes dying, invokes the sun, the light of day, the clouds, the earth, her husband's palace, &c.† Moschus, lamenting the death of Bion, conceives, that the birds, the fountains, the trees, lament with him. The shepherd, who in Virgil bewails the death of Daphnis, represents the African lions as lamenting Daphnis.

That such personification is derived from nature, will not admit the least remaining doubt, after finding it in poems of the darkest ages and

* Philoctetes of Sophocles, Act IV. Sc. 2.

† Alcestes of Euripides, Act II. Sc. 1.

remotest countries. No figure is more frequent in Ossian's works.

The battle is over, said the king, and I behold the blood of my friends. Sad is the heath of Lena, and mournful the oaks of Cromla.

Again:

The sword of Gaul trembles at his side, and longs to glitter in his hand.

After a long voyage, it was customary among the ancients to salute the natal soil. The safe return to one's country after much fatigue and danger, was a delightful circumstance; and it was natural to give the natal soil a temporary life, in order to sympathize with the traveller. See an example, *Agamemnon* of Æschilus, Act 3. in the beginning. Regret for leaving a place one has been accustomed to, has the same effect.* Terror produceth the same effect: it is communicated in thought to every thing around, even to things inanimate:

Go, view the settling sea. The stormy wind is laid; but the billows still tremble on the deep, and seem to fear the blast. FINGAL.

Racine, in the tragedy of *Phædra*, describing the sea-monster that destroyed Hippolytus, con-

* Philoctetes of Sophocles, at the close.

ceives the sea itself to be struck with terror as well as the spectators.

A man also communicates his joy to all objects around, animate or inanimate:

As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odour from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd, they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK IV.

In all the foregoing examples, the personification is so complete as to afford conviction, momentary indeed, of life and intelligence. But personification is not always so complete: in descriptive poetry it is the language of the writer, not of the person he describes: in this case, it seldom comes up to conviction of life and intelligence.

EXAMPLES.

First in *his* east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays; jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road: the grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before *him* danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite, in levell'd west was set,

His mirror, with full face borrowing *her* light
From *him*; for other light *she* needed none.

PARADISE LOST, B. 7. *l.* 370.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

ROMEO AND JULIET, ACT III. Sc. 7.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

HAMLET, ACT I. Sc. 1.

In the foregoing instances the personification amounts not to a conviction of intelligence; that the sun, the moon, the day, the morn, are not here understood to be sensible beings. This personification must be referred to the imagination: the inanimate object is imagined to be a sensible being, but without any conviction that it really is so. Ideas or fictions of imagination have power to raise emotions in the mind; and when any thing inanimate is supposed to be a sensible being, it makes a greater figure than when an idea is formed of it according to truth. This sort of personification, far inferior to the other in elevation, is of two kinds. The first,

* The chastity of the English language, which in common usage distinguishes by genders no words but what signify beings male and female, gives thus a fine opportunity for the prosopopœia; a beauty unknown in other languages, where every word is masculine or feminine.

being more noble, may be termed *passionate personification;* the other, more humble, *descriptive personification;* because seldom is personification in a description carried to conviction.

The imagination lively and active, raises its images with little effort; and this justifies the frequent use of descriptive personification. This figure abounds in Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso.*

Abstract and general terms are often necessary, but not well adapted to poetry, because they suggest not any image: I can readily form an image of Alexander or Achilles in wrath; but I cannot form an image of wrath in the abstract, or of wrath independent of a person.

Thus to explain the effects of slander, it is imagined to be a voluntary agent.

——————No, 'tis Slander:
Whose edge is sharper than the sword.

CYMBELINE, ACT III. Sc. 4.

As also human passions; take the following example:

- For *Pleasure* and *Revenge*
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, ACT II. Sc 2.

Virgil explains fame and its effects by a still

greater variety of action.* And Shakespeare personifies death and its operations in a manner singularly fanciful:

——————Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if his flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king.

RICHARD II. ACT III. Sc. 2.

Descriptive personification may be used with propriety where the purpose of the discourse is instruction:

Oh! let the steps of youth be cautious
How they advance into a dangerous world;
Our duty only can conduct us safe.
Our passions are seducers; but of all
The strongest *Love*. He first approaches us
In childish play, wantoning in our walks:
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing way,
We're lost, and hardly to return again.
We should take warning: he is painted blind,

* Æneid, iv. 173.

To shew us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let *Virtue* take him by the hand;
Directed so, he leads to certain joy. SOUTHERN.

When we look back to the expressions *thirsty* ground, *furious* dart, and such like, it seems difficult to say, whether there be in them any sort of personification. Such expressions raise not the slightest conviction of sensibility; nor do they amount to descriptive personification; in them, we do not even figure the ground or the dart to be animated. If so, they cannot at all come under the present subject.

Though thus in general we can distinguish descriptive personification from a figure of speech, it is often difficult to say, with respect to some expressions, whether they are of one kind or of the other. A sprightly imagination will advance them to the former class; with a plain reader they will remain in the latter.

Having thus at large explained the present figure, we will next show in what cases it may be introduced with propriety, when it is suitable, when unsuitable. Passionate personification is not promoted by every passion indifferently. All dispiriting passions are averse to it; and remorse is too serious to be gratified with a phantom of the mind.

After a passionate personification is properly introduced, it ought to be confined to its proper province, that of gratifying the passion, without giving place to any sentiment or action but what answers that purpose; for personification ought to be employed with great reserve. The passion of love, in a plaintive tone, may give a momentary life to woods and rocks, to make them sensible of the lover's distress; but no passion will support a conviction so far-stretched, as that these woods and rocks should be living witnesses to report the distress to others: as *Pastor Fido*, Act III. Sc. 3. No lover who is not crazed will utter such a sentiment: it is plainly the operation of the writer, indulging his inventive faculty without regard to nature.

Next comes descriptive personification; which ought to be cautiously used. A personage in a tragedy, agitated by a strong passion, deals in warm sentiments; and the reader, catching fire by sympathy, relishes the boldest personifications; but a writer, even in the most lively description, taking a lower flight, ought to content himself with such easy personifications as agree with the tone of mind inspired by the description. Nor is such easy personification always admitted; in plain narrative, the mind rejects personification.

In Shakespeare, the speech of King John, gravely exhorting the citizens of Angiers to a surrender, is quite burlesque:

> The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
> And ready mounted are they to spit forth
> Their iron-indignation 'gainst your walls.
>
> ACT II. Sc. 1.

If extraordinary marks of respect to a person of low rank be ridiculous, no less so is the personification, descriptive personification, of a low subject.

A poet of superior genius, possessing the power of inflaming the mind, may take liberties that would be too bold in others. Homer appears not extravagant in animating his darts and arrows; nor Thomson in animating the seasons, the winds, the rains, the dews; he even ventures to animate the diamond,

> ——————— That polish'd bright
> And all its native lustre let abroad,
> Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
> With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

But there are things familiar and base, to which personification cannot descend without degenerating into burlesque:

> How now! What noise! that spirit's possessed with haste,
> That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.
>
> MEASURE FOR MEASURE, ACT IV. Sc. 2.

The same observation is applicable to abstract terms, which ought not to be animated unless they have some natural dignity: as

> O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
> On which *the power of cultivation* lies,
> And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
>
> SUMMER, l. 1435.

Thirdly: it is not sufficient to avoid improper subjects, some preparation is necessary to rouse the mind; for the imagination refuses its aid, till it be warmed or inflamed. Yet Thomson, without preparation, introduceth each season as a sensible being:

> From bright'ning fields of æther fair disclos'd,
> Child of the sun, refulgent *Summer* comes,
> In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth,
> He comes attended by the sultry hours,
> And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
> While from his ardent look the turning Spring
> Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies
> All smiling to his hot dominion leaves.
>
> IBID. l. 1.

Fourthly: Descriptive personification ought to be kept within the bounds of moderation. A reader, warmed with a beautiful subject, can imagine the winds animated: but still the winds are the subject; and any action ascribed to them beyond their usual operation, seldom fails to

banish the illusion: the reader's imagination, too far strained, refuses its aid; the description becomes obscure; and in this view the following passage, describing Cleopatra on shipboard, appears exceptionable:

> The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
> Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
> Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
> The winds were love-sick with them.
>
> ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT II. Sc. 2.

To figure the winds love-sick, has no resemblance to them in any circumstance. In another passage, where Cleopatra is also the subject, the personification of the air is carried beyond all bounds:

> The city cast
> Its people out upon her; and Antony,
> Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
> Whistling to th' air, which but for vacancy,
> Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
> And made a gap in nature. IBID.

Fifthly: the enthusiasm of passion may prolong passionate personification: but descriptive personification cannot be dispatched in too few words: a circumstantiate description dissolves the charm, and makes the attempt to personify appear ridiculous.

A poet, in a short and lively expression, may animate his muse, his genius, and even his verse; but to animate his verse, and to address a whole epistle to it, as Boileau doth,* is insupportable.

The following passage is not less faulty:

Her fate whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more.

POPE'S PASTORALS, IV. 61.

Let grief or love have the power to animate the winds, the trees, the floods, provided the figure be dispatched in a single expression: even in that case, the figure seldom has a good effect, because grief or love of the pastoral kind, are causes rather too faint for so violent an effect as imagining the winds, trees, or floods to be sensible beings. But when this figure is deliberately spread out, with great regularity and accuracy, through many lines, the reader, instead of relishing it, is struck with its ridiculous appearance.

* Epistle 10.

Sect. II.—*Apostrophe.*

This figure and the former are derived from the same principle. If to humour a plaintive passion, we can bestow a momentary sensibility upon an inanimate object, it is not more difficult to bestow a momentary presence upon a sensible being who is absent.

Strike the harp in praise of Bragela, whom I left in the isle of mist, the spouse of my love. Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin? The sea is rolling far distant, and its white foam shall deceive thee for my sails. Retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair. Retire to the hall of my feasts, and think of the times that are past; for I will not return till the storm of war is gone. Oh, Connal! speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind: for lovely, with her raven-hair, is the white-bosom'd daughter of Sorgian. FINGAL, B. 1.

This figure is sometimes joined with the former: things inanimate, to qualify them for listening, are personified, but conceived to be present:

Helena. ————Poor Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of non-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Was't shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? *O you leaden messengers,*
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; pierce the still moving air
That sings with piercing; do not touch my Lord!
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, ACT III. Sc. 2.

This figure, like all others, requires an agitation of mind. In plain narrative, as for example, in giving the genealogy of a family, it has no good effect.

SECT. III.—*Hyperbole.*

In this figure, an object is magnified or diminished beyond truth. An object of an uncommon size, either very great or very little, strikes us with surprise: this emotion produces a momentary conviction, that the object is greater or less than it is in reality. The same effect attends figurative grandeur or littleness: hence the hyperbole, which expresses that momentary conviction. A writer, taking advantage of this delusion, warms his description by the hyperbole: and the reader, in his coolest moments, relishes the figure, being sensible it is the operation of nature upon a glowing fancy. A writer is commonly more successful in magnifying by a hyperbole than in diminishing. The reason is, that a minute object contracts the mind, and fetters its powers of imagination; but that the mind, dilated with a grand object, moulds ob-

jects for its gratification with great facility. Longinus, with respect to diminishing hyperbole, quotes the following ludicrous thought from a comic poet: "He was owner of a bit of ground no larger than a Lacedemonian letter."* But, for the reason now given, the hyperbole has by far the greater force in magnifying objects; of which take the following examples.

For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth; so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

GENESIS XIII. 15, 16.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.

HENRY I. ACT I. SC. 1.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd.
Host against host, with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

ILIAD, iv. 508.

Having examined the nature of this figure, I proceed to the rules by which it ought to be governed. And, in the first place, it is a capital fault to introduce an hyperbole in the de-

* Chap. 31 of his Treatise on the Sublime.

scription of any thing ordinary or familiar; for in such a case, it is unnatural, being destitute of surprise, its only foundation. Take the following instance, where the subject is familiar, *viz.* swimming to gain the shore after a shipwreck:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water:
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes
To th' *shore*, that o'er his wave-borne basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.

TEMPEST, ACT II. SC. 1.

In the next place, hyperbole can never suit the tone of any dispiriting passion: sorrow will never prompt such a figure; the following hyperboles must therefore be condemned as unnatural:

K. Richard. Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears:
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

RICHARD II. ACT III. SC. 3.

Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

JULIUS CÆSAR. ACT I. SC. I.

As when the *force*
Of subterranean wind transports a hill.
PARADISE LOST.

As when the *potent rod*
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day
Wav'd round the coast, upcall'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts. PARADISE LOST.

SECT. V.—*A Figure, which, among related Objects, extends the Properties of one to another.*

This figure is not dignified with a proper name, because it has been overlooked by writers. It merits, however, a place in this work; and must be distinguished from those formerly handled, as depending on a different principle. *Giddy brink*, *jovial wine*, *daring wound*, are examples of this figure. Here are adjectives that cannot be made to signify any quality of the substantives to which they are joined: a *brink*, for example, cannot be termed giddy in a sense, either proper or figurative, that can signify any of its qualities or attributes. When we examine attentively the expression, we discover, that a *brink* is termed *giddy* from producing that effect in those who stand on it. In the same manner a wound is said to be *daring*, not with respect to itself, but with respect to

the boldness of the person who inflicts it: and wine is said to be *jovial*, as inspiring mirth and jollity. Thus the attributes of one subject are extended to another with which it is connected; and the expression of such a thought must be considered as a figure, because the attribute is not applicable to the subject in any proper sense.

How are we to account for this figure, which we see lies in the thought, and to what principle shall we refer it? The mind passes easily and sweetly along a train of connected objects; and, where they are intimately connected, it is disposed to carry along the good or bad properties of one to another. From this principle is derived the figure under consideration. Thus, when a sword in the hand of a coward, is termed *a coward sword*, the expression is significative of an internal operation. Governed by the same principle, we say *listening* fear, by extending the attribute *listening* of the man who listens, to the passion with which he is moved. In the expression, *bold deed*, or *audax facinus*, we extend to the effect what properly belongs to the cause. But the best way to give a complete view of the subject, is to exhibit a table of the different relations that may give occasion to this figure. And in viewing the table, it will be ob-

served, that the figure can never have any grace but where the relations are of the most intimate kind.

1. An attribute of the cause expressed as an attribute of the effect.

Of yonder fleet a *bold* discovery make.

An impious mortal gave the *daring* wound.

2. An attribute of the effect expressed as an attribute of the cause.

No wonder, fallen such a *pernicious* height.

PARADISE LOST.

3. An effect expressed as an attribute of the cause.

Jovial wine, Giddy brink, Drowsy night, Musing midnight, Panting height, Astonish'd thought, Mournful gloom.

Casting a dim *religious* light. MILTON, COMUS.

And the *merry* bells ring round,
And the *jocund* rebecks sound. MILTON, ALLEGRO.

4. An attribute of a subject bestowed upon one of its parts or member. *Longing* arms.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the *fearful* hollow of thine ear.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act III. Sc. 5.

——————— And ready now
To stoop with *wearied* wing and *willing* feet,
On the bare outside of this world:

PARADISE LOST, B. 3.

5. A quality of the agent given to the instrument with which it operates.

Why peep your *coward* swords half out their shells?

6. An attribute of the agent given to the subject upon which it operates. *High-climbing* hill.—MILTON.

7. A quality of one subject given to another.

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his *drooping* chair.
SHAKESPEARE.

By art, the pilot through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the *fearless* ship.
ILIAD, xxiii. 385.

A *stupid* moment motionless she stood.
SUMMER, l. 1336.

8. A circumstance connected with a subject, expressed as a quality of it. *Breezy* summit.

'Tis ours the chance of *fighting* fields to try.
ILIAD, i. 301.

Oh! had I died before that *well-fought* wall.
ODYSSEY, v. 395.

From this table it appears, that the adorning a cause with an attribute of the effect, is not so agreeable as the opposite expression. The progress from cause to effect is natural and easy: the opposite progress resembles retrograde mo-

tion;* and therefore *panting height, astonish'd thought,* are strained and uncouth expressions, which a writer of taste will avoid.

Another rule regards this figure; the property of one subject ought not to be bestowed upon another with which that property is incongruous:

> *King Rich.* How dare thy joints forget
> To pay their *awful* duty to our presence?
> RICHARD II. ACT III. Sc. 3.

The connexion between an awful superior and his submissive dependant is so intimate, that an attribute may be transferred from the one to the other; but awfulness cannot be so transferred, because it is inconsistent with submission.

SECT. VI.—*Metaphor and Allegory.*

A metaphor differs from a simile, in form, not in substance: in a simile, the two subjects are kept distinct in the expression, as well as in the thought; in a metaphor, the two subjects are kept distinct in the thought only, not in the expression. A hero resembles a lion, and, upon that resemblance, many similies have been raised by poets. But instead of resembling a lion, let us feign the hero to be a lion: by that variation

* See Chap. 1.

the simile is converted into a metaphor; which is carried on by describing all the qualities of a lion that resemble those of the hero. The fundamental pleasure here, that of resemblance, belongs to the thought. An additional pleasure arises from the expression: the poet, by figuring his hero a lion, describes the lion in appearance, but in reality the hero; and his description is beautiful, by expressing the virtues and qualities of the hero in new terms, which belong not to him, but to the lion. This will be better understood by examples. A family connected with a common parent, resembles a tree, the trunk and branches of which are connected with a common root: but let us suppose, that a family is figured to be a tree; then the simile will be converted into a metaphor:

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were seven fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of these branches by the dest'nies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glo'ster,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded
By Envy's hand, and Murder's bloody axe.

RICHARD II. ACT I. Sc. 2.

Figuring human life to be a voyage at sea: as,

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT IV. Sc. 3.

Figuring glory and honour to be a garland of flowers.

Hotspur. ——————Would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Pr. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

FIRST PART HENRY IV. ACT V. Sc. 4.

Figuring a man who hath acquired great reputation and honour to be a tree full of fruit:

Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

CYMBELINE, ACT III. Sc. 3.

Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells, said Swaran of the dark-brown shield. In peace thou art the gale of spring; in war, the mountain-storm. Take now my hand in friendship, thou noble king of Morven. FINGAL.

The term metaphor has been used in a more extensive sense; but I thought it of consequence, in a disquisition of some intricacy, to confine the term to its proper sense, and to separate from it things that are distinguished by different names. An allegory differs from a metaphor; *a figure of speech* differs from both. A metaphor is an act of the imagination, figuring one thing to be

another. An allegory consists in choosing a subject having properties or circumstances resembling those of the principal subject; and the former is described to represent the latter; the subject thus represented is kept out of view; we are left to discover it by reflection; and we are pleased with the discovery, because it is our own work.

A finer or more correct allegory is not to be found than the following, in which a vineyard is made to represent God's own people the Jews.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all which pass do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard thy right hand hath planted, and the branch thou madest strong for thyself. PSALM 80.

An allegory is in every respect similar to an hieroglyphical painting, excepting that words are used instead of colours. Their effects are the same: a hieroglyphic raises two images in the mind; one seen, which represents one not seen: an allegory does the same; the representative subject is described; and resemblance leads us

to apply the description to the subject represented. In a figure of speech, there is no fiction employed, as in a metaphor, nor a representative subject introduced, as in an allegory. This figure regards the expression, not the thought; and it may be defined, the using a word in a sense different from what is proper to it. Thus youth, or the beginning of life, is expressed figuratively by *morning of life:* morning is the beginning of the day; and in that view it is employed to signify the beginning of any other series, life especially, the progress of which is reckoned by days.

Figures of speech are reserved for a separate section; but metaphor and allegory are so much connected, that they must be handled together: the rules particularly for distinguishing the good from the bad, are common to both.

Queen. Great Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now thrown overboard;
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
THIRD PART HENRY VI. ACT V. Sc. 4.

Oroonoko. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now. OROONOKO, ACT III. Sc. 2.

The rules that govern metaphors, and allegories, are of two kinds: the construction of these figures comes under the first kind; the propriety or impropriety of introduction comes under the other. Some rules of the first kind coincide with those already given for similies; some are peculiar to metaphors and allegories.

A simile cannot be agreeable where the resemblance is either too strong or too faint. This holds equally in metaphor and allegory; and the reason is the same in all. In the following instances, the resemblance is too faint to be agreeable.

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
MACBETH, ACT V. Sc. 2.

There is no resemblance between a distempered cause and any body that can be confined within a belt.

Steep me in poverty to the very lips.
OTHELLO, ACT IV. Sc. 2.

Poverty here must be conceived a fluid, which it resembles not in any manner.

The following metaphor is strained beyond all endurance; Timur-bec, known to us by the name of Tamerlane the Great, writes to Bajazet, Emperor of the Ottomans, in the following terms:

Where is the monarch who dares resist us? where is the potentate who doth not glory in being numbered among our attendants? As for thee, descended from a Turcoman sailor, since the vessel of thy unbounded ambition hath been wreck'd in the gulf of thy self-love, it would be proper that thou shouldst take in the sails of thy temerity, and cast the anchor of repentance in the port of sincerity and justice, which is the port of safety; lest the tempest of our vengeance make thee perish in the sea of the punishment thou deservest.

Such strained figures are not unfrequent in the first dawn of refinement: the mind in a new enjoyment is generally carried to excess, till taste and experience discover the proper limits.

Secondly: Whatever resemblance subjects may have, it is wrong to put one for another, where they bear no mutual proportion: upon comparing a very high to a very low subject, the simile takes on an air of burlesque; and the same will be the effect, where the one is imagined to be the other, as in a metaphor; or made to represent the other, as in an allegory.

Thirdly: A metaphor ought not to be crowded with minute circumstances; for in that case it is scarcely possible to avoid obscurity. A metaphor above all ought to be short: it is difficult, for any time, to support a lively image of a thing being what we know it is not; and for that reason, a metaphor drawn out to any length, instead of illustrating or enlivening the principal subject, becomes disagreeable by over-straining the mind. For the same reason, however agreeable long allegories may at first seem by their novelty, they never afford any lasting pleasure: witness the *Fairy-Queen*, which, with great power of expression, variety of images, and melody of versification, is scarce ever read a second time.

In the fourth place: The comparison carried on in a simile, being in a metaphor sunk by imagining the principal subject to be that very thing which it only resembles, an opportunity is furnished to describe it in terms taken strictly or literally with respect to its imagined nature. Therefore, in constructing a metaphor, the writer ought to make use of such words only as are applicable literally to the imagined nature of his subject: figurative words ought to be avoided; for such figures, instead of setting the principal subject in a strong light, involve it in a

cloud; and it is well if the reader gather the plain meaning regardless of the figures:

A stubborn and unconquerable flame
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life.
LADY JANE GRAY, ACT I. SC. 1.

That a fever may be imagined a flame, I admit, though more than one step is necessary to come at the resemblance: a fever, by heating the body, resembles fire; and it is no stretch to imagine a fever to be a fire. Again, flame may be put for fire, because they are commonly conjoined; and therefore a fever may be termed a flame. But admitting a fever to be a flame, its effects ought to be explained in words that agree literally to a flame. This rule is not observed here; for a flame *drinks* figuratively only, not properly.

King Henry to his son Prince Henry:

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT IV. SC. 4.

Such faulty metaphors are pleasantly ridiculed in the *Rehearsal:*

Physician. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds,

hover o'er our heads, will, when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason, melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that allegory. Is not that good?

Johnson. Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable. ACT II. Sc. 1.

Fifthly.—The jumbling different metaphors in the same sentence, beginning with one and ending with another, commonly called a mixt-metaphor, ought never to be indulged.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them.

HAMLET, ACT III. Sc. I.

In the sixth place.—It is unpleasant to join different metaphors in the same period where they are preserved distinct: for when the subject is first imagined to be one thing and then another, the mind is distracted by the transition; and when the imagination is put on such hard duty, its images are too faint to produce any good effect.

In the last place.—It is still worse to jumble metaphorical and natural expression, so that the period must be understood in part metaphorically, in part literally; the imagination cannot follow with ease changes so sudden and un-

prepared: a metaphor begun and not carried on has no beauty, it is nothing but obscurity and confusion. Instances of such incorrect composition are without number.

> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house
> Against the envy of less happier lands.
>
> RICHARD II. ACT II. SC. 1.

In the first line Britain is figured to be a precious stone: in the following lines, Britain, divested of her metaphorical dress, is presented to the reader in her natural appearance.

Dryden, in his dedication of the translation of *Juvenal*, says,

> When thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage among the moderns, &c.

> There is a time when factions, by the vehemence of their own fermentation, stun and disable one another.
>
> BOLINGBROKE.

This fault of jumbling the figure and plain expression into one confused mass, is not less common in allegory than in metaphor.

Lord Halifax, speaking of the ancient fabulists: "They (says he) wrote in signs, and "spoke in parables: all their fables carry a dou-

" ble meaning; the story is one and entire; the " characters the same throughout; not broken " or changed, and always conformable to the " nature of the creature they introduce. They " never tell you, that the dog which snapp'd at " a shadow, lost his troop of horse; that would " be unintelligible. This is his (Dryden's) new " way of telling a story, and confounding the " moral and the fable altogether." After instancing from the hind and panther, he goes on thus: " What relation has the hind to our Savi- " our; or what notion have we of a panther's " bible? If you say he means the church, " how does the church feed on lawns, or range " in the forest? Let it be always a church, or " always a cloven-footed beast, for we cannot " bear his shifting the scene every line."

Nothing gives greater pleasure than allegory when the representative subject bears a strong analogy, in all its circumstances, to that which is represented: but the choice is seldom so lucky; the analogy being generally so faint and obscure, as to puzzle and not please. An allegory is still more difficult in painting than in poetry: the former can shew no resemblance but what appears to the eye; the latter hath many other resources for shewing the resemblance. Mixt allegorical compositions may do in poetry; be-

cause, in writing the allegory can easily be distinguished from the historical part. But such a mixture in a picture is intolerable; because in a picture the objects must appear all of the same kind, wholly real or wholly emblematical.

In an allegory, as in a metaphor, terms ought to be chosen that properly and literally are applicable to the representative subject; nor ought any circumstance to be added that is not proper to the representative subject, however justly it may be applicable properly or figuratively to the principal.

We proceed to the next head, which is, to examine in what circumstance these figures are proper, in what improper.

A metaphor, like a simile, is excluded from common conversation, and from the description of ordinary incidents. And in expressing any severe passion that wholly occupies the mind, metaphor is improper. For which reason, the following speech of Macbeth is faulty.

> Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
> Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care,
> The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in Life's feast.
>
> ACT II. SC. 2.

The following example of deep despair, beside the highly figurative style, hath more the air of raving than of sense:

Calista. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on;
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted bark; ye surges break it;
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

FAIR PENITENT, ACT. IV.

The metaphor I next introduce, is sweet and lively, but parables are not the language of wrath venting itself without restraint:

Chamont. You took her up a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines; there long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

ORPHAN, ACT IV.

There is an enchanting picture of deep distress in Macbeth,* where Macduff is repre-

* Act IV. Sc. 3.

sented lamenting his wife and children, inhumanly murdered by the tyrant.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven!
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him.—If he 'scape,
Then heaven forgive him too.

The whole scene is a delicious picture of human nature. One expression only seems doubtful: in examining the messenger, Macduff expresses himself thus:

He hath no children—all my pretty ones!
Did you say, all? what, all? Oh, hell-kite! all?
What! all my pretty little chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop!

Metaphorical expression may be used with grace, where a regular simile would be intolerable: but there are situations so severe and dispiriting, as not to admit even the slightest metaphor. But metaphorical language is proper when a man struggles to bear with dignity or decency a misfortune however great: the struggle agitates and animates the mind:

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.

HENRY VIII. ACT III. SC. 2.

SECT. VII.—*Figure of Speech.*

A figure of speech is "The using a word in a sense different from what is proper to it;" and the new or uncommon sense of the word is termed *the figurative sense.* The figurative sense must have a relation to that which is proper; and the more intimate the relation is, the figure is the more happy. This figure is ornamental to the language, and therefore I shall endeavour to unfold its capital beauties and advantages. First:—A word used figuratively, or in a new sense, suggests the sense it commonly bears; and thus it presents two objects; one signified by the figurative sense, which may be termed *the principal object;* and one signified by the proper sense, which may be termed *accessory:* the principal makes a part of the thought; the accessory is merely ornamental. In this respect, a figure of speech is similar to concordant sounds in music, which without contributing to the melody, make it harmonious.

Youth, by a figure of speech, is termed *the morning of life*. This expression signifies *youth*, the principal object, which enters into the thought: it suggests, at the same time, the proper sense of *morning;* and this accessory object, being in itself beautiful, and connected by resemblance to the principal object, is ornamental. *Imperious ocean* is an example of a different kind, where an attribute is expressed figuratively: together with *stormy*, the figurative meaning of the epithet *imperious*, there is suggested its proper meaning, *viz.* the stern authority of a despotic prince; and these two are strongly connected by resemblance.

Secondly.—This figure possesses a signal power of aggrandizing an object. Words which have no original beauty but what arises from their sound, acquire an adventitious beauty from their meaning: a word signifying any thing that is agreeable, becomes by that means agreeable; for the agreeableness of the object is communicated to its name.* This acquired beauty by the force of custom, adheres to the word even when used figuratively; and the beauty received from the thing it properly signifies, is communicated to the thing which it is made to

* See Chap. II. Part 1. Sect. 5.

signify figuratively. The foregoing expression *imperious ocean*, is much more elevated than *stormy ocean*.

Thirdly.—This figure hath a happy effect, by preventing the familiarity of proper names. This bad effect is prevented by using a figurative word instead of one that is proper; as when we express the sky by terming it *the blue vault of heaven*; for though no work of art can compare with the sky in grandeur, the expression however is relished, because it prevents the object from being brought down by the familiarity of its proper name.*

Lastly.—By this figure language is enriched, and rendered more copious; in which respect, were there no other, a figure of speech is a happy invention.

The beauties I have mentioned belong to every figure of speech. Several other beauties peculiar to one or other sort, I shall have occasion to remark afterward.

* I have often regretted, that a factious spirit of opposition to the reigning family makes it necessary in public worship to distinguish the king by his proper name. One will scarce imagine who has not made the trial, how much better it sounds to pray for our Sovereign Lord the King, without any addition.

Not only subjects, but qualities, actions, effects, may be expressed figuratively. Thus, as to subjects, *the gates of breath* for the lips, *the watery kingdom* for the ocean. As to qualities, *fierce* for stormy, in the expression *fierce winter: breathing* for *perspiring; breathing plants.* Again, as to actions, the sea *rages*, Time will *melt* her frozen thoughts, Time *kills* grief. An effect is put for the cause, as *light* for the sun; and a cause for the effect, as *the labours of oxen* for corn. The relation of resemblance is one plentiful source of figures of speech; and nothing is more common than to apply to one object the name of another that resembles it in any respect: height, size, and worldly greatness, resemble not each other, but the emotions they produce resemble each other, and prompted by this resemblance, we naturally express worldly greatness by height or size: one feels a certain uneasiness in seeing a great depth; and hence depth is made to express any thing disagreeable by excess, as *depth* of grief, *depth* of despair: again, height of place, and time long past, produce similar feelings; distance in past time, producing a strong feeling, is put for any strong feeling; shortness with relation to space, for shortness with relation to time; suffering a punish-

ment resembles paying a debt. In the same manner, light may be put for glory, sunshine for prosperity, and weight for importance.

Many words, originally figurative, having by long and constant use lost their figurative power, are degraded to the inferior rank of proper terms. Thus, the words that express the operations of the mind, have in all languages been originally figurative. A *soft* nature, *jarring* tempers, *weight* of woe, *pompous* phrase, *beget* compassion, *assuage* grief, *break* a vow, *bend* the eye downward, *shower* down curses, *drown'd* in tears, *wrapt* in joy, *warm'd* with eloquence, *loaded* with spoils, and a thousand other expressions of the like nature, have lost their figurative sense. Some terms, originally figurative, tend to simplicity, without having lost altogether their figurative power.

CHAPTER XXI.

Narration and Description.

HORACE, and many critics after him, exhort writers to choose a subject adapted to their genius. But though the choice of a subject comes not under the plan of this work, the manner of execution comes under it; because the

manner of execution is subjected to general rules, derived from principles common to the species; and which, as they concern the things expressed as well as the language or expression, require a division of this chapter into two parts; first of thoughts, and next of words.

Rule first. In history, the reflections ought to be chaste and solid; for while the mind is intent upon truth, it is little disposed to the operations of the imagination: poetical images, discordant with the subject, are thence unpleasant; and they have a still worse effect, by giving an air of fiction to a genuine history. Such flowers ought to be scattered with a sparing hand, even in epic poetry; and at no rate are they proper, till the reader be warmed, and by an enlivened imagination be prepared to relish them: in that state of mind they are agreeable; but while we are sedate and attentive to an historical chain of facts, we reject with disdain every fiction.

Second. Vida,* following Horace, recommends a modest commencement of an epic poem; giving for a reason, That the writer ought to husband his fire. This reason has weight; but what is said above suggests a reason still more weighty: bold thoughts and figures are never

* Poet. Lib. 2. l. 30.

relished till the mind be thoroughly engaged, which is not the reader's case at the commencement. Homer introduces not a single simile in the first book of the Iliad, nor in the first book of the Odyssey. On the other hand, Shakespeare begins one of his plays with a sentiment too bold for the most heated imagination:

Bedford. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

FIRST PART HENRY VI.

A third reason ought to have no less influence than either of the former, That a man, who, upon his first appearance, strains to make a figure, is too ostentatious to be relished. Hence the first sentences of a work ought to be short, natural and simple. Burnet begins the History of his Own Times with a period long and intricate.

A third rule is: That where the subject is intended for entertainment, not for instruction, a thing ought to be described as it appears, not as it is in reality; as in running, where the im-

pulse upon the ground is proportioned in some degree to the celerity of motion; for a person in swift motion seems to skim the ground, and scarcely to touch it.

Fourth.—In narration and description, objects ought to be painted so accurately as to form in the mind distinct and lively images. Useless circumstances ought to be suppressed, because they load the narration; but if a circumstance be necessary, however slight, it cannot be described too minutely. The force of language consists in raising complete images; which transport the reader as by magic into the place of the important action, and to convert him into a spectator, beholding every thing that passes. The narrative in an epic poem ought to rival a picture in the liveliness and accuracy of its representations: no circumstance must be omitted that tends to make a complete image, because an imperfect image, as well as any other imperfect conception, is cold and uninteresting.

In the following passage, the action, with all its material circumstances, is represented so much to the life, that it would scarce appear more distinct to a real spectator; and it is the manner of description that contributes greatly to the sublimity of the passage.

He spake; and to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubims; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

MILTON, B. 1.

The following passage is scarce inferior to* that now mentioned.

Far before the rest, the son of Ossian comes; bright in the smiles of youth, fair as the first beams of the sun. His long hair waves on his back: his dark brow is half beneath his helmet. The sword hangs loose on the hero's side; and his spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eye, King of high Temora. FINGAL.

The *Henriade* of Voltaire errs against the foregoing rule: every incident is touched in a summary way, without descending to circumstances. This manner, good in general history, is cold and uninteresting in fable.

Every useless circumstance ought to be suppressed. The crowding such circumstances is, on the one hand, no less to be avoided, than conciseness is blamed on the other. In the *Æneid*,* Barce, the nurse of Sichæus, whom we

* Lib. 4. l. 632.

never hear of before nor after, is introduced for a purpose not more important than to call Anna to her sister Dido: and that it might not be thought unjust in Dido, even in this trivial circumstance, to prefer her husband's nurse before her own, the poet takes care to inform his reader that Dido's nurse was dead.

To make a sudden and strong impression, some single circumstance, happily selected, has more power than the most laboured description. Macbeth, mentioning to his lady some voices he heard while he was murdering the King, says,

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried Murder!
They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep, &c. ACT II. Sc. 2.

Alphonso, in the *Mourning Bride*, shut up in the same prison where his father had been confined;

In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will shew.
" If my Alphonso"————Ha! [*Reading.*
" If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;
" Give me more weight, crush my declining years
" With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;
" But bless my son, visit not him for me."

It is his hand; this was his prayer—Yet more:
" Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [*Reading.*
" Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
" Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:
" Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious"—
'Tis wanting what should follow————Heav'n should follow,
But 'tis torn off—

MOURNING BRIDE, ACT III. Sc. 1.

This incident is a happy invention, and a mark of uncommon genius.

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The flames had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; and the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Morna: silence is in the house of her fathers. FINGAL.

To draw a character is the master-stroke of description. In this Tacitus excels: his portraits are natural and lively, not a feature wanting nor misplaced. Shakespeare, however, exceeds Tacitus in liveliness, some characteristical circumstance being generally invented, which paints more to the life than words.

I tell thee what, Antonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,)

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who shall say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT I. Sc. 1.

In the following passage a character is completed by a single stroke:

Shallow. O the mad days that I have spent; and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead.

Silence. We shall all follow, Cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure; Death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all; all shall die. How good a yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Slender. Truly, Cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Dead! see, see; he drew a good bow: and dead! He shot a fine shoot. How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be. A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old *Double* dead?

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT III. Sc. 2.

Congreve has an inimitable stroke of this kind in his comedy of *Love for Love:*

Ben Legend. Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick: body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. ACT III. Sc. 6.

Falstaff speaking of ancient Pistol:

He's no swaggerer, hostess: a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.

SECOND PART HENRY IV. ACT II. Sc. 4.

Ossian is eminently successful in drawing characters: and he always delights his reader with the beautiful attitude of his heroes.

O Oscar! bend the strong in arm; but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid.—So Tremor lived; such Trathal was; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; and the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.

Dermid and Oscar were one: they reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field.

Reasons that are common and known to every one, ought to be taken for granted: to express them is childish, and interrupts the narration.

The language proper for expressing passion,

handled in a former chapter, are applicable to the present subject; particularly, That as words are connected with the ideas they represent, the emotions raised by the sound and sense ought to be concordant. An elevated subject requires an elevated style; what is familiar, ought to be familiarly expressed: a subject that is serious, ought to be clothed in nervous language: description, on the other hand, addressed to the imagination, is susceptible of the highest ornaments that sounding words and figurative expression can bestow upon it.

A poet of any genius is not apt to dress a high subject in low words; and yet blemishes of that kind are found even in the classical works of Horace, who introduces Jupiter in wrath puffing up both his cheeks, which is low and even ludicrous: so also is Pope in this couplet:

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose,
ESSAY ON MAN, Ep. iv. 223.

On the other hand, to raise the expression above the tone of the subject, is a fault than which none is more common. Take the following instances:

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the King's rowse the heav'ns shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.

HAMLET, ACT I. Sc. 2.

In the funeral orations of the Bishop of Meaux, many passages are raised far above the tone of the subject: and Montesquieu, in a didactic work, *L'esprit des Loix*, gives too great indulgence to imagination; for the tone of his language swells frequently above his subject.

The language of Homer is suited to his subject, no less accurately than the actions and sentiments of his heroes are to their characters. Virgil, in that particular, falls short of perfection: his language is stately throughout; and though he descends at times to the simplest branches of cookery, roasting and boiling for example, yet he never relaxes a moment from the high tone.* In adjusting his language to his subject, no writer equals Swift. *The journal of a modern lady* is composed in a style blending sprightliness with familiarity: in one passage, however, the poet takes a tone above his subject. The passage I have in view begins, *l.* 116. *But let me now a while survey*, &c. and ends at *l.* 135.

Writers of inferior rank are continually upon

* See Æneid, lib. i. 188—219.

the stretch to enliven their subject by exaggeration and superlatives. This unluckily has an effect contrary to what is intended; the reader, disgusted with language that swells above the subject, is led by contrast to think more meanly of the subject than it may possibly deserve. A man of prudence will husband his strength in writing as in walking: a writer too liberal of superlatives, exhausts his whole stock upon ordinary incidents, and reserves no share to express, with energy, matters of importance: writers of this kind abound in epithets, as if poetry consisted in high-sounding words:—*e. g.*

When black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the sable sky;
When soothing Sleep her opiate dews had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers ev'ry eye;
My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy rest,
Nor the sweet bliss of soft oblivion share;
But watchful woe distracts my aching breast,
My heart the subject of corroding care:
From haunts of men with wand'ring steps and slow
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive wo.

Here every substantive is attended by some tumid epithet; like young master, who cannot walk abroad without having a laced livery-man at his heels. Thus in reading without taste, an emphasis is laid on every word; and in singing

without taste, every note is graced. Such redundancy, instead of pleasing, produces satiety and disgust.

The power of language to imitate thought reaches even the slighter modifications. Slow action imitated by words pronounced slow: labour or toil, by words harsh or rough. But in dialogue-writing, the condition of the speaker is chiefly to be regarded in framing the expression. The sentinel in *Hamlet*, interrogated with relation to the ghost, whether his watch had been quiet, answers with great propriety for a man in his station, "Not a mouse stirring."

A second remark, no less important than the former, is, that an incident makes a stronger impression on an eye-witness, than when heard at second hand. Writers of genius, sensible that the eye is the best avenue to the heart, represent every thing as passing in our sight; and, from readers or hearers, transform us into spectators: a skilful writer conceals himself, and presents his personages: in a word every thing becomes dramatic as much as possible.

Abstract or general terms have no good effect in any composition for amusement; because it is only of particular objects that images can be formed. Shakespeare's style in that respect is excellent: every article in his descriptions is

particular, as in nature; and if accidentally a vague expression slip in, the blemish is discernible by the bluntness of its impression. Take the following example: Falstaff, excusing himself for running away at a robbery, says,

By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince: *instinct is a great matter.* I was a coward on instinct: I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play *extempore?*

FIRST PART HENRY IV. ACT II. Sc. 4.

The sentence, *instinct is a great matter*, makes but a poor figure compared with the liveliness of the rest of the speech. It was one of Homer's advantages, that he wrote before general terms were multiplied: the superior genius of Shakespeare displays itself in avoiding them after they were multiplied.

In the fine arts it is a rule, to put the capital objects in the strongest point of view; and even to present them oftener than once, where it

can be done. In history-painting, the principal figure is placed in the front, and in the best light: an equestrian statue is placed in a centre of streets, that it may be seen from many places at once. In no composition is there greater opportunity for this rule than in writing:

Orlando. ——— Whate'er you are
That in this desart inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.
Duke sen. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good mens' feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity had engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The repetitions in Homer, which are frequent, have been the occasion of much criticism; but they make the narration dramatic, and have an air of truth, by making things appear as passing

in our sight. But such repetitions are unpardonable in a didactic poem.

A concise style is a great ornament in narration; and a superfluity of unnecessary words, a great nuisance. A judicious selection of striking circumstances clothed in a nervous style, is delightful. In this style, Tacitus excels all writers, ancient and modern. After Tacitus, Ossian in that respect justly merits the place of distinction. One cannot go wrong for examples in any part of the book; and at the first opening the following instance meets the eye:

Nathos clothed his limbs in shining steel. The stride of the chief is lovely: the joy of his eye terrible. The wind rustles in his hair. Darthula is silent at his side: her look is fixed on the chief. Striving to hide the rising sigh, two tears swell in her eyes.

If a concise style be a beauty, tautology must be a blemish; and yet writers, fettered by verse, avoid not this slovenly practice: they may be pitied, but they cannot be justified. Take for a specimen the following instance, from the best poet, for versification, that England has to boast of.

High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray,
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies.

ILIAD, v. 5.

No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain ——— ILIAD, xix. 460.

Redundant epithets are by Quintilian disallowed to orators, but indulged to poets;* because his favourite poets, in a few instances, are reduced to such epithets for the sake of versification.

As an apology for such careless expressions, it may well suffice, that Pope, in submitting to be a translator, acts below his genius.

I close this chapter with a curious inquiry. An object, however ugly to the sight, is far from being so when represented by colours or by words. With respect to painting, the cause is obvious: a good picture, whatever be the subject, is agreeable by the pleasure we take in imitation; and this pleasure overbalancing the disagreeableness of the subject, makes the picture upon the whole agreeable. With respect to the description of an ugly object, the cause follows. To connect individuals in the social state, no particular contributes more than language, by the power it possesses of an expeditious communication of thought, and a lively representation of transactions. But nature hath

* Lib. viii. cap. 6. sect. 2.

not been satisfied to recommend language by its utility merely: independent of utility, it is made susceptible of many beauties, which are directly felt, without any intervening reflection.* And this unfolds the mystery; for the pleasure of language is so great, as in a lively description to overbalance the disagreeableness of the image raised by it.† This, however, is no encouragement to choose a disagreeable subject; for the pleasure is incomparably greater where the subject and the description are both of them agreeable.

An unmanly depression of spirits in time of danger is not an agreeable sight; and yet a fine description or representation of it will be relished:

K. Richard. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? i' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave;

* See Chap. 18. † See Chap. 2. Part 4.

a little, little grave——an obscure grave.
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway;
Some way of common tread, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head?

RICHARD II. ACT III. Sc. 3.

Objects that strike terror in a spectator, have in poetry and painting a fine effect. The picture by raising a slight emotion of terror, agitates the mind; and in that condition every beauty makes a deep impression; and contrast heightens the pleasure, by opposing our present security to the danger of encountering the object represented.

——————— The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.

PARADISE LOST, B. ii. l. 666.

Ghost. ——————— But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. HAMLET, ACT I. Sc. 5.

Gratiano. Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation. OTHELLO, ACT V. Sc. 2.

Objects of horror must be excepted from the foregoing theory; for no description, however lively, is sufficient to overbalance the disgust raised by the idea of such objects. Every thing horrible ought therefore to be avoided in a description: the poet will avoid such scenes for his own sake, as well as for that of his reader; and to vary his descriptions, nature affords plenty of objects that disgust us in some degree without raising horror. I am obliged therefore to condemn the picture of Sin in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, though a masterly performance: the original would be a horrid spectacle; and the horror is not much softened in the copy. Iago's character in the tragedy of *Othello*, is insufferably monstrous and satanical: not even Shakespeare's masterly hand can make the picture agreeable.

CHAPTER XXII.

Epic and Dramatic Composition.

TRAGEDY differs not from the epic in substance: in both, the same ends, instruction and amusement are pursued; and in both the same means are employed, namely, imitation of human actions. They differ only in the manner of imitating; epic poetry employs narration; tragedy represents its facts as passing in our sight: in the former, the poet introduces himself as an historian; in the latter, he presents his actors, and never himself.

This difference regarding form only, may be thought slight; but the effects it occasions, are by no means so; for what we see makes a deeper impression than what we learn from others. A narrative poem is a story told by another: facts and incidents passing upon the stage, come under our own observation, and are enlivened by action and gesture, expressive of sentiments beyond the reach of words.

A dramatic composition has another property, independent altogether of action—it makes a deeper impression than narration; in the former, persons express their own sentiments; in the latter, sentiments are related at second hand.

In an epic poem, the author ought to take every opportunity of introducing his actors, and of confining the narrative part within the narrowest bounds. Homer understood the advantage of this method, and his two poems abound in dialogue. Lucan runs to the opposite extreme, and stuffs his *Pharsalia* with cold and languid reflections, the merit of which he assumes to himself, and deigns not to share with his actors.

A poem, whether dramatic or epic, that has nothing in view but to move the passions and to exhibit pictures of virtue and vice, may be distinguished by the name of *pathetic;* but where a story is contrived to illustrate some moral truth, by showing that disorderly passions lead to external misfortunes, such composition may be denominated *moral.** A moral poem does not fall short of reasoning in affording conviction: the natural connexion of vice with misery, and of virtue with happiness, may be illustrated by stating a fact as well as by urging an argument. Let us assume, for example, the following moral truths; that discord among the chiefs renders ineffectual all common measures; and that the consequences of a slightly-founded

* The same distinction is applicable to that sort of fable which is said to be the invention of Æsop.

quarrel, fostered by pride and arrogance, are no less fatal than those of the grossest injury: these truths may be inculcated by the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles at the siege of Troy. If facts be wanting, such as tend to rouse the turbulent passions, they must be invented; but no accidental or unaccountable event ought to be admitted; for the necessary or probable connexion between vice and misery is not learned from any events but what are naturally occasioned by the characters and passions of the persons represented, acting in such and such circumstances. A real event, of which we see not the cause, may afford a lesson, upon the presumption that what has happened may again happen: but this cannot be inferred from a story known to be a fiction.

A pathetic composition tends to a habit of virtue, by exciting us to do what is right, and restraining us from what is wrong. Its frequent pictures of human woes produce two salutary effects; they improve our sympathy, and fortify us to bear our own misfortunes. A moral composition produces the same good effects, because by being moral it ceases not to be pathetic: it enjoys beside, an excellence peculiar to itself; it improves the heart, and instructs the head by the moral it contains. I can-

not imagine any entertainment more suited to a rational being, than a work thus happily illustrating some moral truth; where a number of persons of different characters are engaged in an important action, some retarding, others promoting, the great catastrophe; and where there is a dignity of style as well as of matter. A work of that kind has our sympathy at command, and puts in motion the whole train of social affections: our curiosity in some scenes is excited, in others gratified; our delight is consummated at the close, upon finding, from the characters and situations exhibited at the commencement, that every incident down to the catastrophe is natural, and that the whole in conjunction make a regular chain of causes and effects.

Considering that an epic and a dramatic poem are the same in substance, and have the same aim or end, one will readily imagine, that subjects proper for the one must be equally proper for the other. Many subjects may indeed be treated with equal advantage in either form: but the subjects are still more numerous for which they are not equally qualified; and there are subjects proper for the one, and not for the other. Dialogue is better qualified for expressing sentiments, and narrative for displaying facts. Heroism, magnanimity, undaunted cou-

rage, and other elevated virtues, figure best in action: tender passions, and the whole tribe of sympathetic affections, figure best in sentiment. It clearly follows, that tender passions are more peculiarly the province of tragedy, grand and heroic actions of epic poetry.

I have no occasion to say more upon the epic, considered as peculiarly adapted to certain subjects. Dramatic subjects are more complex; I take a narrower view of them, in order to clear a point involved in great obscurity by critics.

In the chapter of emotions and passions, it is shown, that the subject best fitted for tragedy is where a man has himself been the cause of his misfortune; not so as to be deeply guilty, nor altogether innocent: the misfortune must be occasioned by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore in some degree venial. Such misfortunes call forth the social affections, and warmly interest the spectator. An accidental misfortune, if not extremely singular, doth not greatly move our pity: the person who suffers, being innocent, is freed from the greatest of all torments, that anguish of mind which is occasioned by remorse. An atrocious criminal, on the other hand, who brings misfortunes upon himself, excites little pity: his remorse aggravates his distress, and swells the first emotions

of pity; but these are blunted by our hatred of him as a criminal. Misfortunes, not innocent, nor highly criminal, partake the advantages of each extreme: they are attended with remorse to embitter the distress, which raises our pity to a height; and the slight indignation we have at a venial fault, detracts not sensibly from our pity. The happiest of all subjects accordingly for raising pity, is where a man of integrity falls into a great misfortune by doing an action that is innocent, but which by some singular means, is conceived by him to be criminal: his remorse aggravates his distress, and our compassion, unrestrained by indignation, knows no bounds. Pity comes thus to be the ruling passion of a pathetic tragedy; and by proper representation, may be raised to a height scarce exceeded by any thing felt in real life. A moral tragedy takes in a larger field; it exercises our pity and raises another passion, our fear or terror, which, though selfish, deserves to be cherished equally with the social affection. When a misfortune is the natural consequence of some wrong bias in the temper, every spectator, conscious of such a bias in himself, takes the alarm, and dreads his falling into the same misfortune: and by the emotion of fear or terror, frequently reiterated in a variety of moral tragedies, the spectators

are put upon their guard against the disorders of passion.

But subjects fitted to the theatre are not in such plenty as to make us reject innocent misfortunes which rouse our sympathy, though they inculcate no moral. Where a person of integrity is represented as suffering to the end under misfortunes purely accidental, we depart discontented, and with some obscure sense of injustice. Chance, giving an impression of anarchy and misrule, produces always a damp upon the mind. In *Romeo and Juliet*, where the fatal catastrophe is occasioned by Friar Lawrence's coming to the monument a minute too late: we are vexed at the unlucky chance, and go away dissatisfied. Such impressions, which ought not to be cherished, are a sufficient reason for excluding stories of that kind from the theatre. The misfortunes of a virtuous person, arising from necessary causes, or a chain of unavoidable circumstances, are considered in a different light. A regular chain of causes and effects directed by the general laws of nature, never fails to suggest the hand of Providence; to which we submit without resentment, being conscious that submission is our duty. For that reason, we are not disgusted with the fate of Desdemona, in the *Moor of Venice*, and we are

not so easily reconciled to the fate of Cordelia in *King Lear:* a perfect character, suffering under misfortunes, is qualified for being the subject of a pathetic tragedy, provided chance be excluded. Nor is a perfect character inconsistent with a moral tragedy, as is the case of Monimia and Belvidera, in Otway's two tragedies, the *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved.*

Fable operates on our passions, by representing its events as passing in our sight, and by deluding us into a conviction of reality. Hence, in epic and dramatic compositions, every circumstance ought to be employed that may promote the delusion; such as the borrowing from history some noted event, with the addition of circumstances that may answer the author's purpose: the principal facts are known to be true; and we are disposed to extend our belief to every circumstance. But in choosing a subject that makes a figure in history, greater precaution is necessary than where the whole is a fiction. In the latter case there is full scope for invention; the author is under no restraint other than that the characters and incidents be just copies of nature. But where the story is founded on truth, no circumstances must be added, but such as connect naturally with what are known to be true; history may be supplied,

but must not be contradicted: further, the subject chosen must be distant in time, or at least in place; for the familiarity of recent persons and events ought to be avoided. Familiarity ought more especially to be avoided in an epic poem, the peculiar character of which is dignity and elevation; modern manners make no figure in such a poem. The scene of comedy is generally laid at home; familiarity is no objection, and we are peculiarly sensible of the ridicule of our own manners.

After a proper subject is chosen, the dividing it into parts requires some art. The conclusion of a book in an epic poem, or of an act in a play, cannot be altogether arbitrary, nor be intended for so slight a purpose as to make the parts of equal length. The supposed pause at the end of every book, and the real pause at the end of every act, ought always to coincide with some pause in the action. The first book of *Paradise Lost* ends without any close, perfect or imperfect: it breaks off abruptly, where Satan, seated on his throne, is prepared to harangue the convocated host of the fallen angels; and the second book begins with the speech. Milton has copied the *Æneid*, of which the two first books are divided in much the same manner.

Action being the fundamental part of every

composition, whether epic or dramatic, the sentiments and tone of language ought to be subservient to the action, so as to appear natural, and proper for the occasion. The application of this rule to our modern plays, would reduce the bulk of them to a skeleton.

In a theatrical entertainment, which employs both the eye and the ear, it is absurd to introduce upon the stage superior beings in a visible shape. There is no place for such objection in an epic poem; and Boileau, with many other critics, declares strongly for that sort of machinery in an epic poem.

It is a capital error in the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, that a situation can never be intricate, nor the reader ever in pain about the catastrophe, as long as there is an angel, devil, or magician, to lend a helping hand. Voltaire, in his essay upon epic poetry, talking of the *Pharsalia*, observes judiciously, "That the proximity of time, the notoriety of events, the character of the age, enlightened and political, joined with the solidity of Lucan's subjects, deprived him of poetical fiction." The critic who reasons so justly with respect to others, is blind with respect to himself, for in the sixth canto of the *Henriade*, St. Louis appears in person, and terrifies the soldiers; in the seventh

canto, St. Louis sends the god of sleep to Henry; and, in the tenth, the demons of discord, fanaticism, war, &c. assist Aumale in a single combat with Turenne, and are driven away by a good angel brandishing the sword of God. To blend such fictitious personages in the same action with mortals, makes a bad figure at any rate; and is intolerable in a history so recent as that of Henry IV. But perfection is not the lot of man.

I have tried serious reasonings upon this subject; but ridicule, I suppose, will be found a more successful weapon, which Addison has applied in an elegant manner in his Spectator, (523.)

The marvellous is so much promoted by machinery, that it is not wonderful to find it embraced by the plurality of writers and readers. If indulged, it is generally indulged to excess. Homer introduces his deities with no greater ceremony than as mortals; and Virgil has still less moderation: a pilot spent with watching cannot fall asleep, and drop into the sea by natural means: one bed cannot receive the two lovers, Æneas and Dido, without the immediate interposition of superior powers. The ridiculous, in such fictions, must appear even through the thickest veil of gravity and solemnity.

Angels and devils serve equally with heathen deities as materials for figurative language; perhaps better among Christians, because we believe in them, and not in heathen deities. In our creed, superior beings are placed at such a mighty distance from us, and are of a nature so different, that with no propriety can we appear with them upon the same stage: man, a creature much inferior, loses all dignity in the comparison.

An historical poem admits the embellishment of allegory, as well as of metaphor, simile, or other figure. Moral truth is finely illustrated in the allegorical manner: it amuses the fancy to find abstract terms, by a sort of magic, metamorphosed into active beings; and it is pleasing to discover a general proposition in a pictured event. But allegorical beings should be confined within their own sphere, and never be admitted to mix in the principal action, nor to co-operate in retarding or advancing the catastrophe. The impression of real existence, essential to an epic poem, is inconsistent with that figurative existence which is essential to an allegory: and therefore no means can more effectually prevent the impression of reality, than to introduce allegorical beings co-operating with those whom we conceive to be really existing.

An episode is distinguished from the principal action by promoting or retarding the catastrophe. This clears the nature of an episode, which may be defined, "An incident connected with the principal action, but contributing neither to advance nor to retard it." The descent of Æneas into hell doth not advance nor retard the catastrophe, and therefore is an episode. The story of Nisus and Eurÿalus, producing an alteration in the affairs of the contending parties, is a part of the principal action. The family scene in the sixth book of the *Iliad* is of the same nature. The unavoidable effect of an episode, according to this definition, must be, to break the unity of action, and therefore it ought never to be indulged, unless to unbend the mind after the fatigue of a long narration. An episode, when such is its purpose, requires the following conditions: it ought to be well connected with the principal action: it ought to be lively and interesting: it ought to be short; and a time ought to be chosen when the principal action relents.

In the following beautiful episode, which closes the second book of Fingal, all these conditions are united:

Comal was a son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills. His deer drank of a thousand streams; and a

thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth; but his hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch. She appeared like a sun-beam among women, and her hair was like the wing of the raven. Her soul was fixed on Comal, and she was his companion in the chace. Often met their eyes of love, and happy were their words in secret. But Gormal loved the maid, the chief of gloomy Ardven. He watched her lone steps on the heath, the foe of unhappy Comal.

One day tired of the chace, when the mist had conccaled their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met in the cave of Ronan. It was the wonted haunt of Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms; a hundred shields of thongs were there, a hundred helms of sounding steel. Rest here, said he, my love Galvina, thou light of the cave of Ronan: a deer appears on Mora's brow; I go, but soon will return. I fear, said she, dark Gormal my foe: I will rest here; but soon return, my love.

He went to the deer of Mora. The daughter of Conloch, to try his love, clothed her white side with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan. Thinking her his foe, his heart beat high, and his colour changed. He drew the bow: the arrow flew: Galvina fell in blood. He ran to the cave with hasty steps, and called the daughter of Conloch. Where art thou, my love? but no answer.—He marked, at length, her heaving heart, beating against the mortal arrow. O Conloch's daughter, is it thou! He sunk upon her breast.

The hunters found the hapless pair. Many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love. The fleet of the ocean came: he fought and the strangers fell:

he searched for death over the field; but who could kill the mighty Comal? Throwing away his shield, an arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his Galvina: their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

Next, upon the peculiarities of a dramatic poem, the first I shall mention is a double plot; one of which must resemble an episode in an epic poem; for it would distract the spectator, instead of entertaining him, if he were forced to attend, at the same time, to two capital plots equally interesting. And even supposing it an under-plot, like an episode, it seldom hath a good effect in tragedy, of which simplicity is a chief property; for an interesting subject that engages our affections, occupies our whole attention, and leaves no room for any separate concern. Variety is more tolerable in comedy, which pretends only to amuse, without totally occupying the mind. But even there, the under-plot ought not to vary greatly in its tone from the principal; for discordant emotions are unpleasant when jumbled together; which, by the way, is an insuperable objection to tragi-comedy. Upon that account, the *Provoked Husband* deserves censure: all the scenes that bring the family of the Wrongheads into action, being ludicrous and farcical, are in a very different

tone from the principal scenes, displaying severe and bitter expostulations between Lord Townley and his lady. The same objection touches not the double plot of the *Careless Husband*; the different subjects being sweetly connected, and having only so much variety as to resemble shades of colours harmoniously mixed. But this is not all. The under-plot ought to be connected with that which is principal, so much at least as to employ the same persons: the under plot ought to occupy the intervals or pauses of the principal action; and both ought to be concluded together. This is the case of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Violent action ought never to be represented on the stage. While the dialogue goes on, a thousand particulars concur to delude us into an impression of reality; genuine sentiments, passionate language, and persuasive gesture: the spectator once engaged, is willing to be deceived, loses sight of himself, and without scruple enjoys the spectacle as a reality. From this absent state, he is roused by violent action: he awakes, as from a pleasing dream, and gathering his senses about him, finds all to be a fiction.

The French critics join with Horace in excluding blood from the stage; but overlooking the most substantial objection, they urge only,

that it is barbarous and shocking to a polite audience. The Greeks had no notion of such delicacy, or rather effeminacy: witness the murder of Clytemnestra by her son Orestes, passing behind the scene as represented by Sophocles: her voice is heard calling out for mercy, bitter expostulations on his part, loud shrieks upon her being stabbed, and then a deep silence.

The dialogue ought to be so conducted as to be a true representation of nature. Every single speech, short or long, ought to arise from what is said by the former speaker, and furnish matter for what comes after, till the end of the scene. In this view, all the speeches, from first to last, represent so many links of one continued chain. No author, ancient or modern, possesses the art of dialogue equal to Shakespeare.

In Congreve's comedies, the action is often suspended to make way for a play of wit. But of this more particularly in the chapter immediately following.

No fault is more common among writers, than to prolong a speech after the impatience of the person to whom it is addressed ought to prompt him or her to break in. Consider only how the impatient actor is to behave in the meantime. To express his impatience in violent action without interrupting, would be unnatural; and

yet to dissemble his impatience, by appearing cool where he ought to be highly inflamed, would be no less so.

Rhyme being unnatural and disgustful in dialogue, is happily banished from our theatre: the only wonder is that it ever found admittance, especially among a people accustomed to the more manly freedom of Shakespeare's dialogue. By banishing rhyme, we have gained so much, as never once to dream of any further improvement. And yet, however suitable blank verse may be to elevated characters and warm passions, it must appear improper and affected in the mouths of the lower sort. Every scene in tragedy need not be in blank verse. Shakespeare, with great judgment, intermixes prose with verse, and only employs the latter where it is required by the importance or dignity of the subject. Familiar thoughts and ordinary facts are expressed in plain language: to hear a footman deliver a simple message in blank verse, must appear ridiculous to every one who is not biassed by custom. In short, that variety of characters, and of situations, which is the life of a play, requires not only a suitable variety in the sentiments, but also in the diction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Three Unities.

In the first chapter is explained the pleasure we have in a chain of connected facts. In histories of the world, of a country, of a people, this pleasure is faint, because the connexions are slight. We find more entertainment in biography; because the incidents are connected by their relation to a person who makes a figure, and commands our attention. But the greatest entertainment is in the history of a single event, supposing it interesting; because the facts and circumstances are connected by the strongest of all relations, that of cause and effect: a number of facts that give birth to each other form a delightful train; and we have great mental enjoyment in our progress from beginning to end.

When we consider the chain of causes and effects in the material world, independent of purpose, design, or thought, we find incidents in succession, without beginning, middle, or end: every thing that happens is both a cause and an effect; being the effect of what goes before, and the cause of what follows: one incident may affect us more, another less; but all of them are links in the chain: the mind, in viewing these incidents, cannot rest ultimately upon any one,

but is carried along in the train without any close.

But when the intellectual world is taken under view, in conjunction with the material, the scene is varied. Man acts with deliberation and choice: he aims at some end, glory, for example, or riches, or conquest, the procuring happiness to individuals, or to his country in general: he proposes means, and lays plans to attain the end purposed. Here are a number of facts or incidents leading to the end, and composing one chain by the relation of cause and effect. In running over a series of such facts, we cannot rest upon any one; because they are presented to us as means only, leading to some end: but we rest with satisfaction upon the ultimate event; because there the purpose of the chief person is accomplished. This indicates the beginning, the middle, and the end of what Aristotle calls *an entire action*. The story begins with describing those circumstances which move the principal person to form a plan, to compass some desired event: the prosecution of that plan, and the obstructions, carry the reader into the heat of action: the middle is properly where the action is the most involved; and the end is where the event is brought about, and the plan accomplished.

A plan thus happily accomplished after many obstructions, affords delight to the reader; to produce which, a principle mentioned above mainly contributes, the same that disposes the mind to complete every work commenced, and in general to carry every thing to a conclusion.

The foregoing example of a plan crowned with success, affords the clearest conception of a beginning, middle, and end, in which consists *unity* of action; and stricter unity cannot be imagined. But an action may have unity, or a beginning, middle, and end, without so intimate a relation of parts; as where the catastrophe is different from what is intended or desired, which frequently happens in our best tragedies. In the *Æneid*, the hero, after many obstructions, makes his plan effectual. The *Iliad* is formed upon a different model: it begins with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon; goes on to describe the several effects produced by that cause; and ends in a reconciliation. Here is unity of action, no doubt, a beginning, a middle, and an end; but inferior to that of the *Æneid*, which will thus appear. The mind has a propensity to go forward in the chain of history: it keeps always in view the expected event; and when the under parts are connected by their relation to the event, the mind runs sweetly and

easily along them. This pleasure we have in the *Æneid.* It is not so pleasant as in the *Iliad,* to connect effects by their common cause; for such connexion forces the mind to a continual retrospect: looking back is like walking backward.

Homer's plan is still more defective; the events described are but imperfectly connected with the wrath of Achilles, their cause: his wrath did not exert itself in action; and the misfortunes of his countrymen were but negatively the effects of his wrath, by depriving them of his assistance.

If unity of action be a capital beauty in a fable imitative of human affairs, a plurality of unconnected fables must be a capital deformity. For the sake of variety, we indulge an underplot that is connected with the principal; but two unconnected events are extremely unpleasant, even where the same actors are engaged in both. Ariosto is quite licentious in that particular: he carries on at the same time a plurality of unconnected stories. His only excuse is, that his plan is perfectly well adjusted to his subject; for every thing in the *Orlando Furioso* is wild and extravagant.

Though to state facts in the order of time is natural, that order may be varied, for the sake

of conspicuous beauties. If a noted story, cold and simple in its first movements, be made the subject of an epic poem, the reader may be hurried into the heat of action, reserving the preliminaries for a conservation piece, if necessary; and that method has a peculiar beauty from being dramatic. But a privilege that deviates from nature ought to be sparingly indulged; and yet romance writers make no difficulty of presenting to the reader, without preparation, unknown persons engaged in some arduous adventure equally unknown. In *Cassandra*, two personages, who afterwards are discovered to be the heroes of the fable, start up completely armed upon the banks of the Euphrates, and engage in a single combat.

A play analyzed, is a chain of connected facts, of which each scene makes a link. Each scene, accordingly, ought to produce some incident relative to the catastrophe or ultimate event, by advancing or retarding it. A scene that produceth no incident, and for that reason may be termed *barren*, ought not to be indulged, because it breaks the unity of action: a barren scene can never be entitled to a place, because the chain is complete without it. How successfully is this done by Shakespeare! in whose works there is not to be found a single barren scene.

All the facts in an historical fable ought to have a mutual connexion, by their common relation to the grand event or catastrophe; and this relation, in which the *unity* of action consists, is equally essential to epic and dramatic compositions.

The mind is satisfied with slighter unity in a picture than in a poem; because the perceptions of the former are more lively than the ideas of the latter. In *Hogarth's Enraged Musician*, we have a collection of every grating sound in nature, without any mutual connexion except that of place. But the horror they give to the delicate ear of an Italian fiddler, who is represented almost in convulsions, bestows unity upon the piece, with which the mind is satisfied.

How far the unities of time and of place are essential, is a question of greater intricacy. These unities were observed in the Greek and Roman Theatres; and they are inculcated by the French and some English critics, as essential to every dramatic composition.

The unities of place and time, are not, by the most rigid critics, required in a narrative poem: because, if it pretend to copy nature, these unities would be absurd; real events are seldom confined within narrow limits either of place or of time. And yet we can follow history, or an

historical fable, through all its changes, with the greatest facility: we never once think of measuring the real time by what is taken in reading; nor of forming any connexion between the place of action and that which we occupy.

The drama differs so far from the epic, as to admit different rules. "An historical fable, intended for reading solely, is under no limitation of time nor of place, more than a genuine history; but that a dramatic composition cannot be accurately represented, unless it be limited, as its representation is, to one place and to a few hours; and therefore that it can admit no fable but what has these properties; because it would be absurd to compose a piece for representation that cannot be justly represented." This argument has at least a plausible appearance; and yet one is apt to suspect some fallacy, considering that no critic, however strict, has ventured to confine the unities of place and of time within so narrow bounds.

A view of the Grecian drama, compared with our own, may perhaps relieve us from this dilemma: if they be differently constructed, as shall be made evident, it is possible that the foregoing reasoning may not be equally applicable to both. This is an article that, with rela-

tion to the present subject, has not been examined by any writer.

All authors agree, that tragedy in Greece was derived from the hymns in praise of Bacchus, which were sung in parts of a chorus. Thespis, to relieve the singers, introduced one actor; whose province it was to explain the subject of the song, and who represented one or other personage. Æschylus, introducing a second actor, formed the dialogue, by which the performance became dramatic; the actors were multiplied when the subject represented made it necessary. But still, the chorus, which gave a beginning to tragedy, was considered as an essential part. The first scene, generally, unfolds the preliminary circumstances that lead to the grand event; and this scene is by Aristotle termed the *prologue*. In the second scene, where the action properly begins, the chorus is introduced, which, as originally, continues upon the stage during the whole performance: the chorus frequently makes one in the dialogue; and when the dialogue happens to be suspended, the chorus, during the interval, is employed in singing. Sophocles adheres to this plan religiously. Euripides is not altogether so correct. In some of his pieces, it becomes necessary to remove the

chorus for a little time. But when that unusual step is risked, matters are so ordered as not to interrupt the representation: the chorus never leave the stage of their own accord, but at the command of some principal personage, who constantly waits their return.

Thus the Grecian drama is a continued representation without interruption. Hence the unities of place and of time were strictly observed in the Greek tragedies; which is made necessary by the constitution of their drama, for it is absurd to compose a tragedy that cannot be justly represented.

Modern critics, who for our drama pretend to establish rules founded on the practice of the Greeks, are guilty of an egregious blunder. The unities of place and of time were in Greece a matter of necessity, not of choice; and if we submit to such fetters, it must be from choice, not necessity. This will be evident upon taking a view of the constitution of our drama, which differs widely from that of Greece; whether more or less perfect is a different point, to be handled afterward. By dropping the chorus, opportunity is afforded to divide the representation by intervals of time, during which the stage is evacuated, and the spectacle suspended. This qualifies our drama for subjects spread through

a wide space both of time and of place: the time supposed to pass during the suspension of the representation is not measured by the time of the suspension; and any place may be supposed when the representation is renewed, with as much facility as when it commenced: by which means, many subjects can be justly represented in our theatres, that were excluded from those of ancient Greece. This doctrine may be illustrated, by comparing a modern play to a set of historical pictures; let us suppose them five in number, and the resemblance will be complete. Each of the pictures resembles an act in one of our plays; there must necessarily be the strictest unity of place and of time in each picture; and the same necessity requires these two unities during each act of a play, because during an act there is no interruption in the spectacle. Now, when we view in succession a number of such historical pictures, let it be, for example, the history of Alexander by Le Brun, we have no difficulty to conceive, that months or years have passed between the events exhibited in two different pictures, though the interruption is imperceptible in passing our eye from the one to the other; and we have as little difficulty to conceive a change of place, however great. In which view, there is truly no difference between

five acts of a modern play, and five such pictures. Where the representation is suspended, we can with the greatest facility suppose any length of time or any change of place: the spectator, it is true, may be conscious that the real time and place are not the same with what are employed in the representation: but this is a work of reflection; and by the same reflection he may also be conscious that Garrick is not King Lear, that the playhouse is not Dover Cliffs, nor the noise he hears thunder and lightning. In a word, after an interruption of the representation, it is no more difficult for a spectator to imagine a new place, or a different time, than at the commencement of the play, to imagine himself at Rome, or in a period of time two thousand years back. And indeed, it is abundantly ridiculous, that a critic, who is willing to hold candle-light for sun-shine, and some painted canvasses for a palace or a prison, should be so scrupulous about admitting any latitude of place or of time in the fable, beyond what is necessary in the representation.

There are some effects of great latitude in time that ought never to be indulged in a composition for the theatre: nothing can be more absurd, than at the close to exhibit a full-grown person who appears a child at the beginning:

the mind rejects, as contrary to all probability, such latitude of time as is requisite for a change so remarkable. The greatest change from place to place has not altogether the same bad effect. In the bulk of human affairs place is not material; and the mind, when occupied with an interesting event, is little regardful of minute circumstances: these may be varied at will, because they scarce make any impression.

But though I have taken arms to rescue modern poets from the despotism of modern critics, I would not be understood to justify liberty without any reserve. An unbounded licence with relation to place and time, is faulty, because it seldom fails to break the unity of action. In the ordinary course of human affairs, single events, such as are represented on the stage, are confined to a narrow spot, and commonly employ no great extent of time: we accordingly seldom find strict unity of action in a dramatic composition, where any remarkable latitude is indulged in these particulars. Further, a composition which employs but one place, and requires not a greater length of time than is necessary for the representation, is so much the more perfect; because the confining an event within so narrow bounds, contributes to the unity of action, and prevents that labour, which the mind must un-

dergo in imagining frequent changes of place and many intervals of time. But that such limitation of place and time as was necessary in the Grecian drama, is no rule to us; and though it adds one beauty more to the composition, it is but a refinement, which may justly give place to a thousand beauties more substantial. And it is extremely difficult to contract within the Grecian limits, any fable so fruitful of incidents in number and variety, as to give full scope to the fluctuation of passion.

Considering attentively the ancient drama, we find, that though the representation is never interrupted, the principal action is suspended not less frequently than in the modern drama: there are five acts in each; and the only difference is, that in the former, when the action is suspended as it is at the end of every act, opportunity is taken of the interval to employ the chorus in singing. Hence it appears, that the Grecian continuity of representation cannot have the effect to prolong the impression of reality: to banish that impression, a pause in the action while the chorus is employed in singing, is no less effectual than a total suspension of the representation.

A representation with proper pauses, is better qualified for making a deep impression, than a

continued representation without a pause. Representation cannot very long support an impression of reality; for when the spirits are exhausted by close attention and by the agitation of passion, an uneasiness ensues, which never fails to banish the waking dream. Supposing the time that a man can employ with strict attention without wandering, to be no greater than is requisite for a single act; it follows that a continued representation of longer endurance than an act, instead of giving scope to fluctuation and swelling of passion, would overstrain the attention, and produce a total absence of mind. In that respect, the four pauses have a fine effect; for by affording to the audience a seasonable respite when the impression of reality is gone, and while nothing material is in agitation, they relieve the mind from its fatigue; and prevent a wandering of thought at the very time possibly of the most interesting scenes.

In one article the Grecian model has the advantage: its chorus during an interval not only preserves alive the impressions made upon the audience, but prepares their hearts finely for new impressions. In our theatres the audience, at the end of every act, being left to trifle time away, lose every warm impression; and they begin the next act cool and unconcerned, as at

the commencement of the representation. This is a gross malady in our theatrical representations; but a malady that luckily is not incurable. The music we enjoy between the acts, and which accords with the present tone of mind, is, on that account, doubly agreeable; and accordingly, though music singly hath not power to raise a passion, it tends greatly to support a passion already raised. Further, music prepares us for the passion that follows, by making cheerful, tender, melancholy, or animated impressions, as the subject requires. Take for an example the first scene of the *Mourning Bride*, where soft music, in a melancholy strain, prepares us for Almeria's deep distress. In this manner, music and representation support each other delightfully: the impression made upon the audience by the representation, is a fine preparation for the music that succeeds; and the impression made by the music, is a fine preparation for the representation that succeeds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gardening and Architecture.

GARDENING was at first an useful art: in the garden of Alcinous, described by Homer,

we find nothing done for pleasure merely. But gardening is now improved into a fine art; and when we talk of a garden without any epithet, a pleasure garden, by way of eminence, is understood: The garden of Alcinous, in modern language, was but a kitchen-garden. Architecture has run the same course: it continued many ages an useful art merely, without aspiring to be classed with the fine arts. Architecture, therefore, and gardening, being useful arts as well as fine arts, afford two different views. The reader will not here expect rules for improving any work of art in point of utility; it being no part of my plan to treat of any useful art as such; but there is a beauty in utility; and in discoursing of beauty, that of utility must not be neglected. This leads us to consider gardens and buildings in different views: they may be destined for use solely, for beauty solely, or for both. Such variety of destination, bestows upon these arts a great command of beauties, complex no less than various. Hence the difficulty of forming an accurate taste in gardening and architecture; and hence that difference and wavering of taste in these arts, greater than in any art that has but a single destination.

Architecture and gardening entertain the mind, by raising agreeable emotions or feelings;

with which we must begin, as the true foundation of all the rules of criticism that govern these arts. Gardening, beside the emotions of beauty from regularity, order, proportion, colour, and utility, raises emotions of grandeur, sweetness, gaiety, melancholy, wildness, and even of surprise or wonder. In architecture, the beauties of regularity, order, and proportion, are more conspicuous than in gardening; but architecture is inferior as to the beauty of colour. Grandeur can be expressed in a building more successfully than in a garden; but as to the other emotions above mentioned, architecture has not been brought to the perfection of expressing them distinctly. To balance that defect, it can display the beauty of utility in the highest perfection.

Gardening possesses one advantage, never to be equalled in the other art: in various scenes, it can raise successively all the different emotions above mentioned. But to produce that delicious effect, the garden must be extensive, so as to admit a slow succession: for a small garden, comprehended at one view, ought to be confined to one expression; it may be gay, or sweet, or gloomy; but an attempt to mix these, would create a jumble of emotions not a little unplea-

sant. For the same reason, a building, the most magnificent, is confined to one expression.

Architecture, as a fine art, instead of being a rival to gardening in its progress, seems not far advanced beyond its infant state. To bring it to maturity, two things are wanted. First, a greater variety of parts and ornaments than at present it seems provided with. Gardening here has the advantage; it is provided with plenty of materials for raising scenes without end, affecting the spectator with variety of emotions. In architecture, the materials are so scanty, that artists hitherto have not been successful in raising any emotions but of beauty and grandeur: with respect to the former, there are plenty of means, regularity, order, symmetry, simplicity, utility: and with respect to the latter, the addition of size is sufficient. But though every building ought to have a certain character or expression suited to its destination, this refinement has scarce been attempted by any artist.

In gardening as well as in architecture, simplicity ought to be a ruling principle. Profuse ornament hath no better effect than to confound the eye, and prevent the object from making an impression as one entire whole. An artist des-

titute of genius for capital beauties, is prompted to supply the defect by crowding his plan with slight embellishments: hence in a garden, triumphal arches, Chinese houses, temples, obelisks, cascades, fountains, without end; and in a building, pillars, vases, statues, and a profusion of carved work. Superfluity of decoration hath another bad effect; it gives the object a diminutive look: an island in a wide extended lake makes it appear larger; but an artificial lake, which is always little, appears still less by making an island in it.

In forming plans for embellishing a field, an artist without taste employs straight lines, circles, and squares; because these look best upon paper. He perceives not, that to humour and adorn nature, is the perfection of his art; and that nature, neglecting regularity, distributes her objects in great variety with a bold hand. A large field laid out with strict regularity, is stiff and artificial.

Having thus far carried on a comparison between gardening and architecture; rules peculiar to each come next in order, beginning with gardening. The simplest plan of a garden, is that embellished with a number of natural objects, trees, walks, polished parterres, flowers, streams, &c. One more complex comprehends

statues and buildings, that nature and art may be mutually ornamental. A third, approaching nearer perfection, is of objects assembled together to produce, not only an emotion of beauty, but also some other particular emotion, grandeur, for example, gaiety, or any other above mentioned. The completest plan of a garden is an improvement upon the third, requiring the several parts to be so arranged, as to inspire all the different emotions that can be raised by gardening. In this plan, the arrangement is an important circumstance; for it has been shown, that some emotions figure best in conjunction, and that others ought always to appear in succession, and never in conjunction. When the most opposite emotions, such as gloominess and gaiety, stillness and activity, follow each other in succession, the pleasure, on the whole, will be the greatest; but such emotions ought not to be united, because they produce an unpleasant mixture. For this reason, a ruin affording a melancholy pleasure, ought not to be seen from a flower-parterre, which is gay and cheerful. But to pass from an exhilarating object to a ruin, has a fine effect; for each of the emotions is the more sensibly felt by being contrasted with the other. Similar emotions, on the other hand, such as gaiety and sweetness, stillness and

gloominess, motion and grandeur, ought to be raised together; for their effects upon the mind are heightened by their conjunction.

Kent's method of embellishing a field is admirable; which is to replenish it with beautiful objects, natural and artificial, disposed as they ought to be upon a canvas in painting.

A single garden must be distinguished from a plurality; yet it is not obvious in what the unity of a garden consists. The gardens of Versailles, properly expressed in the plural number, being no fewer than sixteen, are all of them connected with the palace, but have scarce any mutual connexion: they appear not like parts of one whole, but like small gardens in contiguity.

Regularity is required in that part of a garden adjacent to the dwelling-house; because an immediate accessory ought to partake the regularity of the principal object: but in proportion to the distance from the house considered as the centre, regularity ought to be less studied. A small garden, on the other hand, which admits not grandeur, ought to be strictly regular.

A hill covered with trees, appears more beautiful as well as more lofty than when naked. To distribute trees in a plain requires more art: near the dwelling-house they ought to be scattered so distant from each other, as not to break

the unity of the field; and even at the greatest distance of distinct vision, they ought never to be so crowded as to hide any beautiful object.

In the manner of planting a wood or thicket, much art may be displayed. A common centre of walks, termed *a star*, from whence are seen remarkable objects, appears too artificial, stiff and formal, to be agreeable: the crowding objects together, lessens the pleasure that would be felt in a slower succession.

An object terminating a narrow opening in a wood, appears at a double distance. To place a number of thickets in a line, with an opening in each, directing the eye from one to another, will make them appear more remote than they are in reality, and in appearance enlarge the size of the whole field.

By a judicious distribution of trees, other beauties may be produced A landscape so rich as to engross the whole attention, and so limited as sweetly to be comprehended under a single view, has a much finer effect than the most extensive landscape that requires a wandering of the eye through successive scenes. This observation suggests a capital rule in laying out a field; which is, never at any one station to admit a larger prospect than can easily be taken in at once.

As gardening is but an imitation of nature, or rather nature ornamented, every thing unnatural ought to be rejected. Statues of wild beasts vomiting water, a common ornament in gardens, prevail in those of Versailles. A *jet d'eau*, being purely artificial, may, without disgust, be tortured into a thousand shapes.

In gardening, every lively exhibition of what is beautiful in nature has a fine effect: but distant and faint imitations are displeasing. The cutting evergreens in the shape of animals, is very ancient. The propensity to imitation gave birth to that practice; and has supported it long, considering how faint and insipid the imitation is. But the vulgar, great and small, are entertained with the oddness and singularity of a resemblance, however distant, between a tree and an animal. An attempt in the gardens of Versailles to imitate a grove of trees by a group of *jets d'eau*, appears, for the same reason, no less childish.

In designing a garden, every thing trivial or whimsical ought to be avoided. A labyrinth is a mere conceit, like that of composing verses in the shape of an axe or an egg: the walks and hedges may be agreeable; but in the form of a labyrinth, they serve to no end but to puzzle: a riddle is a conceit not so mean; because the

solution is proof of sagacity, which affords no aid in tracing a labyrinth.

A straight road is the most agreeable, because it shortens the journey. But in an embellished field, a straight walk has an air of formality, and is less agreeable than a winding walk; for in surveying the beauties of an ornamented field, we love to roam from place to place at freedom. Winding walks at every step open new views, and the walks in pleasure-grounds ought not to have any appearance of a road: my intention is not to make a journey, but to feast my eye on the beauties of art and nature.

Avoid a straight avenue directed upon a dwelling-house: better far an oblique approach in a waving line, with single trees and other scattered objects interposed. In a direct approach, the first appearance is continued to the end; we see a house at a distance, and we see it all along in the same spot without any variety.

A garden on a flat ought to be highly and variously ornamented, in order to occupy the mind, and prevent our regretting the insipidity of an uniform plan. Artificial mounts in that view are common: but no person has thought of an artificial walk elevated high above the plain. Such a walk is airy, tends to elevate

the mind; it extends and varies the prospect; and it makes the plain, seen from a height, appear more agreeable.

A ruin should be in the Gothic form, because it exhibits the triumph of time over strength; a melancholy, but not unpleasant thought: a Grecian ruin suggests rather the triumph of barbarity over taste: a gloomy and discouraging thought.

There are not many fountains in a good taste. Statues of animals vomiting water, stand condemned as unnatural.

Hitherto a garden has been treated as a work intended solely for pleasure, or giving impressions of intrinsic beauty. Next in order, the beauty of a garden destined for use, termed *relative beauty*, shall be dispatched in few words. In gardening, relative beauty need never stand in opposition to intrinsic beauty; all the ground that can be requisite for use, makes but a small proportion of an ornamented field; and may be put in any corner without obstructing the disposition of the capital parts. At the same time, a kitchen garden or an orchard is susceptible of intrinsic beauty; and may be so artfully disposed among the other parts, as by variety and contrast to contribute to the beauty

of the whole. In this respect, architecture requires a greater stretch of art, as will be seen immediately: for as intrinsic and relative beauty must often be blended in the same building, it becomes a difficult task to attain both in any perfection.

In a hot country, it is a capital object to have, what may be termed a *summer garden;* a spot of ground disposed by art and by nature to exclude the sun, but to give free access to the air. In a cold country, the capital object should be a *winter garden*, open to the sun, sheltered from wind, dry under foot, and taking on the appearance of summer by variety of evergreens. The relish of a country life, totally extinct in France, is decaying fast in Britain. But as many people of fashion, and some of taste, pass the winter, or part of it, in the country, it is amazing that winter gardens should be overlooked. During summer, every field is a garden; but during half of the year, the weather is seldom so good in Britain as to afford comfort in the open air without shelter; and yet seldom so bad as not to afford comfort with shelter. Beside providing for exercise and health, a winter garden may be made subservient to education, by introducing a habit of thinking. In youth,

lively spirits give too great a propensity to pleasure and amusement, making us averse to serious occupation. That untoward bias may be corrected in some degree by a winter-garden, which produces in the mind a calm satisfaction, free from agitation of passion, whether gay or gloomy; a fine tone of mind for meditation and reasoning.

I proceed now to rules and observations that more peculiarly concern architecture. Architecture, being an useful as well as a fine art, leads us to distinguish buildings and parts of buildings into three kinds, namely, what are intended for utility solely, what for ornament solely, and what for both. Buildings intended for utility, such as detached offices, ought partly to correspond precisely to that intention; the slightest deviation from the end in view is a blemish. In general, it is the perfection of every work of art, that it fulfils the purpose for which it is intended; and every other beauty, in opposition, is improper. But in things intended for ornament, as pillars, obelisks, triumphal arches, beauty alone ought to be regarded. The great difficulty of contrivance respects buildings that are intended to be useful as well as ornamental. These ends, employing different and often opposite means, are seldom united in per-

fection; and the only practicable method in such buildings is, to favour ornament less or more according to the character of the building: in palaces, and other edifices sufficiently extensive to admit a variety of useful contrivance, regularity justly takes the lead; but in dwelling-houses that are too small for a variety of contrivance, utility ought to prevail, neglecting regularity as far as it stands in opposition to convenience.

Intrinsic and relative beauty being founded on different principles, must be handled separately.* I begin with relative beauty, as of the greater importance. The proportions of a door are determined by the use to which it is destined. The door of a dwelling-house is confined to seven or eight feet in height, and three or four in breadth. The proportions proper for the door of a barn or coach-house are different, because to study intrinsic beauty in a coach-house or barn, is improper. The principal door of a palace demands all the grandeur that is consistent with the proportions dictated by utility: it ought to be elevated and approached by steps, and adorned with pillars supporting an architrave. The door of a church ought to be wide, to afford an easy passage for a multitude, and the width regulates the height. The size of

windows ought to be proportioned to that of the room they illuminate. The steps of a stair ought to be accommodated to the human figure, without regarding any other proportion: they are accordingly the same in large and in small buildings, because both are inhabited by men of the same size.

I proceed to consider intrinsic beauty blended with that which is relative. Though a cube in itself is more agreeable than a parallelopipedon, yet a large parallelopipedon set on its smaller base, is by its elevation more agreeable; and hence the beauty of a Gothic tower. But supposing this figure to be destined for a dwelling-house, to make way for relative beauty, we immediately perceive that utility ought chiefly to be regarded, and that the figure, inconvenient by its height, ought to be set upon its larger base: for which reason, a figure spread more upon the ground than raised in height, is always preferred for a dwelling-house, without excepting even the most superb palace.

As to the divisions within, utility requires that the rooms be rectangular; for otherwise void spaces would be left. A hexagonal figure leaves no void spaces, but it determines the rooms to be all of one size, which is convenient. A room of a moderate size may be a square;

but in very large rooms this figure must give place to a parallelogram, which can more easily be adjusted than a square to the smaller rooms contrived entirely for convenience. A parallelogram, at the same time, is best calculated for receiving light; because, to avoid cross lights, all the windows ought to be in one wall; and the opposite wall must be so near as to be fully lighted, otherwise the room will be obscure. The height of a room exceeding nine or ten feet, has little or no relation to utility, and therefore proportion is the only rule for determining a greater height.

In palaces and sumptuous buildings, intrinsic beauty ought to have the ascendant over that which is relative. But in dwelling-houses of moderate size, intrinsic beauty cannot be displayed in any perfection, without wounding relative beauty; and yet architects never give over attempting to reconcile these two incompatibles; how otherwise should it happen, that of the endless variety of private dwelling-houses, there is scarce an instance of any one being chosen for a pattern?

Nothing can be more evident, than that the form of a dwelling-house ought to be suited to the climate: and yet no error is more common, than to copy in Britain the form of Italian

houses; not forgetting even those parts that are purposely contrived for air, and for excluding the sun.

Having said what appeared necessary upon relative beauty, the next step is, to view architecture as one of the fine arts. In the works of nature, rich and magnificent, variety prevails: and in works of art that are contrived to imitate nature, the great art is to hide every appearance of art; which is done by avoiding regularity, and indulging variety. But in works of art that are original, and not imitative, the timid hand is guided by rule and compass; and accordingly in architecture strict regularity and uniformity are studied, as far as consistent with utility.

Proportion of parts is not only itself a beauty, but is inseparably connected with a beauty of the highest relish, that of concord or harmony; which will be plain from what follows. A room of which the parts are all finely adjusted to each other, strikes us with the beauty of proportion. It strikes us, at the same time, with a pleasure far superior: the length, the breadth, the height, the windows, raise each of them separately an emotion: these emotions are similar, and though faint when felt separately, they produce in conjunction the emotion of concord or harmony,

which is extremely pleasant. On the other hand, where the length of a room far exceeds the breadth, the mind, comparing together parts so intimately connected, immediately perceives a disagreement or disproportion which disgusts. But this is not all: viewing them separately, different emotions are produced, that of grandeur from the great length, and that of meanness or littleness from the small breadth, which in union are disagreeable by their discordance. Hence it is, that a long gallery, however convenient for exercise, is not an agreeable figure of a room: we consider it, like a stable, as destined for use, and expect not that in any other respect it should be agreeable.

Regularity and proportion are essential in buildings destined chiefly or solely to please the eye, because they produce intrinsic beauty. But a skilful artist will not confine his view to regularity and proportion: he will also study congruity, which is perceived when the form and ornaments of a structure are suited to the purpose for which it is intended. The sense of congruity dictates the following rule, That every building have an expression corresponding to its destination: a palace ought to be sumptuous and grand; a private dwelling, neat and modest; a playhouse, gay and splendid; and a

monument, gloomy and melancholy. A heathen temple has a double destination: it is considered chiefly as a house dedicated to some divinity, and in that respect it ought to be grand, elevated, and magnificent; it is considered also as a place of worship, and in that respect it ought to be somewhat dark or gloomy, because dimness produces that tone of mind which is suited to humility and devotion. A Christian church is not considered to be a house for the Deity, but merely a place of worship: it ought therefore to be decent and plain, without much ornament: a situation ought to be chosen low and retired; because the congregation during worship, ought to be humble and disengaged from the world. Columns, beside their chief service of being supports, may contribute to that peculiar expression which the destination of a building requires; columns of different proportions, serve to express loftiness, lightness, &c. as well as strength. Situation also may contribute to expression: conveniency regulates the situation of a private dwelling-house; but, as I have had occasion to observe, the situation of a palace ought to be lofty.

And this leads to a question, Whether the situation, where there happens to be no choice, ought, in any measure, to regulate the form of

the edifice? The connexion between a large house and the neighbouring fields, though not intimate, demands however some congruity. It would, for example, displease us to find an elegant building thrown away upon a wild uncultivated country, congruity requires a polished field for such a building; and beside the pleasure of congruity, the spectator is sensible of the pleasure of concordance from the similarity of the emotions produced by the two objects. The old Gothic form of building seems well suited to the rough uncultivated regions where it was invented: the only mistake was, the transferring this form to the fine plains of France and Italy, better for buildings in the Grecian taste; but by refining upon the Gothic form, every thing possible has been done to reconcile it to its new situation. The profuse variety of wild and grand objects about Inverary demanded a house in the Gothic form; and every one must approve the taste of the proprietor, in adjusting so finely the appearance of his house to that of the country where it is placed.

The external structure of a great house, leads naturally to its internal structure. A spacious room, which is the first that commonly receives us, seems a bad contrivance in several respects. In the first place, when immediately

from the open air we step into such a room, its size in appearance is diminished by contrast: it looks little compared with that great canopy the sky. In the next place, when it recovers its grandeur, as it soon doth, it gives a diminutive appearance to the rest of the house: passing from it, every apartment looks little.

A great room, which enlarges the mind and gives a certain elevation to the spirits, is destined by nature for conversation. Rejecting therefore this form, I take a hint from the climax in writing for another form that appears more suitable, by a progression from small to great. If the house be very large, there may be space for the following suit of rooms: first, a portico; second, a passage within the house, bounded by a double row of columns connected by arcades; third, an octagon room, or of any other figure, about the centre of the building; and lastly, the great room.

Artists have generally an inclination to form the great room into a double cube, even with the inconvenience of a double row of windows: they are pleased with the regularity, overlooking that it is mental only, and not visible to the eye, which seldom can distinguish between the height of 24 feet and that of 30.

Of all the emotions that can be raised by architecture, grandeur is that which has the greatest

influence on the mind; and it ought therefore to be the chief study of the artist. But as grandeur depends partly on size, it seems so far unlucky for architecture, that it is governed by regularity and proportion. But though regularity and proportion contribute nothing to grandeur as far as that emotion depends on size, they in a different respect contribute greatly to it, as has been explained above.

Next of ornaments, which contribute to give buildings a peculiar expression. A private dwelling-house, and other edifices where use is the chief aim, admit not regularly any ornament but what has the appearance, at least, of use: but temples, triumphal arches, and other buildings intended chiefly or solely for show, admit every sort of ornament.

A thing intended merely as an ornament, may be of any figure; if it please the spectator, the artist gains his end. Statues, vases, sculpture upon stone, whether basso or alto relievo, are beautiful ornaments. A statue in perfection is an enchanting work; and we naturally require that it should be seen in every direction and at different distances; for which reason, statues employed as ornaments are proper to adorn the great staircase that leads to the principal door of a palace, or to occupy the void between pillars. But a niche in the external front is not

a proper place for a statue. To adorn the top of a wall with a row of vases is an unhappy conceit, by placing things apparently of use where they cannot be of any use upon the pedestal, whether of a statue or a column; the ancients never ventured any bolder ornament than the basso relievo.

Long robes appear noble, not singly for their flowing lines, but for their being the habit of magistrates; and a scarf acquires an air of dignity by being the badge of a superior order of churchmen. These examples may be thought sufficient for a specimen: a diligent inquiry into human nature will discover other influencing principles; and hence it is, that of all subjects ornaments admit the greatest variety in point of taste.

We find three orders of columns among the Greeks; the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian, distinguished from each other by their destination as well as by their ornaments.

The only circumstances that can serve to distinguish one order from another, are the form of the column, and its destination. To make the first a distinguishing mark, without regard to the other, would multiply these orders without end; for a colour is not more susceptible of different shades, than a column is of different forms. Destination is more limited, as it leads

to distinguish columns into three kinds or orders: one plain and strong, for the purpose of supporting plain and massy buildings; one delicate and graceful, for supporting buildings of that character; and between these, one for supporting buildings of a middle character. This distinction, which regards the different purposes of a column, is not naturally liable to any objection, considering that it tends also to regulate the form, and in some measure the ornaments, of a column.

If we regard destination only, the Tuscan is of the same order with the Doric, and the Composite with the Corinthian; but if we regard form merely, they are of different orders.

The ornaments of these three orders ought to be so contrived as to make them look like what they are intended for. Plain and rustic ornaments would be not a little discordant with the elegance of the Corinthian order; and ornaments sweet and delicate no less so with the strength of the Doric. The Corinthian order has been the favourite of two thousand years, and yet I cannot force myself to relish its capital. The invention of this florid capital is ascribed to the sculptor Callimachus, who took a hint from the plant *Acanthus*, growing round a basket placed accidentally upon it; and in fact the capital under consideration represents pretty accurately

a basket so ornamented: an Acanthus, or any tender plant, may require support, but is altogether insufficient to support any thing heavier than a bee or a butterfly. This capital must also bear the weight of another objection: to represent a vine wreathing round a column with its root seemingly in the ground, is natural; but to represent an Acanthus, or any plant, as growing on the top of a column, is unnatural. The elegance of this capital did probably at first draw a veil over its impropriety; and now by long use it has gained an establishment, respected by every artist. Such is the force of custom, even in contradiction to nature!

With respect to buildings of every sort, one rule dictated by utility, is, that they be firm and stable. Another rule, dictated by beauty, is, that they also appear so: for what appears tottering and in hazard of tumbling, produceth in the spectator the painful emotion of fear, instead of the pleasant emotion of beauty; and, accordingly, it is the great care of the artist, that every part of his edifice appear to be well supported.

To succeed in allegorical or emblematic ornaments, is no slight effort of genius; for it is extremely difficult to dispose them so in a building as to produce any good effect. The mixing them with realities, makes a miserable jumble of truth and fiction. The temples of Ancient

and Modern Virtue in the gardens of Stowe appear not at first view emblematical; and when we are informed that they are so, it is not easy to gather their meaning: the spectator sees one temple entire, another in ruins; but without an explanatory inscription he may guess, but cannot be certain, that the former being dedicated to Ancient Virtue, the latter to Modern Virtue, are intended a satire upon the present times. On the other hand, a trite emblem, like a trite simile, is disgustful. A room in a dwelling-house containing a monument to a deceased friend, is dedicated to Melancholy: it has a clock that strikes every minute, to signify how swiftly time passes—upon the monument, weeping figures and other hackneyed ornaments commonly found upon tomb-stones, with a stuffed raven in a corner—verses on death, and other serious subjects, incribed all around. These objects are too familiar, and the artifice too apparent, to produce the intended effect.*

* In the city of Mexico there was a palace termed *the house of affliction*, where Montezuma retired upon losing any of his friends, or upon any public calamity. This house was better adjusted to its destination: it inspired a sort of horror: all was black and dismal: small windows, shut up with grates, scarce allowing passage to the light.

The statue of Moses striking a rock from which water actually issues, is also in a false taste; for it is mixing reality with representation. Moses himself may bring water out of the rock, but this miracle is too much for his statue. The same objection lies against a cascade where the statue of a water-god pours out of his urn real water.

I am more doubtful whether the same objection lies against the employing statues of animals as supports; that of a negro, for example, supporting a dial, statues of fish supporting a basin of water, *Termes* supporting a chimney-piece; for when a stone is used as a support, where is the incongruity, it will be said, to cut it into the form of an animal? But leaving this doubtful, another objection occurs, That such designs must in some measure be disagreeable, by the appearance of giving pain to a sensitive being.

It is observed above of gardening, that it contributes to rectitude of manners, by inspiring gaiety and benevolence. I add another observation, That both gardening and architecture contribute to the same end, by inspiring a taste for neatness and elegance. In Scotland, the regularity and polish even of a turnpike-road has some influence of this kind upon the poor people in the neighbourhood. They become

fond of regularity and neatness; which is displayed, first upon their yards and little enclosures, and next within doors. A taste for regularity and neatness, thus acquired, is extended by degrees to dress, and even to behaviour and manners. The author of a history of Switzerland, describing the fierce manners of the Plebeians of Bern three or four centuries ago, continually inured to success in war, which made them insolently aim at a change of government in order to establish a pure democracy, observes, that no circumstance tended more to sweeten their manners, and to make them fond of peace, than the public buildings carried on by the senate for ornamenting their capital; particularly a fine town-house, and a magnificent church, which to this day, says our author, stands its ground as one of the finest in Europe.

CHAPTER XXV.

Standard of Taste.

It is a common proverb that there is no disputing about taste. One thing at first view is evident, that if the proverb holds true with respect to taste in its proper meaning, it must hold equally true with respect to our other ex-

ternal senses: if the pleasures of the palate disdain a comparative trial, and reject all criticism, the pleasures of touch, of smell, of sound, and even of sight, must be equally privileged. At that rate, a man is not within the reach of censure, even where he prefers the Saracen's head upon a sign-post before the best tablature of Raphael, or a rude Gothic tower before the finest Grecian building: or where he prefers an unpleasant smell before that of the most odoriferous flower, or discords before exquisite harmony.

If the pleasures of external sense be exempted from criticism, why not every one of our pleasures, from whatever source derived? If taste in its proper sense cannot be disputed, there is little room for disputing it in its figurative sense. The proverb accordingly comprehends both; and in that large sense may be resolved into the following general proposition, That with respect to the perceptions of sense, by which some objects appear agreeable, some disagreeable, there is not such a thing as a *good* or a *bad*, a *right* or a *wrong*; that every man's taste is to himself an ultimate standard without appeal; and consequently that there is no ground of censure against any one who prefers Blackmore before Homer, selfishness before benevolence, or cowardice before magnanimity.

The proverb in the foregoing examples is indeed carried very far: it seems difficult, however, to sap its foundation, or attack it successfully from any quarter; every man is equally a judge of what ought to be agreeable or disagreeable to himself. Is it not whimsical and absurd, to assert, that a man *ought not* to be pleased when he is, or that he *ought* to be pleased when he is not?

This reasoning may perplex, but will never afford conviction: every one of taste will reject it as false, however unqualified to detect the fallacy. Though no man of taste will assent to the proverb as holding true in every case, no man will affirm that it holds true in no case; there are objects that we may like or dislike indifferently, without any imputation upon our taste. Were a philosopher to make a scale for human pleasures, he would not think of making divisions without end; but would rank together pleasures arising perhaps from different objects, either as conducing to happiness, or differing so imperceptibly as to make a separation unnecessary. Nature has taken this course as to the generality of mankind. There may be subdivisions without end; but we are only sensible of the grosser divisions, comprehending pleasures equally affecting: to these the proverb is appli-

cable in the strictest sense; for with respect to pleasures of the same rank, what ground can there be for preferring one before another? If a preference in fact be given by any individual, it cannot proceed from taste, but from custom, imitation, or some peculiarity of mind.

Nature, in her scale of pleasures, has been sparing of divisions; she has wisely and benevolently filled every division with many pleasures, that individuals may be contented with their own lot, without envying that of others. Many hands must be employed to procure us the conveniences of life; and it is necessary that the different branches of business, whether more or less agreeable, be filled with hands: a taste too refined would obstruct that plan; for it would crowd some employments, leaving others, no less useful, totally neglected. Fortunately the plurality are not delicate in their choice, but fall in readily with the occupations, pleasures, food, and company, that fortune throws in their way; and if at first there be any displeasing circumstance, custom soon makes it easy.

The proverb will hold true as to the particulars now explained; but when applied in general to every subject of taste, the difficulties to be encountered are insuperable. We need only to mention the difficulty that arises from human nature itself: Do we not talk of a good and a

bad taste?—of a right and a wrong taste?—and upon that supposition, do we not censure writers, painters, architects, and every one who deals in the fine arts? Are such criticisms absurd, and void of common sense?—have the foregoing expressions, familiar in all languages and among all people, no sort of meaning? This can hardly be; for what is universal, must have a foundation in nature. If we can reach that foundation, the standard of taste will no longer be a secret.

We have a sense or conviction of a common nature in our own species, and in every species of animals: and this common nature is a model or standard for each individual that belongs to the kind. Hence it is a wonder to find an individual deviating from the common nature of the species, whether in its internal or external construction: a child born with aversion to its mother's milk, is a wonder, no less than if born without a mouth, or with more than one.* This conviction of a common nature in every species, paves the way for distributing things into *genera* and *species*; to which we are prone.

With respect to the common nature of man in particular, we have a conviction that it is invariable not less than universal. Nor are we

* See Essays on Morality and Natural Religion, Part I. Essay 2. ch. 1.

deceived; because, giving allowance for the difference of culture and gradual refinement of manners, the fact corresponds to our conviction.

We are so constituted, as to conceive this common nature to be invariable, *perfect* or *right*; and that individuals *ought* to be made conformable to it. Every remarkable deviation from the standard makes an impression upon us of imperfection, irregularity, or disorder: it is disagreeable, and raises in us a painful emotion; monstrous births, exciting the curiosity of a philosopher, fail not at the same time to excite a sort of horror.

This conviction of a common nature or standard and of its perfection, accounts clearly for that remarkable conception we have of a right and a wrong sense or taste in morals, and also in the fine arts. A man who, avoiding objects generally agreeable, delights in objects generally disagreeable, is condemned as a monster; we disapprove his taste as bad or wrong, because we have a clear conception that he deviates from the common standard.

No particular in human nature is more universal, than the uneasiness a man feels when in matters of importance his opinions are rejected by others. The conviction of a common standard explains the mystery: every man, generally speaking, taking it for granted that his

opinions agree with the common sense of mankind, is disgusted with those who think differently, not as differing from him, but from the common standard: hence in all disputes, we find the parties appealing constantly to the common sense of mankind as the ultimate standard. In matters left indifferent by the standard, we find nothing of the same pleasure or pain: a bookish man, unless swayed by convenience, relishes not the contemplative man more than the active; his friends and companions are chosen indifferently out of either class: a painter consorts with a poet or musician, as readily as with those of his own art: and one is not the more agreeable to me for loving beef, as I do, nor the less agreeable for preferring mutton.

Men are prone to flatter themselves, by taking it for granted that their opinions and their taste are in all respects conformable to the common standard; but there are exceptions without number, of persons who are addicted to gross amusements without having any relish for the more elegant pleasures afforded by the fine arts; yet these very persons, talking the same language with the rest of mankind, pronounce in favour of the more elegant pleasures, and invariably approve those who have a more refined taste, being ashamed of their own as low and sensual. No reason can be given for this sin-

gular impartiality, other than the authority of the common standard with respect to the dignity of human nature: and from the instances now given, we discover that the authority of that standard, even upon the most grovelling souls, is so vigorous, as to prevail over self-partiality, and make them despise their own taste compared with the more elevated taste of others.

Uniformity of taste and sentiment resulting from our conviction of a common standard, leads to two important final causes; the one respecting our duty, the other our pastime. Unhappy it would be for us did not uniformity prevail in morals: that our actions should uniformly be directed to what is good and against what is ill, is the greatest blessing in society.

With respect to pastime in general, and the fine arts in particular, the final cause of uniformity is illustrious. Uniformity of taste gives opportunity for sumptuous and elegant buildings, fine gardens, and extensive embellishments, which please universally. The same uniformity of taste is equally necessary to perfect the arts of music, sculpture, and painting, and to support the expense they require after they are brought to perfection. Nature is in every particular consistent with herself: we are framed

to have a high relish for the fine arts, which are a great source of happiness, and friendly in a high degree to virtue.

The separation of men into different classes, by birth, office, or occupation, tends to relax the connexion that ought to be among the members of the same state; which bad effect is in some measure prevented by the access all ranks of people have to public spectacles, and amusements that are best enjoyed in company. Such meetings, where every one partakes of the same pleasures in common, are no slight support to the social affections.

Thus, upon a conviction common to the species is erected a standard of taste; which standard, ascertaining what actions are right or wrong, proper or improper, has enabled moralists to establish rules for our conduct, from which no person is permitted to swerve. We have the same standard for ascertaining in all the fine arts, what is beautiful or ugly, high or low, proper or improper, proportioned or disproportioned.

There exists a rule or standard in nature for trying the taste of individuals, in the fine arts as well as in morals. To ascertain the rules of morality, we appeal not to the sense of savages, but of men in their more perfect state; and we

make the same appeal in forming the rules that ought to govern the fine arts: in neither can we safely rely on a local or transitory taste; but on what is the most general and the most lasting among polite nations.

However languid and cloudy the common sense of mankind may be as to the fine arts, it is the only standard in these as well as in morals. In gathering the common sense of mankind, more circumspection is requisite with respect to the fine arts than with respect to morals: upon the latter, any person may be consulted, but in the former, a wary choice is necessary. Those who depend for food on bodily labour, are totally void of such a taste as can be of use in the fine arts. This consideration bars the greater part of mankind. But as such selections seem to throw matters again into uncertainty, we must be more explicit upon this branch of our subject.

Nothing tends more than voluptuousness to corrupt the whole internal frame, and to vitiate our taste in the fine arts and morals: voluptuousness never fails, in time, to extinguish the sympathetic affections, and to bring on a beastly selfishness, which leaves nothing of man but the shape: about excluding such persons there will be no dispute. Let us next bring under trial, the opulent who delight in expence: the appetite

for superiority and respect, inflamed by riches, is vented upon costly furniture, numerous attendants, a princely dwelling, sumptuous feasts, every thing superb and gorgeous, to amaze and humble all beholders: simplicity, elegance, propriety, and things natural, sweet, or amiable, are despised or neglected: for these are not appropriated to the rich, nor make a figure in the public eye: nothing is relished, but what serves to gratify pride, by an imaginary exaltation of the possessor above those who surround him. Such sentiments contract the heart, and make every principle give way to self-love: benevolence and public spirit, with all their refined emotions, are little felt, and less regarded; and if these be excluded, there can be no place for the faint and delicate emotions of the fine arts.

The exclusion of classes so many and numerous, reduces within a narrow compass those who are qualified to be judges in the fine arts. Many circumstances are necessary to form such a judge: There must be a good natural taste; approaching, at least in some degree, to the delicacy of taste above described: that taste must be improved by education, reflection, and experience: preserved in vigour by living regularly, by using the goods of fortune with moderation, and following the dictates of improved

nature, which give welcome to every rational pleasure without indulging any excess. This is the tenor of life which of all contributes the most to refinement of taste; and the same tenor of life contributes the most to happiness in general.

With respect to the fine arts, there is less difference of taste than is commonly imagined. Nature has marked all her works with indelible characters of high or low, plain or elegant, strong or weak: which if perceived, are seldom misapprehended; and the same marks are equally perceptible in works of art. A defective taste is incurable; and it hurts none but the possessor, because it carries no authority to impose upon others. Differences about objects of taste are endless; but they generally concern trifles, or matters of equal rank, where preference may be given either way with impunity: if, on any occasion, persons differ where they ought not, a depraved taste will readily be discovered on one or other side, occasioned by imitation, custom, or corrupted manners, as described above. And considering that every individual partakes of a common nature, what is there that should occasion any wide difference in taste or sentiment? By the principles that constitute the sensitive part of our nature, a wonderful uniformity is

preserved in the emotions and feelings of the different races of men; the same object making upon every person the same impression, the same in kind, if not in degree. There have been, as above observed, aberrations from these principles; but soon or late they prevail, and restore the wanderer to the right track.

In general, every doubt with relation to the common sense of man, or standard of taste, may be cleared by the same appeal; and to unfold these principles has been the declared purpose of the present undertaking.

APPENDIX.

Terms Defined or Explained.

EVERY thing we perceive or are conscious of, is, with respect to the percipient, termed an *object*. Some objects appear to be internal; as passion, thinking, volition: Some external; as objects of sight, hearing, smell, touch, and taste.

That act of the mind which makes known to me an external object, is termed *perception*. That act of the mind which makes known to me an internal object, is termed *consciousness*. The power or faculty from which consciousness proceeds, is termed an *internal sense*. The power or faculty from which perception proceeds, is termed an *external sense*. This distinction refers to the objects of our knowledge; for the senses, whether external or internal, are all of them powers or faculties of the mind.

Perception and sensation are reckoned synonymous, signifying that internal act by which external objects are made known to us. But they ought to be distinguished. *Perception* signifies every internal act by which we are made acquainted with external objects. *Sensation*

properly signifies that internal act by which we are made conscious of pleasure or pain felt at the organ of sense. In perception, my attention is directed to the external object: in sensation, it is directed to the pleasure or pain I feel.

The agreeable appearance of an object of sight is termed *beauty*; and the disagreeable appearance of such an object is termed *ugliness*.

But though beauty and ugliness, in their genuine signification, are confined to objects of sight, in a figurative signification, they are applied to objects of the other senses: even to abstract terms; for it is not unusual to say, *a beautiful theorem, a beautiful constitution of government.*

A line composed by a single rule, is perceived and said to be regular: a straight line, a parabola, a hyperbola, the circumference of a circle, and of an ellipse, are all of them regular lines: and regularity, properly speaking, belongs, like beauty, to objects of sight; and, like beauty, it is also applied figuratively to other objects; thus we say, *a regular government, a regular composition of music*, and *regular discipline.*

When two figures are composed of similar parts, they are said to be uniform. Perfect uniformity is where the constituent parts of two figures are equal: two cubes of the same dimen-

sions are perfectly uniform in all their parts. Uniformity is also applicable to the constituent parts of the same figure. The constituent parts of a square are perfectly uniform; its sides are equal and its angles are equal. Wherein then differs regularity from uniformity? Regularity is predicated of a figure considered as a whole composed of uniform parts: uniformity is predicated of these parts as related to each other by resemblance: we say, a square is a regular, not an uniform, figure; but with respect to the constituent parts of a square, we say not, that they are regular, but that they are uniform.

In the nature of every man, there is somewhat original, which distinguishes him from others, which tends to form his character, and to make him meek or fiery, candid or deceitful, resolute or timorous, cheerful or morose. This original bent, termed *disposition*, must be distinguished from a *principle*: the latter, signifying a law of human nature, makes part of the common nature of man; the former makes part of the nature of this or that man. *Propensity* is a name common to both; for it signifies a principle as well as a disposition.

Affection, signifying a settled bent of mind toward a particular being or thing, occupies a middle place between disposition on the one

hand, and passion on the other. A kind office makes a man grateful to his benefactor: an intimate connexion is formed between them, termed *affection;* which has a permanent existence, though not always in view.

Aversion is opposed to affection; not to desire. We have an affection to one person; we have an aversion to another: the former disposes us to do good to its object, the latter to do ill.

Attention is that state of mind which prepares one to receive impressions. According to the degree of attention, objects make a strong or weak impression. In a profound reverie that totally occupies the attention, we scarce see what is directly before us. In a train of perceptions, the attention being divided among various objects, no particular object makes such a figure as it would do single and apart. Hence, the stillness of night contributes to terror, there being nothing to divert the attention.

Genus, *species*, *modification*, are terms invented to distinguish beings from each other. Individuals are distinguished by their qualities: a number of individuals considered with respect to qualities that distinguish them from others, is termed a *species:* a plurality of *species* considered with respect to their distinguishing qualities, is termed a *genus*. That quality which

distinguisheth one genus, one species, or even one individual, from another, is termed a *modification:* thus the same particular that is termed a *property* or *quality* when considered as belonging to an individual, or a class of individuals, is termed a *modification* when considered as distinguishing the individual or the class from another: a black skin and soft curled hair, are properties of a Negro; the same circumstances considered as marks that distinguish a Negro from a man of a different species, are denominated *modifications.*

The power of abstraction is bestowed on man, for the purpose solely of reasoning. It tends greatly to the facility as well as clearness of any process of reasoning, that, laying aside every other circumstance, we can confine our attention to the single property we desire to investigate.

Abstract terms may be separated into three different kinds, all equally subservient to the reasoning faculty. Individuals appear to have no end; and did we not possess the faculty of distributing them into classes, the mind would be lost in an endless maze, and no progress be made in knowledge. It is by the faculty of abstraction that we distribute beings into *genera* and *species.* Thus the word *animal* serves to denote every being that can move voluntarily;

and the words *man*, *horse*, *lion*, &c. answer similar purposes. This is the first and most common sort of abstraction. The next sort of abstract terms comprehend a number of individual objects, considered as connected by some occasional relation. A great number of persons collected in one place, without any other relation but merely that of contiguity, are denominated *a crowd:* in forming this term, we abstract from sex, from age, from condition, from dress, &c. A number of persons connected by the same laws and by the same government, are termed *a nation;* and a number of men under the same military command, are termed *an army.* A third sort of abstraction is, where a single property or part, which may be common to many individuals, is selected to be the subject of our contemplation; for example, whiteness, heat, beauty, length, roundness, head, arm.

Abstract terms are a happy invention: without the aid of such terms, the mind could never be kept steady to its proper subject, but be perpetually in hazard of assuming foreign circumstances, or neglecting what are essential. We can, without the aid of language, compare real objects by intuition, when these objects are present; and when absent, we can compare them in idea. But when we advance farther, and at-

tempt to make inferences and draw conclusions, we always employ abstract terms, even in thinking; it would be as difficult to reason without them, as to perform operations in algebra without signs.

The same thing, in different respects, has different names. With respect to certain qualities it is termed a *substance;* with respect to other qualities, a *body;* and with respect to qualities of all sorts, a *subject.* It is termed a *passive subject* with respect to an action exerted upon it; an *object* with respect to a percipient; a *cause* with respect to the effect it produces; and an *effect* with respect to its cause.

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